The Republican Muddle: Senators Reed and Moses

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH 1931

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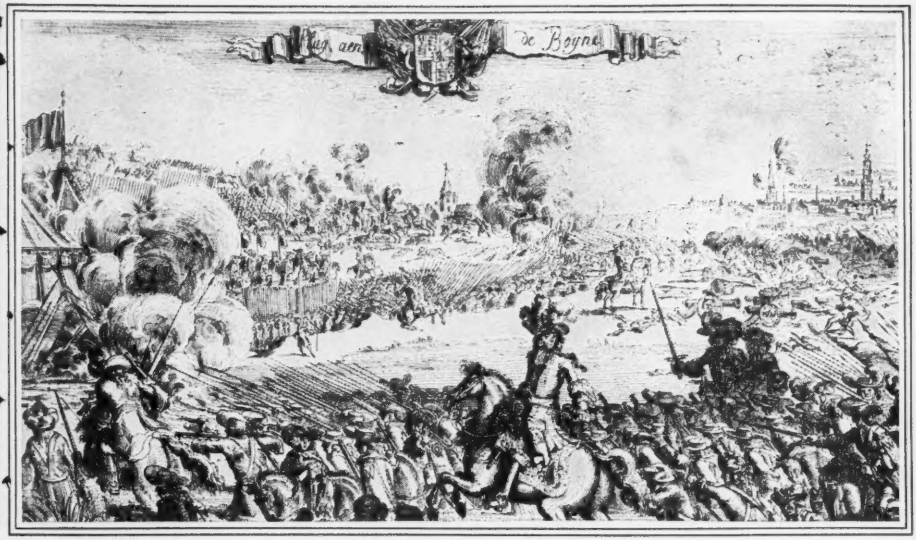

The Battle of the Boyne, July 11, 1690, in which William III defeated the Catholic Irish and French supporting James II

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A Guide to Good Books

It was certainly no accident that George Macaulay Trevelyan became a historian. The best traditions of scholarship — an infinite capacity for taking pains and a facility for precise and vigorous writing — have been inherited in his family for ninety years. Lord Macaulay was his granduncle. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, his father, was decorated with the Order of Merit for his contributions to historical research, notably for his six-volume history, *The American Revolution*. And in his turn the present writer, George Macaulay Trevelyan, has received the same honor from King George in respect for his rich and authoritative works, chief of which are his *England under the Stuarts*, three volumes dealing with Garibaldi's Italy, a *History of England*, and the present work, a trilogy, *England under Queen Anne*, of which the first book is in print.

Incidentally, Trevelyan tradition is served in the fourth generation by the daughter of the family, Mary Caroline Trevelyan, who makes her début this spring with a history of *William III and the Defence of Holland*. Incidentally, again, all of these writers from first to last — from the days when Macaulay first submitted his *Lays of Ancient Rome* to the present — have been published by the old English firm, Longmans, Green and Company. So tradition goes.

THE MAN *of the* MONTH

GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN

England under Queen Anne: Blenheim

[Longmans, Green, $7.50]

'If, indeed, the story of the great events and the great men of our Augustan age could be told in its truth and simplicity, as only the man of Athens could have told it, it would move like a five-act tragedy from start to finish, presenting in turn the overweening pride and the fall of Louis, then of Marlborough and of the Whigs, then of the Tories in their turn, while, through the crash of each successive crisis of war and politics, the fortune of England moves forward on the tide of destiny. And what men that little rustic England could breed! A nation of five and a half millions that had Wren for its architect, Newton for its scientist, Locke for its philosopher, Bentley for its scholar, Pope for its satirist, Addison for its essayist, Bolingbroke for its orator, Swift for its pamphleteer, and Marlborough to win its battles, had the recipe for genius.'

These words from the preface to George Macaulay Trevelyan's *Blenheim*, the first volume of his *England under Queen Anne*, are more than the argument of the great story which is to follow. They are an example of his plain but dramatic language, an indication of his Thucydidean principles of history, and a parade across the stage of the principal characters. The passage has even at first glance a classic quality. It will long be cited as a model prospectus for a history, and perhaps as often as the true brief syllabus of the events of Queen Anne's reign.

Mr. Trevelyan, indeed, is not simply a dramatist or a moralist writing history. If he had been a dramatist, he would have kept his narrative down to a single volume, would have played up each successive crisis to make the crash more audible among the actions which attended it, would have used a style at once more orotund and pointed. If he had been a moralist, he would have reduced the motives of his personages to simpler terms and would have shown their deeds as illustrating, more clearly than they ever do, what moralistic historians call the laws of human life. Instead, Mr. Trevelyan has chosen to use the best current methods of investigation, hunting for all the multitudinous facts which may have a bearing upon his story, and letting the facts speak as much for themselves as facts, sometimes sullen, sometimes eloquent, can.

His movement is unhurried. About a quarter of the first volume is taken up with a survey of the actual condition of England in the first years of the eighteenth century. The face of the country, the standard of living among the various classes, the occupations, educations, amusements of laborers, yeomen, squires, the status of the clergy and the power and influence of the Church, the position which London held with reference to the rest of the kingdom, and the various social, intellectual, and moral modes of the city — all these Mr. Trevelyan sets forth with fewer antitheses and ringing phrases than Macaulay used in his account of England in 1695, but with more accuracy and a more many-sided judgment.

The English scene established, Mr. Trevelyan then reveals, with a fine clarity and lack of provincialism, how England with its Dutch king stood in relation to the Continent. This is of course a history of England, but of England at a time when much of its ambition and a great many of its sentiments were involved with the

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whole problem of Europe. It is, in a sense, the huge episode of the duel between Marlborough and Louis XIV, culminating in the battle of Blenheim, up to which the first volume leads and with which, or with its immediate consequences, the volume closes.

The technicalities of the interpretation may be left to technical critics, but something must here be said about the temper of the work. It is invariably good-humored, lucid, firm. The historian never plays with words to make them seem to do more than they are really doing. He does not point the finger of a too-emphatic irony. He does not lay heavy stress upon contrasts for melodramatic effect. He does not pretend to look deeper into the minds of his characters than the evidence gives him the right to do. He asks his readers to go with him through a highly detailed chronicle of a chapter in the history of Europe, but he asks them so much only because he holds, and proves, that the events are too important to be summed up in epigrams or syllogisms. Though he never glitters, he is never dull. Entering upon a magnificent theme, he sets out with the strong, decent pace of a man who has a long way to go and means to reach the end of his journey.

CARL VAN DOREN

IT is an entertaining coincidence that two contemporary writers, one English and one German, should have hit simultaneously upon the same theme for their novels — to wit, the life that circulates in a metropolitan hotel of to-day. The Englishman, Arnold Bennett, devotes to it what is physically — some say in other respects as well — his biggest novel, *Imperial Palace*. Whereas, in *Grand Hotel*, Frau Vicki Baum has set down a story which in its dramatized version is the most sought-after play in New York.

HOTEL UNIVERSE

IN ***Imperial Palace*** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), **Arnold Bennett's** gift of comedy shows at its very best. Seven hundred and sixty-nine pages is a count that might well dismay the greediest devourer of fiction; but the bouncing vitality of this novel never flags. I can think of no book by Mr. Bennett richer in the peculiar gusto that is his. And this gusto is equally vigorous whether he is recounting how embattled Titans of the hotel world come to grips, or how that determined girl Gracie Savott seduces the mighty Evelyn Orcham, Director of the Imperial Palace, or how Miss Violet Powler, the head housekeeper, conjures out of nothingness the day bed that the visiting Rajah must have, and that at once, in his imperial suite.

In this novel Mr. Bennett's passionate love of detail comes to a very apotheosis. The Imperial Palace itself is the real protagonist of the story, and its vast organism is depicted to the last minutiæ; but the author is so heartily enamored of his subject that even readers chronically rebellious at the circumstantial must be swept along with him, must share his zest for iced-water jugs and gravity tubes, must feel surprise and indignation when the new head housekeeper is at once transferred — arbitrarily, it seems — from Eighth to Third and back to Eighth again, must feel relief when Mr. Ceria, the wistful young manager of the grillroom, is reinstated after his disastrous attack of temperament. Mr. Bennett has always been good at revealing the sensitive and unreasonable child hidden in the heart of a man, but never better than in his portrait of that imperturbable executive Evelyn Orcham. Driving the multiple activities of the Imperial Palace, the brain of Mr. Orcham spins quietly, powerfully, and unfailingly.

Once again one must admire the skill with words that gives the simplicity of Mr. Bennett's style its elusive impishness.

There could hardly be a stronger contrast to the protracted light-heartedness of *Imperial Palace* than the compressed power of ***Grand Hotel***, by **Vicki Baum** (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Within the compass of a few days, moments of crisis in several lives are shown, and so shown as to haunt the memory. To one of the greatest dancers of her time, growing old now and seeing too clearly the end of everything, comes the first ecstasy of love that she has ever known; to a well-born young crook, handsome and magnetic, good-natured, insensitive, not quite wholly unscrupulous, comes his first experience of tenderness, and on its heels a violent death. A sober and self-respecting man of affairs and head of a family finds himself a cheat, a homicide, and, because he is also convicted of amorous adventure, an outcast from the home that he loves. And a timid little overworked bookkeeper from the provinces, who comes to the Grand Hotel under medical sentence of death, and full of a piteous determination to live a little before he dies, finds miraculous release from his shames and miseries, and from the terror that hangs over him.

I can remember no one in fiction since the simple Sergeant Grischa who tears at the heart as does little Kringelein the bookkeeper. 'It is not very nice,' he writes to his friend, 'to go to one's grave at forty-six without having lived at all and only been harassed and starved and bullied by Herr P. at the works and the wife at home. It seems all wrong that this should be the end of it all when one has never had a single pleasure.' But at the Grand Hotel Kringelein's path to release lies through an ordeal of mortifications. One can hardly bear the scene at the large tailor's shop to which he is taken, panic-stricken, by the good-natured Baron Gaigern, and where three elegant gentlemen with expressionless faces uncover the pitiful secrets of his shabby and outlandish underclothing. '"I have never troubled myself much about being in the fashion. I'm one of the old school," he said, imploring the forgiveness of these icily professional gentlemen. No one made any reply

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to this.' But Kringelein's spirit is not all compact of shames and resentments; it has delicacy and sweetness and valor.

Frau Vicki Baum is a superb narrator, and a true creator of character. Her stern art is rooted in compassion.

ETHEL WALLACE HAWKINS

'WOMAN'S place,' men are fond of telling her, 'is in the home.' Every woman, Virginia Woolf answers for her sex, should have a room of her own and a little money to go with it. And the fact is that whether that room be in a palace, a studio, or in Hull House, the occupant is becoming more and more a person to be reckoned with.

WOMAN'S PLACE

IT would be tempting to consider the three books before us as answers to Mrs. Woolf's appeal to women to 'write all kinds of books.' It is still too soon to determine whether the procession pressing forward with the year's offering is the denser or the more various for her exhortation. Moreover, Mrs. Woolf — or was it Mary Beton? — addressed an audience definitely intellectual and definitely intent upon literary achievement. Avoiding, if possible, the use of the epithet 'intellectual' (equally offensive, as a rule, whether bestowed or withheld), let us say that these three autobiographies are not primarily literary works: they owe their virtue, as they owe their diversity, to the qualities of the women whose significant experiences they record.

Education of a Princess, by **Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia** (Viking Press, $3.50), is written by the daughter of the Tsar Alexander III's youngest brother. Her mother died before the child was two years old, and the Grand Duke Paul's subsequent morganatic marriage resulted in his banishment, so that Marie and her brother were handed over at an early age to their uncle Serge, husband of the Tsarina's sister. The rigorous conventionality of the children's bringing-up was neutralized by the vehement personalities about them and the violent drama of the last decades of the Russian Empire, upon which a lonely, clever, and repressed little girl had ample opportunity to reflect. Very nearly half the book is devoted to the catastrophe. As head nurse in the military hospital at Pskov, the Grand Duchess could appreciate the tragic mismanagement of the war. Rasputin's murder and her brother Dmitri's share in it estranged her from the royal family without making her less a Romanoff in the eyes of the people. Then came the revolutions, the Tsar's death, her father's imprisonment and her own flight.

To appreciate the detachment, the absence of self-pity with which all this is set down, one has only to glance at her stepmother's, Princess Paley's, record of the same events. To the Grand Duchess the principal sufferer is not herself, but Russia. But she learned her philosophy early, like the author of the *Journal de Cinquante Ans*, to which this book presents so striking a parallel; and, like Madame de la Tour du Pin, she wears her resolute courage light-heartedly. They are alike, too, in the energy and determination that enabled them to adapt themselves successfully to undreamed-of conditions, and in their genius for detail of mysterious charm. There is here a fairy-tale exactness about Catherine the Great's diamond cherry-bobs and the ritual of the Grand Duchess Serge's dressing for dinner.

Background with Figures (Houghton Mifflin, $5.00) repeats the motif of the motherless and solitary child receiving impressions of an intensity unsuspected by those about her. But **Cecilia Beaux's** solitude was born of her artistic endowment and her inherited New England passion for independence — a solitude, one gathers, not only voluntary but jealously guarded. She was brought up in a devoted circle of elders, who took it as a matter of course that she should inherit talents of a distinguished order.

Her brilliant success is scarcely touched on here; characteristically all that followed her student years in Paris is compressed into less than a third of the book, and then appears as little more than a record of the people with whom the accident of painting brought her into contact. And as a record, it must be confessed, it is somewhat disappointing, until one remembers that it is at the portraits themselves that one must look to know what she found in the diversified stream of her sitters. In this book for once the portrait painter's interest is the background; the figures emerge hazily, if at all, with one striking exception — her grandmother, Mrs. Leavitt. But Mrs. Leavitt, after all, belongs to the background — present to the child's earliest consciousness as a comfortable black shoulder.

The account of the family circle is delightful; the gift of recalling domestic atmospheres with such precise charm is as plainly inherited from her French forbears as her name. So with the pleasure afforded by textures and light: other children have received their 'first impressions of sensuous joy' from the arrowy rush of Mallory brook under layered light and shade; other children have been read to while they sat on cool matted floors in rooms shuttered against August sun, or have experienced vivid emotion on seeing a face across a schoolroom; but how few can reproduce in any medium — in memory even — the exquisite variety of sensation that Miss Beaux records as clearly in prose as in the white against white of her portrait of Mrs. Richards.

The Second Twenty Years at Hull House (1909–1929), by **Jane Addams** (Macmillan, $4.00), this reviewer dare not attempt to estimate except in its narrowest aspect of 'autobiographical notes' — the publishers' subtitle. Miss Addams herself calls it 'A Record of a Growing World-Consciousness'; but as one turns to the chapter headings and finds the Progressive Party, the

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The BOOKSHELF

Women's Suffrage movement, the efforts toward peace, the post-war reaction of fear, repression, and prohibitions, the Eighteenth Amendment and its consequences, our recent immigration policy, and the tendencies of the last twenty years toward a 'humanized justice,' one may be forgiven for questioning the applicability of titles or subtitles. To questions of any sort the answer is, 'Read it.' Autobiography in this form may be scarcely recognizable to those whose world is sensation, but that is all the more reason for commending it to the attention of Mary Beton.

'It is fatal for a woman to lay stress on any grievance; to plead even with justice any cause,' said Mary Beton wisely. And, glancing back at those chapter headings, one sees in what struggles Miss Addams has been involved, what grievances, what pleas might have been hers. Yet not since Nausicaa first sat down in Trapani to describe her old nursery has any woman written an autobiography with less bitterness and indignation. She avoids acidity on the one hand and complacency on the other. She neither exhorts nor rebukes, nor even, like the saints themselves, inquires, 'How long?' Instead (p. 202): 'All diversity . . . if wisely handled may lead to something new which neither side possesses. . . . "Integration occurs in the sphere of activities, of desires, of interest. . . ." This necessity for united action and the belief that mutual interests should take the place of discussion tend to make co-operation easier than ever before.' Whether this wisdom and charity be the fruits of Mary Beton's marriage of opposites or of Saint James the Greater's fulfilling of the royal law, the book is to be recommended alike to the impatient, the angry, the complacent, and the despairing — devotees of *A Room of One's Own*.

MARIAN VAILLANT

IN his treatise on money, J. M. Keynes, the English economist, is said to have written a book which will dominate the discussion of money and credit for years to come. Certainly the condition of Europe, Russia, and the United States to-day calls for firm understanding of the political and economic power of wealth.

THE POWER OF MONEY

DURING the past decade the nations of Europe have for the first time been compelled to deal with an extra-European power, and to deal with it for the most part on terms which the newcomer dictated. This turn of affairs disturbs the Old World. In ***The United States of Europe,*** by **Édouard Herriot** (Viking Press, $3.50), the ex-Premier of France sets forth the situation frankly. 'The changes of fortune since the great war . . . have robbed Europe of her ancient supremacy and given a new centre of gravity to the world. From some points of view she has already come to appear like a young colony of America, her goddaughter.' To Europe this rise of the United States is more than a challenge to her leadership; it seems to threaten her very life. Briand's proposal for a United States of Europe is her answer to the threat.

M. Herriot gives a detailed presentation of the plan and of the arguments for its adoption. The changes which have crowded Europe out of her place of leadership are economic; and her inferiority is due to two causes — the frequent wars in which she has taken part, and the spread of the industrial régime.

Wars have reduced the economic power of Europe, largely through the loss of man power. Upon this fact the author dwells in dramatic sentences; he reminds us that 'we cannot too often bring forward the sinister balance sheet of butchery, for death is silent.' But he gives less evidence of understanding the exact nature of the new industrial régime which has been evolved in America. The plight of agriculture in France and in Europe generally impresses him; but nowhere is there any evidence that he realizes the backward state of their agricultural method. Nor does he seem to realize the wide gulf that is fixed between the American industrialist and the European in their attitude toward research and the obsolescence of plant which is the inevitable accompaniment and cost of technical progress.

When he deals with politics the author's touch is more certain. The major portion of the book deals with the immediate political events which led up to Briand's proposal. The discussion of the customs problem on the continent of Europe is especially full and illuminating: M. Herriot is convinced that the suppression of tariff barriers must be regarded as the end and not the beginning of the economic organization of Europe. He supports the plan for a United States of Europe with all his powers of logic and persuasion. He realizes that the plan has no chance of adoption unless it preserves the sovereignty of the various countries that will be invited into the federation. He also realizes that any organization which promised to leave each state its absolute sovereignty would be futile. Perhaps the power of money will be strong enough to overcome the historic prejudices that still cluster about the idea of sovereignty in Europe.

While Europe is asking how it can organize itself to resist the encroachment of American economic power, the authors of ***Giant of the Western World,*** **Francis and Helen Hill Miller** (Morrow, $3.00), are estimating the effect of this development upon American foreign policy. To them 'the last decades, and particularly the ten years since the war, have seen the rise of a new unity which may properly be called a North Atlantic civilization.' Neither Europe nor America is accustomed to think in terms of such a civilization.

The authors are in possession of a wide range of facts, industrial, financial, and political, and they muster them intelligently and convincingly. The invasion of European markets by American goods and of European

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In the past, international business has been involved in international politics. It has been one of the most fertile causes of war. This was especially true of international loans. In ***Europe: the World's Banker, 1870–1914,*** by **Herbert Feis** (Yale University Press, $5.00), we have a study of the main trends of the migrations of capital from Germany, France, and England to the backward nations of the earth.

The book is a scholarly and thoroughly documented account of the capital movements which occurred during the forty years which preceded the World War. He estimates not only the direction of the flow, but its amount and the uses to which the capital was put. But the book does not stop with this mere description of the economic side of these movements. The author is even more interested in the way in which political interests have determined the course of international loans and how these have in turn reacted upon political events. The latter half of his book describes the process of investment by the three powers above named in Russia, the Balkans, Turkey, Persia, North Africa, and China. It is an enthralling story of diplomatic intrigue. The chapter on 'The Financing of Imperial Russia' is a tale which no American interested in international finance or in peace should miss reading.

Anyone who reads the book, or even this chapter, will inevitably ask himself whether all this bartering of financial favors for political preferment was worth while. And he will certainly come to the conclusion that the international investments of America must be handled in such manner that they will not repeat the sorry and sordid tale, and will not lead, in the end, to the same holocaust which befell the world in 1914. To prevent that, America must, as the author says, 'possess a policy, or at least a carefully defined attitude, toward this process of foreign investments and the situations it creates.' We have now entered upon this process of lending our capital abroad in full tilt. America owes it to herself to study the experiences of those who came before her during these years which Mr. Feis has covered in his admirable volume.

DAVID FRIDAY

WE rely on Marshall Best, a most knowledgeable reader of fiction native and European, for an early appraisal of some promising 'first books.'

FIRST NOVELS

FIRST novels have an advantage over others in that the reader is ready to make allowances. Even if none of the books considered here were important in itself, it would have a certain interest because it introduces a young new writer and offers a sign of what may be expected from him. And, either in technical skill or in the personality disclosed, each of these three is encouraging.

The Secret Image, by **Laurence Oliver** (Simon and Schuster, $2.00), has none of the earmarks of a first attempt. It is a tragedy of character, developed with skill and insight, successfully employing a technical trick which gives it the sustained interest of a mystery story. The trick is simple without being obvious: Charlotte Irskine is rescued from a burning house on one of the small Channel Islands, and tended by kindly neighbors who have known her during her years on the island only as an object of vague scandal. The man who lived with her there is lost in the fire. When she recovers from her injuries her memory is gone; the islanders are unable to help her win it back, as they know nothing of her life. But one small event upon another restores it to her, beginning with her earlier years and leaving the later ones to be revealed little by little up to the final mystery of the fire. Thus the reader relives her past with her in the order in which she experienced it, with the intensified interest gained by knowing something of its outcome. The tale unfolded is the bitter disintegration of an idyllic love. It is told subjectively, as the woman recollects it, with a subtle and close understanding. The gradual transfer of her affections from her lover to her personal possessions is one of the moving and natural touches in a story that is full of such touches. Some of the stages in her recovery come about a little too conveniently for life — chance meetings which open new vistas into her past are too clearly of the author's rather than of fate's contriving; and a layman may doubt whether a case of amnesia would normally take just such a course. But these matters are of secondary importance: they help along the telling of the story, but do not affect its tragic conclusion.

No Goodness in the Worm, by **Gay Taylor** (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), has for its chief merits an invigorating prose style, compounded of fresh language and lively observation, and a complete acceptance of the point of view of the post-war generation. But there its

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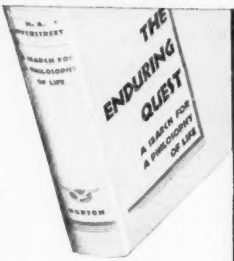

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merit becomes its chief defect; for the author sees no farther than her characters, and the more honestly she presents their honesty and disillusionment, the more she fails to see the underlying shallowness. For the young women of this story are the victims of a sort of psychological romanticism as far removed from truth as the adventurous romanticism of Scott. When the wayward wife discovers that her best friend rather than herself is to be the mother of her lover's child, and when she goes to live with that friend through the birth and rearing of the child, the situation is melodrama, no matter how much the characters may insist that they act in enlightened honesty. The author treats as tragedy what ought to have been travesty, and makes serious bones about human vagaries that an Aldous Huxley would mock with healthy cynicism. But there are telling scenes and touches — the ebb and flow of love, pull of habit, little dialogues of the women in league against man — that redeem the book and make it notable.

It is often said that every novelist must first write his autobiography, and should usually then destroy it. Of the first novels in this group, ***A River Goes with Heaven***, by **Howell Vines** (Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown, $2.00), is the most clearly a self-portrait, and so the least satisfactory as a novel. Yet it is infinitely the most interesting in its disclosure of a personality. In fact it must be regarded as one of the curiosities of recent literature. Those who read the passages which appeared in the *Atlantic* are aware of its charm and of the crudity which is part of the charm. The autobiography of a boy in the Alabama highlands, 'at the pairing time of life,' it teems with love of his corner of earth, its traditions, its two Warrior rivers, its redbirds and beech trees, and the girl Halma, who shares these loved objects with him. Spring and nature are in his blood; like a young ram he goes about butting his head against the smooth bark of birches and snuffing up the lush air from the river bank. At its best it has the quality of an ecstatic idyll. But behind its simple awareness is a mind groping eagerly for ideas, the portrait of an artist not yet disillusioned, who dreams of greatness and surprises himself with his own long thoughts. In his playing with words and phrases he is a workman with a bright new tool: many of the dialogues are painfully overwritten; yet others, such as his talks with the knowing old grandfather, have a racy tang and naturalness. One's pleasure in the book is derived not so much from what it tries to do as from what it does unconsciously. As yet the author has no perspective on his material, and exercises none of the trained novelist's selection. In winning these powers, it will be interesting to see whether he can retain the fresh perceptions and the electric warmth of mood that give such charm to *A River Goes with Heaven*.

MARSHALL A. BEST

To the casual observer the book business seems to be in a happier condition.

Books that established themselves some time ago, such as *The Story of San Michele*, *The Adams Family*, and *Angel Pavement*, continue to call for new editions, while such a newcomer as *Education of a Princess* is reported to have broken records in its January sale. Incidentally this book, which was passed over by several New York publishers, has been renamed — by one of the disgruntled rejectors — 'Education of a Publisher.'

To judge from a bookseller's barometer, Soviet Russia is the subject about which the public is most seriously concerned. That extraordinary experiment, the Five-Year Plan, is already making itself felt, and in at least five instances I know of manuscripts that are being rushed from pen to press in order to be on the market before spring. Elsewhere rumor, always busy about new books, reports now that Sinclair Lewis has begun work on a novel about the trade-unions, and, again, that he has discontinued it. Before the end of March we shall have the sequel to *All Quiet on the Western Front*. By way of experiment, a number of publishers have collaborated in the make-up of a volume which is to contain single chapters from twenty-one of the spring's most likely novels. It is to be called *The Book Show*, will carry an introduction by Harry Hansen, and is, I suppose, to be used as an apéritif. Some publisher (presumably the highest bidder) is to have the honor of bringing out in the early summer the versatile correspondence between George Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry. And James Truslow Adams is putting the finishing touches to his *American Epic*, the story of the American people from the beginning to yesterday, interpreted in one volume. As for the reprints, the publisher of the Modern Library tells me that the four most popular titles at present are *The Brothers Karamazov*, *The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci*, *Of Human Bondage*, and *Sons and Lovers*.

Speaking of titles, which I could do at length, it seems to me that the silliest caption among recent books is *Naked on Roller Skates*, by Maxwell Bodenheim. It seems to me a title should seek to epitomize the book, not hit the reader in the eye with so much custard pastry. And as for blurbs, — about which one can't expect much, — the prize should go to the phrase advertising *Palm Beach*, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.: 'The boy who can snitch on the idle rich.' With your permission I shall nominate these for the What Rot Club.

Edward Weeks

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

MARCH, 1931

THE FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

BY DAVID A. REED

We need not pause to explain or justify the existence of the party system. Our nation accepts as axiomatic the need of organization in war, in religion, in business, and in sport. Inevitably the same need exists in politics.

The persons who are thus organized have come together because they agree upon what seem to them to be principles or purposes of first importance. We expect them at the same time to differ very often upon matters of secondary importance. Our army was a unit in its desire to defeat the German army, yet every individual in it doubtless felt that in one way or another he would go about it differently from the method adopted by General Pershing. And so we expect to find a political party united by common acceptance of a few fundamental principles, but disagreeing and wrangling constantly about lesser matters. Nevertheless, as in an army, a church, an industry, or an athletic team, the efficiency of a political party is generally directly proportioned to its discipline, and total lack of discipline spells inevitable defeat.

Internal Party Strife

In our political experience in America, and in our observation of parliamentary government elsewhere, we have seen that the party in power usually appears to be riven by dissension to a greater extent than the opposition or minority party. We have seen also that this contrast increases as the same party continues in power for a prolonged period. Long-continued success brings decay to political parties in just the same way that it does to nearly everybody and everything in this frail world of ours.

Conversely, the party that is out of power, and is without responsibility for carrying on the business of government, finds that differences of opinion among its members have become less important, and it finds a greater coherence and unity in its task of criticism and opposition. Hence the paradox that defeat increases party solidarity.

The Republican Party has now been in control of our national government for about ten years. Its previous tenure lasted sixteen years — from 1897 to 1913. The resemblance between the two periods is quite marked. Each began with the party chastened by recent defeat, reasonably well disciplined, reasonably unanimous upon cardinal principles. Each period was marked by a growing dissension within the party, a growing restlessness and

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impatience and intolerance. The same phenomena would have been observed among the Democrats if they had held power during those years, and were beginning to be evident among Democrats before the outbreak of the war.

The disagreements at the present time between a Republican of New England and a Republican of the wheat belt are no more marked than those between a Tammany Democrat and a Democrat whose home looks out upon the Gulf of Mexico. The difference is that one is a riot in the ship's crew, while the other is just a schism among the passengers.

Economic differences make political differences. Comparatively few men are sufficiently broad of vision to see each problem from the standpoint of the nation as a whole, and still fewer are the constituencies who are willing to continue such representatives in office.

If self-interest be the glue that holds civilization together, it also binds most of us pretty tightly to our own locality and our own occupational group. So we need not be surprised to find that the men of the upper Mississippi think that our national government has been diverted to be the support solely of the industrial East, while the citizen of the Atlantic seaboard believes that it has become merely an engine for pumping public money from Eastern taxpayers to insatiable Mid-Western farmers. Neither is right, but neither is likely to change his opinion. And as the Republican Party has remained dominant for a decade, it is not in the least strange that within that dominant party there have occurred sharp clashes between these two groups, exceeding in bitterness any conflict between Republican and Democrat. To a certain extent, it is a healthy condition. At least it is preferable to an overwhelming preponderance of either sectional group.

The Popular Primary

As a people we are sometimes capable of great folly in the name of 'reform.' We re-form things, but the new form is often worse than the old. In my judgment, this is what happened when we established the popular primary system, and, as far as the United States Senate is concerned, it happened again when we adopted the Seventeenth Amendment and began the election of Senators by direct vote of the people.

Isolated instances prove nothing, one way or the other. It is my sincere belief, however, that the last twenty years have proved on the whole that the 'reformed' method of selecting public officials presents a similar opportunity for corruption, provides a greater field for demagogy, gives us a group of officials of lower average ability, and — what alone concerns us at the moment — nearly obliterates party discipline. At the present time an avowed Republican may oppose his party's candidates, attack their character and motives, and upset their campaigns, may ridicule or vilify a Republican President and his Cabinet and vote against his every recommendation, yet by shrewd appeals to sectional or occupational prejudice obtain by popular vote a renomination for himself which no convention of true party men would dream of giving him.

Party disloyalty no longer means political punishment. In sober truth, there seem to be in America to-day communities in which party disloyalty is esteemed to be the greatest of political virtues. Not court-martial, but promotion, awaits the soldier who

shoots down his own comrades. In the middle of the ball game, the shortstop announces that he has become 'progressive' and throws the ball into the grandstand. He subsequently justifies this by proclaiming his own moral superiority, and many of his home-town folk are gullible enough to accept the explanation. So they reëlect him to the team. And we call that 'reform.'

Small wonder that party discipline has weakened, and that party functioning is badly performed. No army, no church, no business, no baseball team, could achieve success under such conditions.

New Parties?

What then? Will new parties arise? It seems improbable to me within the near future. Parties come into being when citizens, thinking much and feeling deeply, find themselves fairly evenly divided upon questions that concern the very integrity of our system of economics and government. Such a question, for example, as faced us at the end of the eighteenth century, when we had to decide almost each day whether this power or that should be, or had been, given to the Federal government or retained by the states. Such questions as the right of secession by individual states, the integrity of our national monetary system, the attitude of the nation toward the flow of goods or the migration of persons from abroad to our shores. The whole future of America was to be determined by the decision of those questions. But no such essential problem seems to divide us to-day, and therefore I cannot see a probability of the birth of new parties in the next few years.

Prohibition arouses a wide enough interest, I admit, but it seems to me that it cannot be the issue upon which new party alignments will be created. However extravagantly we may praise or attack it, it remains a mere by-law for the regulation of a comparatively small part of our daily affairs. I cannot picture to myself a time when all party distinction save 'Wet' or 'Dry' shall have disappeared from our political life. We have exterminated the legalized open saloon, and presently we shall attack its descendants, — the speak-easy and the bootlegger, — not after the manner of Mr. Volstead, but in a more realistic and effective way. I can see no party division there, but rather a continuous process of trial-and-error that will get us at last to a practical result. 'Muddling through,' perhaps, but that is the way our forefathers solved some of their toughest problems. Concisely, I am confident that neither Republican nor Democratic Party will definitely be wet or dry. Each will 'straddle,' not so much because of cowardice as because the members of each party will themselves be divided upon the question.

Some day it may well be that new parties will arise, or that the present parties will be reborn, in a division upon the question of local self-government. The process of overloading the national government has gone on for several decades and shows no sign of cessation. Each war accelerates it, for centralization of power in war time becomes a matter of life and death for the nation. But, as the process goes on, bureaucracy grows apace. More and more, unseen and unknown men in Washington are doing for us those things that we ought to be doing for ourselves.

Our states and towns grow steadily weaker, the national government grows stronger. Our President and the more active men in the Cabinet

and in Congress are overloaded with responsibilities and besieged with importunities, to such a degree that brain and sinew approach the point of collapse. Soon the trend must be reversed, or local self-government will have disappeared and the national government will have become as inefficient as all busybodies are. But here again I see no present likelihood of the emergence of new parties. This question, unlike prohibition, goes to the very foundation stones of our system of government, but, again unlike prohibition, enjoys a very slight amount of national thought and concern.

Any new party, moreover, must certainly suffer from the same absence of discipline that plagues the existing parties. After the honeymoon of its first great campaign, it would find its internal strife raging with the same ferocity as in the old parties. It would be but giving a new name to an old situation.

New Issues

It seems probable, therefore, that we shall continue to see our people divided between Republican and Democratic parties. The issues between them are very faint at this moment. Free coinage of silver, imperialism, the League of Nations — all are disposed of, and no longer offer live political issues. Even the tariff policy of the Republicans seems now to have become the policy of the Democrats as well, although occasionally one is saddened to discover that Democrats are more ready to ask protection for their own constituents than they are to grant it to others.

But the fact that at the moment the issues are faint gives us no reason to believe that that state of affairs will continue indefinitely. Free silver, as well as the League, was not long foreseen as an issue. It may well be that in 1932, to say nothing of 1936, an issue now obscure will engross the interest of every American. And when that time comes, I venture to think that it will be the Republican Party that will, as in the past, advocate that solution which most exactly conforms to the common sense and patriotism of the average American. The party, for some reason, has a habit of being right.

THE FLYING BANKER

A Cure for Care

BY FRANCIS VIVIAN DRAKE

I

To fly three thousand hours and live, only to find thirty minutes an eternity in which every second seemed the last; to contend and struggle for years with growing success in the roar of Wall Street, then to be caught on a lonely, silent prairie, unable to get back, to do anything, to avert anything, and to learn that one was going broke hour by hour — such were the contrasts of experience through which I have lived.

As a wide-eyed youth, I tremblingly went aloft with the pioneers, and I've been flying, on and off, ever since. As a grown man, I became absorbed in that curious life endured by those who live and die by the sword — that is, the stock market. In other words, I became an investment banker. I nearly always worked; I often flew. The two went well together, strangely enough, for flying has not, as yet, anything to do with making money. . . . But, once acquired, the fascination of flying never leaves anyone; and the fascination of making money is denied only by those who have never done it. Things were high, wide, and handsome, when, most suddenly, the result of my work went smash, and the apparently solid things lay in bits; but right at that moment my faithful pastime staged a counter-climax, and kicked me up against forces far greater than anything the Street could muster. It worked. I got back, or for the first time acquired, a perspective; and for once I knew what was real and what was n't.

It started after the first big market crash. The pennies, a little lonely after repeated decimations, were still a respectable band. That was all right. But the universal, insistent, unnecessary gloom became altogether too much to be borne.

A friend of mine, a real banker, had a client rush in on him and exclaim: 'Mr. P——, this situation is terrible! I feel as if I were caught in one of those revolving mousetraps, going round in a circle. For God's sake get me out, and to hell with the cheese!'

This gentleman expressed my sentiments perfectly, but I could not get out. I did the next best thing: I departed for the Middle West and joined a friend who owned a powerful aeroplane, and we concocted a trip into the Northwest, half business, half pastime. He was not a pilot, but he employed a very good one.

The machine was rather exceptional; it is still, I think, the finest aeroplane that can be had. A cabin monoplane, quite small, streamlined to within an inch of its life, hung behind a huge engine of four hundred and some horsepower, itself a magnificent piece of mechanism. At full throttle the machine had an air speed of about a hun-

dred and seventy-five miles an hour; we usually cruised at about one hundred and fifty to sixty. The landing speed was high, and thereby hung tales. The body was cigar-shaped and smooth, even the door being curved to follow the shape of the body.

Inside, the pilot sat right up in front, behind the engine, with a bulkhead behind him. Farther back were two comfortable leather seats, and directly before them two tip-up seats, which we never used. Our bags went in behind us.

The big wing was attached to the top of the body, and we looked out sideways through glass windows, under the wing. The pilot, of course, had windows looking straight ahead. The gasoline tanks were inside the wing, and gave us about five hours' supply, or enough for around eight hundred miles. Few Army or Navy pursuit aeroplanes, even single-seaters, were as fast or could carry as much gasoline, and if a man wanted speed — why, here it was.

The weather was poor, and a day or two passed before we cared to start on such a long trip. It was gray and raining when we finally stood on the tarmac watching the pilot warm up the engine. The ceiling was about five hundred feet, the visibility about half a mile.

We went to the main office at the Kansas City airport and found out about the weather on our route. Our first stop was to be Minneapolis. We found that the weather at Des Moines was much clearer, and looking better to the north. On a long flight one is pretty sure to run into bad weather somewhere, and frequently it is a good sign to start in a poor weather area, with the consequent likelihood of running out of it. Still, it looked rather poor for high-speed flying.

We went back to the machine. It glistened; every part was smooth and shining, and even the wheels were three-quarters enclosed in a metal streamlining, to cut down resistance. The pilot had the engine nearly wide open, the aeroplane quivered, the roar was deafening. Then the pilot cut the throttle until the propeller just barely flicked around, and climbed out.

'She's hot,' he said. 'What about it; do we start?' We told him the weather situation to the north. He considered. 'Fine,' he replied. 'We'll probably run out of this stuff in half an hour, although it's mighty poor around here.'

He turned to me, as the inexpert but graybeard pilot: 'What do you think?'

I thought the weather was horrible, but my friend and the pilot were obviously all set to go, so I assented with such brightness as I could assume. We said good-byes, and climbed in.

II

We took off forthwith. Our take-offs were always exciting, like our landings; that is to say, a great deal seemed to be going on. Like all pilots, this pilot had ways of his own. At about eighty or ninety he took the weight off the wheels, but held her down to within a few feet of the ground until he had about a hundred and fifty miles an hour. As one looks ahead over the engine, the sense of speed is considerable, but peering out under the wing at the ground three feet away conveys a sense of real action. He then executed a vertical-bank climbing turn, which again is not a dull sensation, and thus brought himself out at about five hundred feet and facing the airport again. The operation is not possible, of course, except with a powerful machine.

We squared away, just under the ragged clouds. The ground near the

city was cut up into small fields. Mechanically I eyed possible landing places in case of engine failure, as no old-timer — or new-timer, for that matter — fails to do, however fine his engine. In our case, our aeroplane had only one fault, and that was its high landing speed; and over involved country it was a very real fault. Notwithstanding designers' efforts to the contrary, machines which fly fast also land fast. The higher your maximum speed, the higher your minimum, and if you fall below the latter you stall, lose the power of flight, and the machine dives violently until it regains speed. If you happen to be too close to the ground, it's too bad.

Our machine was generally 'brought in' to a landing at about one hundred and twenty miles per hour, so as to retain full control, and then, on straightening out for the actual landing, the speed was dropped to about sixty to seventy, at which speed the wheels touched; being so perfectly streamlined, the machine took a long run without slackening. It had brakes, but you cannot use these until going very slowly, or the machine will turn over on its nose. We needed a whole lot of territory to get down on, and on anything rough it took a lot of skill; and if we had a crash we could be sure of one thing — it would be at a nice high speed. If you disconnect the brakes of your car, and get it going at around seventy in a small field, you will grasp what I mean; but not for long.

However, the engine was going as smoothly as a sewing machine; the ground began to open out into farms. The ceiling rose just a little, then a little more, and soon we were up about a thousand feet. The sense of speed left us, except when we dashed through a cloud streamer. Rain blurred the windows at times, but quite suddenly the clouds broke all round us and patches of strong sunlight lit us up; and we nudged each other with relief and pleasure. I relaxed against the back of my seat; the pilot wriggled a hand back through the little opening in the rear of his compartment and waved.

Soon Des Moines came in sight, under our right wingtip, indistinct under the film that hangs over every city. We were now flying at about four thousand feet, seemingly suspended in the air while the distant earth very slowly unrolled below us. Tiny clouds, little masses of golden vapor, flicked past the windows sometimes. I gazed my fill at the immense pattern of thousands of fields, brown, gray, green, every autumn color, and all speckled with yellow sunlight and cloud shadows. Misty in the east and full gold in the west, there was no break in the farms, unless for a town. Everywhere a vast fertility, the furrows marked on every field; the rich earth seemed boundless — America!

Ahead, the earth began to disappear beneath a wide curtain of smoke. In the smoke cloud one sometimes saw the flash of windows down the side of a tall building, or a faint white tower of offices. Over a gray-black rope that was the river, St. Paul was quite hidden under its own pall.

The engine softened; we began to glide. The earth became very distinct, and the sense of speed returned to us. We flashed over a line of hangars still five hundred feet up, and Minneapolis airport, enclosed in the white ring of an old concrete race track, lay beneath us. The pilot opened his engine up full at about a hundred feet, and we tore across the airport while he surveyed the ground. A sharp climbing turn, back down wind, then he turned right up on a wingtip and began a steep sideslip to kill speed; I looked down at the inevitable high-tension wires along the side of the air-

port. We slung level, the open end of a hangar flicked by the windows, the sense of terrific speed came back. Then, bumble-rumble, the loud noise of our wheels along the ground. We taxied to the concrete pavement by the hangars, and got out.

It was a brilliant evening, very cold, the sky vivid orange, and all very Northern. We looked at our watches; sitting quietly in our warm cabin, watching an unforgettable picture, we had come four hundred miles in two hours and twenty-six minutes! The airport men gathered around and exclaimed, and perhaps disbelieved. I thought of the long overnight journey by train, and patted the glossy side of the machine when no one was looking. We carefully put her away in a hangar. Earth-bound, we bundled ourselves and our bags into an itinerant taxi; the driver, overcome by his temporary environment, avid for speed, tried and tried to break through fifty, swinging from side to side while we clutched each other in terror.

III

Winter weather, that bane of long-distance flying, gave us a mist so thick that we could scarcely see the street beneath when we looked out the next morning. It drizzled, and it felt raw. Our next leg was a long one, straight out West, to Wyoming. It was not over any mail route, and we wanted fair weather, with our machine, for the trip. So we had to wait around, victims of irony, while the despised trains came and went.

That evening I was electrified by newspaper headlines announcing another stock break. After the terrific smash we had had, with its primary and secondary breaks and all the rest of the performance, this was indeed startling news. I was overwhelmed again by the dead, hopeless feeling of wondering how bad it would be to-morrow and to-morrow. It is not a light matter to watch the work of years, into which the whole serious energies of one's maturity have gone, crumbling away before the blind effects of a universal disaster. It is no light thing to think of the patient toil that must be begun to rebuild the shattered edifice stone by stone.

I mooned about in the drizzle, feeling very low, particularly as I was so far away and helpless to do anything or to understand what was going on. So, even though preoccupied with sixteen-million-share days, Wall Street spared one of its little demons to come out, crouch on my shoulder, and claw my neck.

All next day was the same, and sometimes we engaged in that most footless of occupations, cursing the weather. The evening papers revealed that the market in New York was still falling. Ignorant of the true conditions, my imagination ran only too wild, and with nothing to do but sit around and wait for the weather, I was rapidly becoming what the cowboys call 'spooky.' The ensuing morning we were all in a mood to take off directly there was enough visibility to leave the ground. The airport was foggy and gloomy. We went over the machine very thoroughly; the tanks were filled; and we waited around, hoping it would clear. As our route did not go over any air line, we were ignorant of the conditions out West; and, with all the uplift which was being showered on aviation, it seemed too bad that a great city like Minneapolis knew nothing whatever about the weather west of it.

Around lunch time, the ceiling rose to about a thousand feet, and the ground visibility extended to about a mile. I telephoned from the airport office to the little town we were bound

for; there was no weather man, so I spoke with the local newspaper. An individual described the weather conditions as being very dull and cloudy; it sounded about the same stuff as we had; but he added that he did not expect any precipitation. I was to remember this naïve prophecy. Cheered, I reported my investigations. We had a council of war; we were all sick of waiting, and agreed to take off and see how far we could get. The pilot started warming up the engine, an operation which took about twenty minutes or more, for we never hurried over this most important preparation.

We took off and reached the cloud ceiling in about a minute. Everything looked overcast and gloomy. We had laid out our exact course and set the dial of our earth inductor compass, so we started off. We began to cross the strings of little lakes west of Minneapolis, flying at about eight hundred feet, and around one hundred and sixty miles an hour. The ground was very broken, with lakes, clumps of trees, little fields, but as usual our engine was purring its steady, unvarying drone. Generally it was a sound we were never even conscious of unless it changed its note, but flying so low we listened to it intently, and there was an atmosphere of strain about the start of the flight. After a while, the country opened out into huge farms, with fields big enough even for us, and we relaxed a little. We noticed occasional patches of snow; the clouds remained as thick as ever, and the ceiling a shade lower.

We did not go up through the clouds, because we had no idea of what lay ahead. No sound pilot will ever willingly fly above a thick cloud body unless it is known for a fact that the clouds are at a reasonable height above the destination; for obviously you must eventually come down through the clouds, and if they happened to be very low-lying at that place, you might fly right into the ground, for a fatal crash. It is a horrible sensation to be rushing at two miles a minute down through the clouds, knowing you are getting close to the earth, unable to see anything whatever, keeping level only by the instruments, straining your eyes into the gray opacity for the ground that may flash into view fifty feet or a thousand feet below you. Your height indicator tells you only your height above sea level, and you may be over a hill, or the whole terrain may be higher than you estimate. So we kept down where we could see at least the ground immediately around us.

The ceiling had become about two hundred feet. The clouds were very ragged, and the late afternoon light was almost all reflected up from the snow, giving an unearthly effect. The desolate snow-clad land was constantly rising to the west, and becoming hummocky, with deep washes or gullies; the clouds steadily became a little lower; so the two were coming together with our hurrying aeroplane in the middle.

Another half hour went by; we dashed through several snow flurries, and I began to be worried lest we were getting into a really dangerous situation, with no even reasonably good landing places anywhere. Our high landing speed was always in our minds. I hurriedly scribbled a note to the pilot, on the back of a map: —

This weather is getting much worse; suggest turn back and try find some town and land there.

He considered the note, then pushed back his reply. I had to lean against the window to read it, for darkness was coming on.

Think about forty or fifty miles due east of finish. Believe we can make it O.K. What say?

I looked out; from moment to moment we rushed farther into solitude — nothing but snow and the endless sullen clouds. I did not consult my friend, although he owned the machine; the pilot and I had been piloting for many years, and it seemed to me that seconds counted. I started to write a reply suggesting that we turn round anyway; in the middle of it, I suddenly saw a dark wall right in front of us, and the next second the light was all but blotted out by a dense blizzard. Instantly I heard the engine throttled; the nose fell as we tried to keep the ground in sight. For a few moments, engine on and off, we fumbled for it at nearly three miles a minute, in a dense mist of swirling snow; then it flashed into view very indistinctly, about twenty feet below.

The pilot was struggling frantically to open a little triangular window in front of him, for the snow had blanketed the front glass and he had only a side view. He got it open, and the cold air and snow rushed into the machine. He throttled back all he could, but even so our speed was terrific for the conditions, over two hundred feet a second. We could see barely half a second of time ahead. I crouched on one knee on the floor, trying to look out of both sides at once. A white flash of snow-clad hilltop snapped by right under the wheels, so swiftly that it was a bare impression on my senses; then a gray blur as we crossed one of the wide gullies between these flat-topped hillocks; then another instantaneous flash of light, a blur, and so on.

In all our minds was the thought, suppose one of these hills is higher? The pilot had the worst of it; I could just see him, one hand on the throttle, the other on the control stick, his head strained forward, trying to see through the gloom. Repeatedly, maddeningly, I recalled the horrible crash when a machine, caught in just such a storm, had flown right into Mount Taylor and killed every soul aboard. As I looked from side to side, every muscle tense, making instinctive motions with an imaginary control stick as we caught each glimpse of ground, I raged at myself for being so frightened. But with nothing to do I could only crouch motionless and await each second. I swore monotonously to myself. Sometimes we caught a little area of visibility, two hundred yards perhaps, and we had a momentary relief; then the snow clamped down again. It was getting very dark. I could not recall ever having been in such a desperate situation before for so long a time, even in the war; for a fight in the air was absolutely decisive within literally a few seconds — then it was all over one way or the other.

This went on and on, none of us knowing whether or not the next second we should know anything at all. It may seem consoling that we should never have known it had we hit, but the thought does n't help at such a time. Self-preservation is dominant; you want Life — all of it. We cursed our high landing speed; with a slow machine we could have effected some sort of landing, but with ours we should have been certain of a bad crash. I looked with longing at each patch of snowy ground; we all wanted tremendously to set our feet safely on it — so near, only ten or twenty feet, but how very far it was! We all knew that the survival of each approaching minute was largely a toss-up.

To try to execute a turn under such conditions was possible, but most tricky. Besides, the wind was from the north, and the blizzard probably covered our course from the east; south of us lay the western end of the Bad Lands of South Dakota, so that was closed. The blizzard was coming from

the north; somewhere ahead of us was our destination, just between us and a range of mountains. We clearly had only one chance. As we peered out, we knew that if we missed this little town sitting out in the middle of the prairie we should pass on to a range of mountains ten thousand feet high. The town was a small mark to hit, after flying five hundred miles on a compass course. Right in front of the pilot's face was a little dial with a swinging upturned needle; as long as he maintained the set course the needle remained bolt upright, and he had to try to keep one eye on it all the time, holding his feet rock-steady on the rudder bar, resisting the instinctive flinch to one side when we nearly touched the ground. If we missed the little town by only two or three hundred yards, we could never see it in the gloom. The thought passed through my mind that they would never find us until the spring.

IV

Fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes of this miserable, solitary groping passed by — hours in our minds. Tearing along at an insane speed, one's hands pressed against the sides, one's head against the curved roof, of a small polished cylinder of plywood with a mass of roaring steel at the fore end, going headlong into the unknown — it was, if nothing else, a cure for the sorrows of the stock market. There was now scarcely any light; visions raced through my mind of happy people switching on the electric light in warm rooms. The luxury of throwing another log on the fire, of listening to the comfortable crackle of the burning wood! To be down, anywhere, in the humblest shack! The good feel of the solid quiet earth under one's feet — to stride over it, swinging one's arms and legs! The looking forward to the coming days, the continuity of life! We crouched, weary and intensely alert.

Without the slightest warning, a few houses and a road burst into view, the chimneys about level with our tires. We all yelled at once. We were going so fast that we were right in the town before we could utter a coherent word; but quick as was the amazing alteration from solitude to civilization, men in danger think mighty fast, and almost in the same eventful instant we swung violently over on one wing. As I braced to the whirling turn I peered directly past the undercarriage wheels, now higher than the horizon, and saw the blurred shape of a big dome, *above us!* We had nearly flown directly into the Court House! The turn took us up a few feet, and the lighted streets disappeared from view. We leveled off, the nose went down, and they came into view again. It was just possible to see the ground, unless we were looking right into strong lights.

Level for only a moment, a wingtip fell beneath us as we commenced circling just above the rooftops, looking for somewhere on the outskirts of town to land. We knew there was a landing field two or three miles north, but we'd never seen it, and we did n't dare leave the town now that we had found it, for fear that we should never find it again. The snow was as thick as ever. Our turns were always nearly vertical and very rapid, because in a fast machine the turning circle is of large diameter, and it was difficult to stay over any one area close beneath us long enough to examine it. We found a football ground in an oval enclosure; it was beautifully smooth, but it became only too plain that we could never pull up in such a space. Regretfully we turned away, coming level for a moment after having pirouetted on one wingtip for several minutes.

We were all tremendously relieved to have the houses beneath us. After the horrible desolation of the snow-covered empty plains, this little town looked most beautiful; every sign-board and store and street was a lovely sight to us. It still looked as though we should have a crash landing, but the psychological effect of knowing that plenty of our fellow beings were near us was tremendous. We hunted all round the edges of town. The pilot found a wide road, very straight. Deep brown ruts showed through the snow, but the telegraph posts were well to one side: it looked as if we could get down on to it somehow, assuming perfect piloting, of course, and preparing for a crash of some sort toward the end of the run. This area we examined most thoroughly, up and down, up and down, while the pilot took in all the hazards.

The pilot had just about decided to go to it and essay the road landing, when he caught sight of another possibility and started to examine that. It was a triangular patch of land, with telephone poles along the down-wind side, and a farm and gully at the far end. A road to the farm ran up one side, and there were some low buildings alongside the telephone wires. The pilot went down to ten or fifteen feet for a second or two, to see the ground contours; the snow carpet looked very level, and he assumed that the snow could not be more than six inches deep.

It was now far into dusk; quickly he made up his mind. I heard a rapid clanking jiggle aft as he set the adjustable tail surface into landing position. Up we went into the dense snow cloud; the engine note abruptly sank to a whisper, the right wingtip dipped until it was directly below us. We went down in a vertical sideslip; the earth flashed into view so close that we seemed to have reached it. We leveled out very violently just past the telephone poles. For a moment, there was a level glide at about sixty, then I felt the tail drop a little. The snow brushed our wheels.

The side of my face was glued to a window as I squinted ahead. The farm and ravine tore toward us. We bumped roughly once, twice; then the familiar loud rumble of the wheels. We were still going very fast. The brakes squealed suddenly, and I felt rather than saw the pilot pull the stick hard back into his stomach to hold the tail down. We skidded forward in the snow, like an animal with all its legs stiff before it. At the last second, the pilot stood right up on one brake, and we ground-looped and made a complete turn. She did n't turn over; she stopped dead, almost silent, the engine whispering quietly round. We were down.

We stood on the ground with the snow swirling around us in the half light and soaking into our shoes. We did not speak. I was still trembling all over with the tension of the past half hour. The pilot's face looked gray from the terrific strain of flying a few feet above the ground at two and a half miles a minute, trying to watch his earth inductor compass indicator and pierce the blanket ahead at the same time, one hand on the throttle, the other on the stick. He had accomplished a superb piece of flying. We stared down into the ravine beside the machine.

Men came rushing up in the gloom, big, muffled-up, Scandinavian-looking fellows, eager to help. We were so glad to see them, we wanted to throw our arms round them. Some of them ran off to get us stakes to peg down with; the others stood around ready to help us in any way they could. We decided to tie her down at the far end of the field near the telegraph poles. I ran

along to see if there were any holes covered by the snow. I fell into two big ones a few yards from the tracks we had made coming in. Had we chanced to strike them, we should have crashed to splinters. I ran back, rejoicing in the ability to run again, and pointed out the holes.

The pilot climbed back in to taxi the plane down. She had settled into the ground, and he opened up the throttle to pull her out. As he did so, the engine gave two or three stentorian clanking coughs, and died. He got out and we examined it; then we stared at each other, speechless. Those few clanks were the footsteps of the gods to us; for we had seen that the air intake was jammed with ice. The engine would keep going wide open or nearly stopped, but if the throttle was opened up suddenly she choked to a standstill. If the pilot had happened to cut his engine for a moment, after we had got well into the blizzard, he would never have got it again, and we should have flown squarely into whatever was there.

We silently cleaned out the ice, restarted the engine, and took the plane to her resting place and pegged her down, while the cold wind blew the snow into our eyes. Then someone took us in his sedan and drove us, still quiet and filled with a sense of unreality, to the hotel. We could n't get used to the fact that we were really down, jogging peacefully along lighted streets, able to stop and get out at any moment, warm houses all about us.

V

We registered; the hotel was old, quaint to our eyes, with wide mahogany staircases, an army of cuspidors, aged oak chairs. We went to our rooms, all still quite silent. We sat with our shoes steaming and sizzling against the radiators, looking at the murk outside. After a while we started to talk our heads off; we went over every mile of the journey and especially the blizzard, and the pilot compared notes with us. We told each other what we'd thought of the football ground, the road, the eventual field. Then we were all hungry, for we'd had nothing since breakfast. We trooped down, our shoes dried and warmed, into the dining room. The floors were of whitish tile and the chair legs squeaked on it. We had a large dinner, ham and eggs and browned potatoes and pie and lashings of coffee; it was grand, and we all felt very well.

We went out into the lobby, and as we stood there by the dining-room door a Western Union boy brought me a telegram. I remembered having wired our destination to my secretary, sometime that seemed months ago, that morning before we left Minneapolis. Standing there, I read the message, and as I did so I realized, with a sense of shock, that the game was up. The closing prices, the comments of my secretary, showed a perpendicular smash; at the opening next morning I should be broke, 'busted sky-high.' Prices had been falling wildly at the closing gong; here was I nearly three thousand miles away, powerless to do a thing. There was nothing to do.

I looked up; it was a funny sensation, standing there and realizing that a good many years of work had gone glimmering, that the shadow which had been hanging overhead had really fallen at last. Then the scales fell from my eyes; wonderingly, I realized that I did n't care a hang! I was *alive!* A little while before, I had been hurtling through the air, never expecting to see another hour, another minute, maybe; and here I was, warm under the lights. I thought of the dark desolation a few miles away, the snow-

filled air, the cold; and the telegram was meaningless. I threw it into a cuspidor. Here was I alive and strong, a whole world full of exciting things before me; for once I had a grasp on reality, I felt my feet spread firmly on the ground. My two companions stood looking curiously at me.

'Men,' I said, 'I'm busted wide open, but what the hell! And who cares, if I don't? Come on — movies! Talkies!'

We tramped arm in arm through the snow. I had never felt better. I had a feeling of release, a freedom I had n't known for many a year. My money was gone; but that event was quite overshadowed by the realization of all the wonderful things there were about me, before me, which I had so narrowly missed knowing any more about. I felt clearly that, given soundness in wind and limb, there was nothing I'd ever done that I could n't start right over and do again, and much better. It was n't the mood of a moment — I felt it right in my bones, although heaven knows it had taken enough to get it into me. A whole lot of complicated things seemed rather stupid, and another lot of simple ones came into focus, like the screen image when you set your camera right.

The movie was fine — commonplace enough, but we all felt that gayety which needs no cocktail to get it going, and we went to be amused, so we were. It changed our thoughts completely for an hour or two, and eased off the tension. We strolled peacefully back past all the little shops, their windows beaded with the inside moisture, looking at everything as though we'd just come in from the farm for a big night in town. I passed the Western Union office without a pang. I was glad, for I was half afraid the care-free mood would wear off. It was a wonderful night, the clean wind straight off the prairie. I slept splendidly.

We spent a day or two on our business, looking over a little silica mine in which we were interested. I had a little hope that sometime, by the time I was getting old, perhaps, it might pay back a few dollars, but the hope seemed insecurely founded. For my part, I crossed my fingers and made a wish that it would manage to break even, for I had nothing more to put into it. We spent these days out in the mine shacks, by the edge of the mountains, pine and spruce trees covering the slopes. I did n't want to leave, but the mine foreman's wife summed it up for me: —

'Wish you were staying, son; but I s'pose ye can't live on mountain scenery and fresh rabbit tracks!'

We got ready to start home, loading up the tanks with every gallon of gas and oil we could carry. On our big map was a long pencil line drawn against a ruler, across five states, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, into Missouri.

VI

We leveled off at about nine thousand. I looked through the clear air at the sparkling view, mountains, plains, great stretches of clean space everywhere, and found myself humming a tune I'd heard Eddie Cantor sing, starting off, 'Oh! I'm glad to be alive!' With eel-like squirms, the pilot crawled through the little opening behind him, where the padded back of his seat was hinged to the roof; he held the stick at arm's length while I contorted myself past him into the pilot's seat. The machine rose and fell uneasily as our hands joggled the stick.

I glanced over the many dials; everything was going like clockwork; the air-speed indicator trembled around a hundred and fifty-five. A scarcely

noticeable pressure on stick and rudder brought us dead on our course, with the compass indicator needle bolt upright.

The golden afternoon wore on as we tore over the dense pattern of fields and farms and industrial towns; many an airport we saw, and once we dashed past a tri-motored transport machine as though it were tied to a sky hook. Behind us we could see nothing now but a vast golden haze that shrouded even the ground; only rivers gleamed dully through it. Then things ahead became more indistinct, lights began to appear. The pilot took over from me, and kept her nose down, for we were cutting it pretty fine for the light. Gradually we worked down to about a thousand, going wide open at about a hundred and seventy. The automobile lights, the town lamps, and the shop windows shone up to us diamond clear, for we did not have to look along any ground haze.

I sat aft, overcome by the thrill of this last ten minutes. A constant stream of bright sparks from our exhaust flew by the windows; the electric red and green lights shone steadily at the wingtips; in front of the pilot, the radium dials glowed softly with their strange fluorescence. Every few minutes we passed over the brilliant light of an airway beacon, for we were now following the route of the transcontinental system; soon after we left one, we could see the next one flashing in the distance ahead. For the last five minutes it was very dark.

We came in over the landing field; all the buildings were outlined in colored lights, and it looked like some fair. The instant we were heard, the flood lights were switched on, turning the field white beneath us. With his same technique, the pilot swept the field ten feet from the concrete runway; then we curved up into the dark night, away from the glare of the flood lights. I heard the stabilizer being set, and we swung over on one wing, down in a vicious sideslip. This last stone-like drop through the dark was the salutation of farewell; we swung level, and rolled quietly along the concrete.

Friends were waiting for us. After the first greetings, one of them began talking to me about the market. He thought that it must be uppermost in my mind; but for two blessed days I had n't thought about it. My ears were still roaring from the seven hundred miles of flight, and it was a minute or two before I grasped what he was trying to tell me. Then another shock, another anticlimax! For the morning after our blizzard had been the turning point in the Street, and the market had opened *higher* and was still going up.

In one breath I passed from serenity to irritable impatience for a newspaper. When I got one, it looked as though I had really been reprieved. The beauty of our great flight dropped from me. Without another glance at the shining aeroplane, I hurried into town. On long distance I got a bank officer at his home, and with the air of a man who says, 'The lightning struck close to you that time, my boy,' he told me that I was still in the ring.

Do it again? Yes, I hope so; but, like everything else in life, never again in quite the same way; for a few months later the pilot, poor fellow, forgot to think far enough ahead, and flew into another great storm. A few seconds later, he and his passengers were dead and our faithful machine crushed into a silent pile of utterly shattered wood and steel.

If you go at it so, it's the flip of a coin; a hundred spins, it's heads, and you're a brilliant fellow; then it spins tails, and you're out.

HENRY FORD AND KARL MARX

BY HOWARD DOUGLAS DOZIER

I

Das Kapital, by Karl Marx, caused the greatest economic controversy of the nineteenth century. Of the twentieth, Henry Ford has performed the most spectacular individual industrial feat. Marx was at work on *Das Kapital* while Ford was being born in 1863, for the book was written between 1859 and that day in July 1867 when the author closed the preface to the first German edition with this injunction: 'Follow your own bent no matter what people say.' Marx was then following his bent, even as Ford is now following his, and people have had much to say of both.

Each of these men is a paradox. Marx, of a family of wealth, influence, and social position, was an intellectual, educated in the best universities Europe had to offer. Banished, and refused asylum in France, he later preferred the British Museum, and five dollars a week for doing odd jobs in London for the *New York Tribune*, to political preferment and plenty at home working with Bismarck.

He dedicated a mighty mind and a wretched poverty to an attempt to show that, in the main, human institutions have their roots in a crass materialism. Yet he was himself the most outstanding exception of his day to the doctrine he believed and preached: that it is not the consciences of men that determine their modes of existence, but their existence that determines their consciences.

Ford, of a middle-class American family, self-educated and possessed now of the greatest fortune ever amassed in private hands, earned by running counter to most of the accepted canons of business, is devoting his wealth and his unique ability to exemplifying the proposition that outstanding material success is dependent upon the unselfish and unstinted dedication of private capital to the service of society.

It would be strange indeed if an examination into the careers of these two leaders — one in economic thought, the other in economic action — should not reveal contrasts and similarities of a striking and illuminating character.

Marx believed himself the discoverer of a fundamental law of social evolution before which men are helpless except in so far as their feeble efforts may somewhat advance or retard the final outcome of its operation. To him socialism was not a programme but a name to describe this law of development. He proposed no plan. He looked upon himself as a scientist and not as a reformer. He laid out for himself the task of discovering and exposing the causes underlying social injustice, to the end that others might be informed and act.

He believed, and offered proof, that capital would ultimately and gradually be socialized, and that income would be enjoyed in common; that the political state, which he looked upon as an organization set up by the capitalist class for its own perpetuation, is but

a passing phase in the evolution from capitalism and competition to socialism and coöperation; that the state would become progressively less political and more industrial. He could not conceive of conditions under the capitalist state that would give the worker a decent chance to live.

Ford believes as thoroughly as did Marx in coöperation, but he believes that effective coöperation can come only through voluntary association of the leaders of industry outside of, and beyond, the intervention of the political state. The political state is necessarily geared to deliberate and talk, not to act. He cannot conceive of enough efficiency under state control to save the worker from poverty.

A group of leaders composed of such as he is, actuated by the common purpose of economic betterment instead of by profits, would be in effect a socialized industrial state outside of but alongside the political state. Its plan would be simple, its object single: Banish want by work; high wages; short hours; low costs; low prices; big profits. Then more work for more people; shorter hours; higher wages; lower costs; lower prices; bigger profits in order to continue the upward and outward spiral of prosperity.

Individually Ford has socialized a billion dollars or so of capital by dedicating its output to an indispensable use and by rededicating its profits to an extension of that use.

Given a few hundred Henry Fords, and coöperation among them, then the results of the law of socialism, as Marx set it forth, would be brought nearer — not by a socialization of capital through state ownership, but by a socialization of output through industrial leadership.

Certain natural points of comparison between Ford and Marx suggest themselves as a frame for this discussion. First, we must take account of the mental attitude of each toward the problems they faced in common; then follow their contrasting views of history, of class struggle, of wages and the wage system, and finally the opinions they hold of the supposed relation between profits and the recurring cycle of business depression.

II

Marx was an economic diagnostician. He toiled away trying to discover the causes of the industrial degradation of England and of the world, helpless to relieve the situation save in so far as he could explain it. His surroundings were unutterably oppressive to his keen and sensitive mind. No wonder that throughout his writings there runs a feeling of threatening destruction, impending doom, and a pessimism born of an effort to persuade men to walk in a light they would not see.

His attitude toward the question of poverty may be taken as indicative of his mental make-up. To him poverty was an economic fact which had to be explained before it could be cured. But he described it, as few others have done, even before he tried to explain it.

> The modern laborer, instead of rising with the progress of industry, sinks deeper and deeper below the conditions of his own class. He becomes a pauper, and pauperism develops more rapidly than population and wealth. And here it becomes evident that the bourgeoisie is unfit any longer to be the ruling class in society, and impose its conditions of existence upon society as an overriding law. It is unfit to rule, because it is incompetent to assure existence to its slave within its slavery, because it cannot help letting him sink into such a state that it has to feed him, instead of being fed by him.

Ford is an economic practitioner. He accepts conditions as he finds them,

looks upon poverty as an ill to be healed, a fact too obvious to need explanation, and sets about to cure as much of it as he can. He takes up business, practises it as a profession, develops his philosophy as he goes along, and states it not as philosophy, but as a by-product of experience and observation.

> The abolition of poverty is, as far as I am concerned, the only end of business which is worth considering. It is from this point of view, and only from this one, that we can see the futility of the profits motive. Once we see the ultimate purpose of business as a factor in the life of man, we are through with all the little tweedling fancies that formerly passed for business wisdom. The abolishing of poverty is the only legitimate purpose of business, and its accomplishment is not an impossibility unless we imagine that it can be done all at once by edict.

Ford's work and writing create the impression of undeniable success and of satisfied living. His sense of accomplishment lies in action; that of Marx in analysis.

III

Marx did his work amid all the dislocation caused by the Industrial Revolution. After the application of power to machinery, factories grew up at water-power sites in out-of-the-way places. Children were worked unconscionably long hours unobserved; all-but-naked women were harnessed in the mines as beasts of burden. The greed and selfishness of employers were immeasurable.

Moreover, the spokesmen of the prevailing order, the economists, thought they had discovered fundamental and natural laws as immutable as those of pure science. To fly in the face of these was only folly. *Laissez faire* — let things go — was the shibboleth and the accepted doctrine of the day. Adam Smith looked upon the industrial organization of the time as a combination of employers on the one hand to get as much work for as little pay as possible, against a combination of laborers on the other to do as little work for as much pay as they could get, and this was in precise agreement with Marx's view.

Marx turned to history, which he called logic in action, for an explanation of what he saw going on around him. The Feudal System, in which everything was a matter of custom, was his background. But under capitalism contract had dethroned custom; an industrial relationship between employer and employee had succeeded the status that prevailed between lord and serf. Class struggle took the place of *noblesse oblige*. Under feudalism and custom there was at least a trace of humanity; under the new contract relation even that trace had disappeared.

Ford has spent no time in the study of history, which he calls 'bunk,' in order to discover and develop a law of social evolution or industrial and business success. He assumes a law without recourse to history. He has hit upon a few fundamentals and practised them. These few are becoming truly revolutionary in their effect.

IV

It is in very truth an interesting coincidence that during the present depression Henry Ford should have discussed some of the tenets of socialism. Among these is the doctrine of the class struggle.

According to the Marxian doctrine, class struggle is inevitable under capitalism. Private ownership of the means of production creates an irreparable breach between the employer and the employee. The two may be the best

of men and the best of friends, but so long as the employer-employee relationship continues, their interests are diverse. He who has the advantage will press it.

Society cannot move forward with group at the throat of group. But society must move forward. Therefore, class struggle under capitalism must give way to coöperation under socialism. Private ownership divorces the worker from his tools and the means of production. The worker, no longer his own master, must sell himself — for he has nothing else to sell — into temporary slavery for the duration of his employment. Robbed by the capitalist of the fruits of his labor, except enough to support a miserable existence and reproduce his kind, he continues to sell himself, generally at capital's price, and extends a temporary relation into an intermittent bondage, broken now and then by periods of enforced freedom called unemployment, to which permanent slavery itself is preferable.

> The whole history of mankind has been a history of class struggles, contests between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes . . . the history of these class struggles forms a series of evolution in which nowadays a stage has been reached where the exploited and oppressed class — the proletariat — cannot attain its emancipation from the sway of the exploiting class — the bourgeoisie — without, at the same time once and for all, emancipating society at large from all exploitation, oppression, class distinction, and class struggle.

Ford's thinking — or perhaps it is his instinct — vaults class and class struggle. For him, an addict to efficiency, the struggle does not exist. How men should ever have engaged in it is beyond the comprehension of his mechanically inclined mind. There is only one class, and that is the worker's; one struggle, and that to increase production, improve distribution, and extend the benefits to the maximum number of people at a minimum price. According to him, —

> There is nothing a man can do, the benefits of which he can restrict to himself alone. Society is so constituted that any good overflows its original limits and benefits the adjacent people. The supreme folly of selfish intention is that it cannot be carried out. The intention may be present and the selfishness may be unlimited, but natural law frustrates the intended consequences.

The injustice, the inhumanity, the class struggle of a century ago, — or a quarter of a century ago, for that matter, — belong to a discarded order so far as Ford is concerned. What Marx took to be the natural results of inexorable laws of social evolution, Ford considers the unnecessary consequences of economic anarchy.

V

The storm centre of the capitalistic method of production was, and is, wages and the wage system. Marx was convinced that the wage system is so vicious that it too would pass with the going of the rest of the capitalistic order. But, being a philosopher, he had to find a rational explanation for his belief, one that would satisfy his sense of workmanship.

After a study of capitalism in the light of all the books, and the teachings of the philosophers and his fellow economists, he evolved his theory of surplus value. The essence of the theory is that the worker spends a part of his time supporting himself and the rest of it supporting the capitalist.

The worker can produce enough during the first few hours to pay his daily wage. But he works beyond that time and gets nothing for it. What he produces during this overtime is surplus

value and goes to somebody who does not earn it.

Since to the socialist the capital instruments of production are nothing but crystallized labor, labor produces everything but gets only a part of the output. This is robbery, and the result is that the wages paid are not sufficient to buy that which labor produces. Marx states his law of surplus value thus: —

> The functioning of labor power does not only reproduce the value of the laborer's power, but produces value over and above. Such surplus value represents the excess of the value of the product above the value of the elements consumed in the formation of the product, that is to say above the value of the means of production and the labor power.

Ford, true to his character, accepts the wage system as he finds it, and uses it as the best means at hand of accomplishing what he wants to do. Unlike Marx, he resorts to no Hegelian system of reasoning for his conclusions or his action in regard to wages. Again he falls back upon his experience and observation. He makes short work of the situation and states his conclusion of the whole matter with little ado: —

> The only effective wage policy is one that presses forward toward higher wages, lower costs, and lower prices. In all this we have a long way to go, for everything in this country is much too high except wages — they are too low.

Let him who will take his choice between these two, for the difference between the two opinions of how the wage system has worked is the gap which divides tweedledum from tweedledee.

Marx wrote about the problem and left evolution and posterity to solve it.

If prices are too high and wages are too low, as Ford declares, then the laborer is being robbed in two directions. He is underpaid for his work and overcharged for his wares. Something ought to be done about it.

Ford thumbed his nose at his fellow capitalists, and put in his five-dollar-a-day minimum wage, while James Couzens stood by and hitched his trousers belt in startled approbation.

And what a howl went up from industry! The five-dollar day was the best Ford joke of fifteen years ago, and the first word most people had ever heard of the man Ford. But it ceased to be a joke with the advent of Model A and the new philosophy of business.

Ford's hourly wage to-day is what his daily wage was twenty years ago, and we have his word for it that production costs per unit have declined all along the line.

Marx believed that capitalism is a labor-robbing scheme and undertook to demonstrate just how and where the robbery was perpetrated. Ford set about raising wages for everybody and equalizing the purchasing power of the wages everywhere. Marx's explanation and Ford's programme dovetail into each other in a way so perfect as to be not only striking but startling. The very language employed is similar.

Marx's belief was that exploitation takes place in the conversion of labor and materials into money, and the reconversion of the money back into labor and materials. This introduces the vagaries of the money régime into the wage problem.

In the course of development from barter to business, some one commodity becomes so universally popular that other commodities come to be thought of in relation to it and their desirability measured by it. In time that popular commodity becomes the coin of the realm. Marx believed this process to be artificial and unnatural. To him the only true common measure

of value is the amount of abstract human labor embodied in the commodity to be valued — or, as he expresses it, the amount of socially necessary labor required to produce it. And socially necessary labor, he explains, is the amount of labor necessary to produce the given result when applied through machines reasonably efficient considering the stage of technical development of the time.

Since, under modern conditions, goods are and must be made for sale, and not for the immediate use of the maker, a fact which Marx recognizes, his logical conclusion is that the medium of exchange should be labor time. The cure under the Marxian theory would be the establishing of a circulating medium, not on the basis of some commodity such as gold or silver, but on some form of labor time. Some of Marx's Utopian predecessors actually advocated it, but Marx shied off from the idea of trying out a labor currency in a competitive world. Nevertheless he expected the eventual development of some such monetary system under socialism.

Ford's method of wage adjustment and wage determination goes a long way toward the fulfillment of that expectation. Ford is bolder than Marx was. He has in reality established an industrial state of international scope. This state grants franchises in the form of agencies, makes automobiles and sells them, all over the world. It has its own 'labor currency' and actually calls it by that socialistic name. The unit of value is the 'minute cost,' which is the time necessary to do a standardized job under uniform conditions. Ford determines wages in terms of this unit. What it all amounts to is that he pays his men their wages in an invisible labor currency, which they in turn use to purchase from him the currency of the country in which they happen to work. He sees to it that the purchasing power of the labor currency received, when converted into a country's currency anywhere, is such that all workers of equal grade and efficiency may everywhere enjoy equally high standards of living. A Ford worker is a Ford worker.

One blinks, rubs his eyes, and is in doubt whether he should measure Ford by Marx or Marx by Ford.

VI

Marx raged inwardly against the plight of labor which he was powerless to help. But he was sustained by the belief that he had demonstrated that capitalism, the cause of the plight, carries within itself the seeds of its own undoing; that it is itself paving the way for its own destruction and the advent of socialism. He held that the underlying cause of the coming downfall was profits and that the probable occasion would be the commercial crisis or war.

The very word 'profits' was anathema to Marx. The *thing* profits is the socialist's explanation of the crisis, such as that in which we now find ourselves. The *love* of profits, which makes men desert the altars of service and worship at the altars of mammon, turns them from making goods to trying to make money, is Ford's explanation. The Marxian view is that the crisis has its origin in overproduction of goods and inability to sell them because labor does not have the wherewithal to buy. Ford's view attributes the business crisis to inefficiency, born of the cupidity of business leaders, and consequent underproduction and underdistribution through overcharging.

What management is entitled to for management is to Ford not profit at

all. It is the payment for work, the reward for toil without which industry could not go forward. The profits he hates are those accidental money gains which come to one group at the expense of another, those speculative prizes which many seek, few find.

It was incomprehensible to Marx that any other incentive than profits could motivate industry under capitalism, and he all but quotes Scripture to prove it.

> Accumulate! Accumulate! That is Moses and all the prophets! Industry furnishes the material which savings accumulate! Therefore, you must save, you must save! You must reconvert the largest possible proportion of surplus value and surplus product into capital. Accumulation for accumulation's sake, production for production's sake, this was the formula by which the classical political economists gave expression to the historical mission of the bourgeois.

Ford by implication pleads guilty, on behalf of industry, to the indictment that Marx brought against profits. So far as the old order was concerned Ford agrees with Marx, but denies that he himself is of that order.

> Nothing seemed so solid and stable as the edifice of selfish business; in reality it is this moment as a snow bank settling under the April sun. . . .
>
> Industry as a department of human activity does not exist merely to support men; its primary purpose is to create goods that will serve people. . . .

Why waste time with a bankrupt system of business based upon profits, which won't work, says Ford, and forthwith adopts one based upon service to the public, which he thinks will work. He has demonstrated pretty clearly that it does. Renouncing profits and accumulation as not worth while competing for, he has challenged capital to a contest in efficient distribution of goods.

There are those to whom such a course seems incomprehensible, absurd. Yet Ford, when challenged on the grounds of impracticability, has but to show as his contribution the greatest number of passenger miles at the least unit cost ever produced. If challenged on grounds of financial feasibility, he has but to point to his purse.

Any man who can sell a half million Model A automobiles, sight unseen, price unset, has a convincing argument in support of his economic philosophy.

What is this new philosophy of industry of which Ford is the most advanced proponent? Is the world really going socialistic unawares, without revolution or the intervention of the state? Assuming that Mr. Ford does not charge interest on his plant and equipment and cover it into the cost and selling price of his car, what is the actual status of the Ford billions?

Ford and Marx may be entirely wrong in their opinion that profits are the fundamental cause of the crisis, but it remains for somebody to offer a more plausible reason. The wisest, from the Ex-President of the United States, the President and his astute Secretary of the Treasury, and the financially experienced junior Senator from New Jersey down, profess ignorance, and have to be content with saying merely that the causes are multiple, complex, and not yet understood.

For well over a century depressions in business have been accepted with fatalism and such fortitude as could be mustered. According to the socialist view, the industrial crisis is the natural manifestation of the contradiction between socialized production, as it exists under machinery, and individual appropriation. Socialized production and individual appropriation are at war, and the crisis is the reverberation. This is but to say that consuming society's money income ceases period-

ically to take enough of producing society's output of goods off the market at prevailing prices to keep business going. Marx's description of a crisis written nearly a hundred years ago and Ford's written in 1930 are equally graphic. According to Marx, society relapses into temporary barbarism because there is too much civilization — so many goods that can't be sold that the worker has to stop work and, therefore, stop buying what he has made. He is poor because he has made society too rich. According to Ford, shortsighted producers run up prices for the sake of profits and rob the witless public till it refuses any longer to buy, and then industry and business rot.

At this very moment industrial leaders are turning heaven and earth to revive business from one — and a very severe one — of its decennial slumps. The remedies proposed this time — different from those ever proposed before — run straight and obviously to the Marxian philosophy. It is proposed to keep labor employed, and at high wages, to the end that the purchasing power of the masses may be preserved — or, to put it in Ford's language, it's a good deal more important to society that corporations pay wages than that they pay dividends. Good wages are more salutary in time of trouble than big profits. Have we, under the industrial leadership of the country, come upon a time when the temporary forgoing of profits in the interest of wages is considered a remedy for the crisis? Shall we come upon a time when industrial leadership will set so much store by service and so little by profits, as Ford says he does, that the Marxian cause of the crisis will become innocuous?

But, Ford and Marx aside, evidence is not wanting during these troublous times that industrial leaders at this very moment are looking to the pay envelope and not to profits to pull the country out of its morass.

The Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States wrote not so many months ago that he doubted whether business would have regarded so formidable an undertaking as the prevention of crises as practicable a decade or two ago, but that the analytical scrutiny to which they have been subjected by the economists has done much to shake the faith of business in the inevitableness of their recurrence. There is much in this to hearten the economists, for they, even when they were right, have not been particularly successful in convincing business.

The Secretary of the American Federation of Labor stated recently that Labor Day of 1930 was marked by an unusual situation; that this is the first time a depression has not been featured by charges that wages were 'too high.' The president of General Motors and many others of no less note have recently joined him.

And it is a fact that all over the country, wherever and whenever men have been let out or wages reduced, it has not been done ruthlessly and immediately upon the first appearance of difficulties, but reluctantly and with a decent regard to the prevalent sentiment that national unemployment is a national disgrace, that the purchasing power of labor, the bulwark against crises, must be preserved, not destroyed, even if it has to be done at the expense of profits or to the extent even of a bearable loss.

It would not be extravagant to say that Karl Marx and Henry Ford have done more toward the development of this wholesome sentiment than any other two men of the last two centuries.

MEDICINE AND THE MIDDLE CLASS

BY WINGATE M. JOHNSON

I

FOR a long time it has been open season the year round for doctors, especially those in private practice. No other class of public servants, not even the farmer, has had such a deluge of advice as to how to manage its affairs. The omniscient Arthur Brisbane is never so wise as when dispensing advice to the medical profession; as, for example, telling the best medical minds of Britain how to cure their sick ruler. In magazines so widely divergent in scope as the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Liberty*, articles more or less critical of the profession have appeared. Most of these articles are written by non-medical men, perhaps for the same reason that old maids and childless couples are proverbially generous with advice upon the rearing of children. The doctors who contribute are apt to be biased by their connection with some governmental health agency, some medical organization more or less frankly commercialized, or some private charitable institution. These men bear about the same relation to the rank and file of the profession that the registrar of an agricultural college does to a real dirt farmer.

The excuses for attacking the medical profession are many; but the one used oftenest, and, indeed, linked with most of the others, is the alleged high cost of medical care to the middle class. It is recognized that the wealthy are able to pay for any medical service they want, and that the poor can get it for nothing, either at the expense of the state or from private charity; but, for the middle class, public sentiment is expressed by a recent writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal:* 'The cost of medical care is unconscionably high.' It is hard to say just why, with so many other high costs all classes — upper, middle, and lower — have to face, their medical bill should be singled out.

Compare the cost of medical care with some other expenditures of the average American family, which pays its doctors each year $24; for drugs and patent medicines (chiefly the latter), $25; for non-governmental hospitals, $15; and for nurses, $8. For passenger automobiles, this same hypothetical family spends annually $150; for tobacco, $67; for candy, $37; for gasoline, $37; for theatres and similar entertainment, $35; for soft drinks, ice cream, and chewing gum, $34.

In the light of the above figures, why should not those writers who wax emotional over the high cost of doctors plead with their Congressmen to lower the tobacco tax, or with candy manufacturers to make better and cheaper candy, or with a paternal government to supply its subjects with free gasoline for Sunday and holiday outings?

Undoubtedly, however, the cost of medical care has risen, though not out of proportion to the cost of living generally. There are many reasons

which justify some increase in doctors' fees, of which perhaps the chief is the greater length and expense of medical education. The time has passed when the only requisite for beginning the practice of medicine was the ambition to do so, fortified by a few months' apprenticeship to an older preceptor. Now a medical education represents the end of a long and expensive journey. Thanks to the commendable work of the American Medical Association, within this century the number of medical schools has been reduced by half, and only the fittest have survived. The public may be assured that a recent medical graduate is a picked man, with a thorough grounding in his profession. Furthermore, the education of the right sort of doctor has just begun when he is given his diploma. From one to five years more are spent in a hospital to gain practical experience. After this the man who aspires to keep up to date must subscribe to a number of medical journals, buy new books from time to time, attend medical meetings, take postgraduate courses, and spend considerable sums in new equipment.

Many a country doctor fifty years ago never owned a thermometer. One whose name was a household word in my boyhood would often say, 'If I had a thermometer and a hypodermic syringe, I should be as well equipped for practising medicine as any doctor could want to be.' Contrast this equipment with the array now required even as a minimum for any man who aspires to be up to date. And books and instruments alike are subject to rapid obsolescence.

The great increase in the cost of living generally applies to physicians as well as to laymen. Indeed, the great majority of doctors belong to the middle class themselves. Only a few are wealthy, and these have either married or inherited their fortune.

II

The chief reasons for the high medical bill of the middle class are usually ignored or touched upon very lightly. Being myself a member of the great middle class, I am vitally interested in its problems. Furthermore, as a physician in active practice since 1908, I have had the opportunity to make some observations which I hope are worth as much as are those of the laymen and non-practising doctors who write most of the articles under discussion.

After long and careful pondering of the question, I am convinced that the people of the middle class have themselves to blame for the 'unconscionably high' cost of their medical care. By accepting as axiomatic that the value of medical service is in direct proportion to its cost, they have certainly not discouraged medical men from charging all the traffic will bear. The multitude of people newly enriched by the prosperity following the war helped to strengthen this idea. By failing to discriminate between luxury and comfort, the cost of hospitalization is needlessly increased. By accepting without question the creed of the specialist, that the field of medicine is so vast that no one mind can hope to keep up with its progress, they have encouraged specialism and its offspring, group practice.

Let me elaborate the above statements somewhat. As an example of the first statement, a friend of mine who served his interneship in a New York hospital told me of a chorus girl who went to one of the best throat specialists in the city and asked his fee for removing her tonsils. Taking pity on her condition, he named the — for him — nominal sum of fifty dollars. She left his office without completing the arrangements for the operation, and a few days later was operated upon

by a far less able man who charged her a thousand dollars.

One of the most successful pediatricians in a large city told me that he was often called in consultation by a general practitioner in a neighboring suburb, who always insisted that he make his fee at least a hundred dollars. When he offered to reduce it in the case of an obviously poor family, he was reminded that unless he charged that much his advice would not carry any weight.

Not long ago I had under my care a man who came to our hospital for a diagnostic survey. He had suffered a severe financial reverse, and in his late fifties, with a large family to support, was forced to take an uncongenial job at a small salary. Under the strain his nerves gave way. A thorough going over failed to show any physical defects except some arteriosclerosis, with an elevated blood pressure. I had a long talk with him; explained that he needed very little medicine, but that he did need to adjust himself to a changed method of living, and to learn to make the best of it. He seemed to be entirely satisfied with my advice, until he asked for my bill. Knowing his straitened circumstances, I told him there would be no charge. He thanked me, and then valued my services at their cost; for a few days later I learned that he had gone to another city to consult a practitioner of the notorious Abrams school — who possibly charged enough to make an impression.

How often in admitting a patient to a hospital is the expression heard, 'I want the very best, regardless of the cost.' The true significance of 'regardless' appears on pay day. One true story will illustrate. A minister who was hurt in an automobile wreck was carried to a hospital, where it was found that he had two broken ribs. He spent ten days in the hospital, with two special nurses for three days, and one for the remaining week. When he left the hospital to go home, he insisted that the nurse accompany him. Many a doctor has continued to practise with a few fractured ribs, yet this able-bodied man spent enough money in this experience to have carried him through a long and serious illness. And very likely he is now regaling his congregation with the high cost of medical care. Incidentally, his physician neither expected nor received pay for his services.

III

The main reason, however, for the plight of the middle class is their unthinking acceptance of that shibboleth of the specialist, 'The practice of medicine has become so complex that no one mind can attempt to keep up with its progress.' At first thought this sounds plausible, and it has certainly had its effect upon the attitude of the public toward its medical advisers. More than anything else, the universal appeal of this idea has encouraged the overgrowth of specialism. In turn, the cost of medical care to the middle class has advanced in almost direct proportion to the increase of specialists.

The World War did much to accelerate the rise of specialism; but it had already begun its forward march before then. Other factors in its vogue have been the external pressure brought to bear by the increased prestige of specialization in business and industry, and by the restlessness and discontent of the general public, always anxious to try something new and different. Huge gifts from philanthropists, usually with knotty strings tied to them, have done much to encourage it. Even organizations within the profession have frankly encouraged men to specialize. Finally, the financial incentive to forsake the ranks of general

practice for the easier and more lucrative life of a specialist tempts many.

Let me hasten to say that I have no quarrel with the real specialist. Our profession needs a balanced proportion of specialists of all sorts as well as of general practitioners. My personal debt to them is too great to be forgotten. From the crown of my head, which, thanks to a skin specialist, still has enough hair to comb, to the sole of my foot, which was rescued by another dermatologist from the ravages of ringworm, I have cause to be thankful to men trained to do special work. My tonsils have been removed — twice; my appendix once; a broken collar bone and four ribs were reunited so skillfully that I cannot tell the difference. Even the dread of old age has been greatly lessened by an oculist whose glasses have made reading once more a pleasure instead of an ordeal. The professional obligation I feel to the specialists is just as great. Times innumerable I have been helped in the diagnosis and treatment of patients by their greater skill. Indeed, I was once a specialist myself, for nearly a year, but could not be satisfied to travel such a narrow path after having been for ten years on the broad highway of general practice. It is true that my work is now virtually limited to pediatrics and internal medicine, but I still prefer to be recognized as a family doctor.

The admission might as well be made, also, that when specialism first began its meteoric rise a majority of the men who limited their work were of superior intelligence; but this has not remained the case. The desertion from the ranks of general practice by so many of the best minds of medicine has caused the need to be felt for able men to fill the gaps thus made. Many others besides myself have tried the life of a specialist and found that it failed to satisfy their professional souls.

'Keeping abreast of medical progress' is not so difficult as the specialist would have us believe. As Dr. Crookshank said in a recent *Forum*, 'A vast deal of rubbish has been written about the impossibility of any one man's grasping all the recent advances in medical science. I say "rubbish," because real science simplifies and does not confuse; it synthesizes and leads back to first principles, so that men of intelligence and judgment can with ease keep themselves abreast of the best opinion.' As Dr. Logan Clendening has shown, the most important discoveries in medicine have vastly simplified the treatment of disease. For example, the discovery of insulin has put the treatment of diabetes within the hands of any intelligent general practitioner. The treatment of pernicious anæmia has been reduced to the simple means of eating a half pound of liver daily, or of taking a concentrated liver extract. Vaccination against diphtheria, typhoid, and smallpox can be done by any nurse.

IV

Various suggestions have been made for reducing the cost of medical care for the middle class without retaining the family doctor. The most popular of these is group practice, in various forms, with some form of state medicine as second choice.

Group practice, as is well known, is the combination of a number of specialists into a medical firm or clinic. It might be defined as the department-store idea applied to the practice of medicine. Its advantages may be thus summarized: first, it assures, if properly conducted by competent men, a more thorough examination than can be given by one man alone; second, — an advantage which may be also a dis-

advantage, — a more impersonal view is taken of the patient; third, a doctor should certainly improve his technique by constant repetition of the same manœuvres; fourth, with a number of men using a common reception room, laboratory, telephone, and otherwise dividing expenses, it is possible to give medical service at wholesale rather than retail rates — though not many patients who have been 'through the mill' extol this feature!

The objections to group practice as a substitute for the individual doctor are: first, the average patient is subjected to an altogether needless expense, for only a small proportion of people who consult a doctor need an exhaustive examination to find out what is the matter with them; second, the impersonal view of the patient may lead to a lack of interest in his ailments; third, it is proverbial that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link, and the patient's trouble may lie within the province of the weak member of the firm; fourth, the view of a specialist is inevitably narrow, no matter how clear, and no aggregation of piecemeal observations can make up for a broad view of the whole organism; fifth, the patient is usually seen by each man once or twice, in a hurried examination, whereas every doctor of experience knows that the key to many obscure ailments, especially in the psychic realm, is to be found only after long, patient, and repeated interviews. Finally, if the diagnosis lies between a functional disorder and an organic lesion, it is hard for even the most honest man not to yield to the subtle temptation to decide in favor of the organic trouble and advise operation, rather than launch upon the long and tedious course of psychotherapy necessary to uproot the more or less imaginary ailment. It is so spectacular to point an accusing finger at a curly appendix tip in an X-ray picture and tell an emaciated, overworked, high-strung little school-teacher that her trouble is there, and that its removal will cause her to become strong, rosy-cheeked, and placid. Even if there is a lingering doubt in the mind of the group diagnostician, two thoughts will help to dispel it: the first, that even if the appendix is not badly diseased, the psychic effect of its removal will do her good; the second, that he will not see her after she goes home, anyhow.

On the other hand, in the hurried examination often given, real trouble may be overlooked. Only last week a doctor friend of mine told me that two months ago he went to an important medical clinic for a complete physical examination. His tonsils had been inflamed several times the winter before, and he knew they still harbored infection. In his own language: 'I have a perforation in my right eardrum you can put your fist through; the septum of my nose is crooked as a rail fence; yet when I went through the nose and throat department both these were overlooked. They told me my tonsils were all right until I told them of several recent attacks and called their attention to enlarged glands on both sides of my neck. Then they decided they had better come out.' If a physician gets such short shrift as this, what can a mere layman expect?

The analogy is often forced between the individual doctor and the retail shopkeeper and small manufacturer. Because department stores are replacing retail shops, and mergers are absorbing small industries, it is assumed that medical firms or groups, or such huge medical mergers as the Mayo clinic, must drive out of business the individual doctor. The basic defect in this comparison is that doctors are dealing with human beings instead of machines; and human beings simply

refuse to be standardized. The parts of one Ford car will fit a million other Fords; but no two human beings are just alike. To overlook the human equation and to attempt to treat people as animated machines is to invite failure.

So-called part-pay clinics, in which medical service is to be obtained at reduced rates, have been suggested as a solution of the middle-class medical problem. Their expenses are to be borne either by the state or by private charity. In passing it may be observed that if the philanthropists who are given so much credit for their generosity in providing medical aid for the poor would raise their wage scale in keeping with their profits, there would be less need for such help. These clinics are open to the same objections as group practice in general, and, in addition, would have some of the objectionable features of state medicine.

V

State medicine may be defined as the assumption by the state or federal government of all responsibility for the health of its subjects. A most plausible argument for it appeared in a recent *Atlantic Monthly*, in which Russia was cited as a worthy example. This gives point to what Will Rogers said not long ago: 'Russia is starving her own people in order to feed propaganda to the rest of the world.'

Carried to its ultimate conclusion, there would be no physicians in private practice. All would be employed by the government and paid fixed salaries — probably varying according to their length of service. Various modifications have been suggested, such as compulsory health insurance, adopted years ago in England.

Theoretically much may be said for state medicine. Everybody would have the privilege of consulting the physician of his choice, without thought of the cost. On the other hand, every doctor would be assured of a fixed income. All the financial burden would be distributed in taxes and paid according to the ability of the taxpayers. This, in the language of the street, sounds good. But let us consider some of the objections.

First, look at the effect upon the people themselves. In England, where compulsory health insurance has been in effect for years, since unemployment has increased, the number of certificates of illness has almost doubled. The doctors are placed in the embarrassing position of having to sign many certificates for faked illness or lose patients from their 'panel' to those who will be accommodating enough to help their 'patients' draw 'sick benefits' from the government.

The right sort of doctor holds as his dearest possession his professional reputation. For many years after he begins practice his greatest ambition is to become known as an able and honorable physician; and the more firmly established his reputation becomes, the harder he strives to live up to it. One index of a doctor's professional standing is the number and the character of patients who come to him, and the proportion who remain loyal through the years. This does not mean that the best doctor always has the largest practice, or the reverse; for many other factors enter into the problem. It is only too true that a quack may so prostitute his knowledge of human nature as to attract a large following; but his practice is seldom a stable one. Dr. Axel Munthe has said, 'You cannot be a good doctor without pity,' and of pity the quack has none. Perhaps the best indication of a physician's real worth is the proportion of his patients who stick to him for many

years. It is true that the stress of competition in private practice sometimes — nay, often — has developed heartburning jealousy between its members; but it has also brought forth their best efforts. And a much higher incentive than that of competition has been the trust imposed in the physician by his families. To merit their confidence, the right sort of doctor will make almost any sort of sacrifice.

Under state medicine, inevitably the old relation between doctor and patient would be destroyed. If the hypothetical John Smith only knew it, he would be exchanging an excellent birthright for a mess of very questionable pottage, were he to be a party to the socialization of medical practice. Instead of the whole-hearted attention of a physician who is using every ounce of energy to give the highest medical skill possible, and who keeps his professional acumen at the keenest possible edge, he would most likely find the indifferent, devil-may-care attitude of the man whose reward is the same for much or for little effort; who has only to live long enough to attain the highest standing possible in his profession, and who cannot feel the pride in his work that the individualist can. Imagine a doctor's being required to treat a certain number of patients per hour, regardless of what ails them, rather than to see how clever a diagnosis he can make in each individual case, whether simple enough to be dismissed in five minutes or complex enough to require his attention for an hour or more.

If the day ever does come when the state takes over the health of its subjects, individually as well as collectively — God pity the patient!

VI

The solution of the medical problem of the middle class is, after all, simple. It is for every family to select one physician for its medical adviser. This man should be selected with great care, then trusted as long as he is found worthy of confidence. If the right sort of man is chosen, and knows that he is the absolute guardian of the family health and that he is expected to call in the help of a specialist or a group of specialists when he deems it necessary, he will put forth his best efforts to merit this confidence. His professional pride, combined with a personal interest in his patient, will make him more anxious to get results than any specialist would be.

The modern family doctor is not necessarily a general practitioner, in the sense that he undertakes personally to practise all branches of medicine. Indeed, the modern family doctor is apt to limit his work somewhat; but he keeps so well informed along all medical lines that he is capable of wisely directing those who trust him. Undoubtedly many patients with obscure ailments will be directed to individual specialists or to clinics; but the family doctor is abundantly able to take care of the great majority of the ailments that arise in his patients. Such a high authority as the Committee on Medical Education of the American Medical Association has estimated that a capable general practitioner can care for from 80 to 90 per cent of the illness for which people consult doctors. The Committee on the Cost of Medical Care has found that the famous 'upper respiratory infections' — colds, influenza, and their near relatives — alone constitute 62 per cent of the usual disabling illness, with the diseases of childhood and other common ailments to be added. Does this seem as though there were no more work for the family doctor?

The very conflict of opinions as to what is to be done to replace the family

doctor argues for his continued existence. The very fact that no satisfactory way has been found to get along without him indicates that he is an essential part of the medical scheme. The medical man who is meant to be a family doctor can never be satisfied with any amount of success in another kind of work. In the present stage of medical evolution, this type of man is successfully adapting himself to his changing environment. While numerous lay and medical writers are penning more or less flattering obituaries of the old family doctor, the modern family doctor is busy making himself indispensable to as many families as he can serve.

DEATH ON AN ATOLL

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

I

I HAD been reading late that evening. Sitting on my verandah, with a shaded lamp on the table beside me, I had entered at once, without effort, into a world revealed so vividly, with such imaginative insight, that although the air my body breathed was heavy with the humid spicy fragrance of tropical vegetation, and crickets were chirping in the hibiscus shrubbery close by, I had traveled in spirit as far as Russia and was conscious only of 'the clear black sky of the northern winter, decorated with the sumptuous fires of the stars.' It will be understood that I returned with difficulty to an awareness of present circumstances. Chancing to look up from my book, I thought for the fraction of a second that I had seen an apparition.

The man, a powerfully built native of middle age, barefoot, and dressed in blue denim trousers and a coat of white drill, was standing hat in hand just outside the circle of lamplight. I had heard no slightest sound, and it had not occurred to him, apparently, to attract my attention by clearing his throat or rapping on one of the verandah posts. I wondered how long he might have been standing thus, quietly waiting for me to notice him. The moment I did so he came forward with the customary Polynesian greeting, 'May you live!' He had arrived at Tahiti late that afternoon and had walked out from Papeete, three miles distant, to bring me a letter which, he said, would explain the reason for this late visit. The white man who had written it had asked him to deliver it as soon as possible. I read it at once.

TANAO
LOW ARCHIPELAGO

DEAR SIR: —

It is nearly five years since we last met, and you may have left Tahiti long since. Nevertheless I must write, even though there is little chance that my message will reach you.

The service I am about to ask of you is one that I should hesitate to ask even of an old friend; but you are the only white man whom I know in this part of the world, and circumstances have arisen which make it imperative for me to appeal to you, however reluctantly.

I am ill, and as I have grave doubts as to my recovery it is necessary that I put my affairs in order. I have no one here but an old servant, Ling Foo, whom you may remember. Could you come to see me? I have chartered a Paumotu cutter for the purpose of carrying this letter to you, and if you find it possible to come, this same cutter will bring you to the island. I quite realize that you may not be able to come at once, on such short notice, and I have therefore given instructions to the man who brings this letter — he is the owner of the vessel — to await your orders.

Yours very truly,

RONALD CRICHTON

The letter had been written by hand, on a sheet of foolscap, but the lines did not follow the ruled spaces. They ran unevenly across the page, meeting, even crossing, in some places, far apart in others. Plainly it had been written by a man so ill that he could scarcely hold the pen. The appearance of the letter as well as the message it contained convinced me of the urgency of this matter. I asked the native who had brought it how he had chanced to call at Tanao. He explained that he and two other men (all three of them inhabitants of the island of Hao) had been returning there from Mangareva, an island at the southeastern extremity of the Low Archipelago, where they had gone for the pearl-diving season, and had been blown off their course by a southerly gale. After the storm they had passed close by Tanao, and, observing a signal fire lighted on the beach, two of them had gone ashore to see what was wanted. An old Chinaman was awaiting them, who led them to the house of the white man. The *popaa* was very ill and had offered him ten thousand francs if he would go to Tahiti at once and try to deliver the letter he would give him.

'There was no one with him except his Chinese servant?' I asked.

'No one.'

'What did he tell you to do in case I could not be found?'

'He asked me to return as soon as possible and carry his Chinese servant to some island where he might take passage in a trading schooner to Tahiti.'

'Did he speak of wanting a doctor?'

'He said there was no need for one.'

'What do you think of his condition? Is it serious?'

He stretched out his hand with his thumb and forefinger held slightly apart. 'When I saw him,' he said, 'he was no farther than that from his grave.'

II

At one o'clock the following afternoon we were well out at sea, and as soon as we had passed the northern extremity of Tahiti the cutter was set on the course of her seven-hundred-mile voyage. There were four of us aboard: Maiti, the owner of the vessel, his two companions, Nau and Mangi, and myself. The barometer had fallen slightly and the sky looked threatening. The wind was blowing from the westward, more strongly every moment as we came out from under the shelter of the island. Westerly and southwesterly winds usually mean bad weather in this part of the Pacific, but the month was June and nothing more serious than a moderate gale was to be expected, with frequent heavy squalls of rain. Small though she was, the cutter was an excellent sea boat, and I watched with satisfaction as she settled down to her work. It was a fair wind for us.

Two days later it went round to the southeast again, and, having blown freshly for several hours, died away completely; but by that time we had three hundred miles of the voyage behind us. As the cutter rocked over the long glassy undulations the reef points pattered against the canvas

with a sound like the drumming of so many nervous fingers impatient in idleness. Nau and Mangi fastened a pandanus mat to the boom and crawled under it to sleep. Presently Maiti joined them; there was no reason for sitting longer at the wheel. The sun set in a sea that reflected perfectly the shapes of a few fleecy clouds. It was what the natives call *é huihui mania*, a great calm. There was nothing to do but wait.

I wondered whether Crichton, as well, was waiting, or whether we were not already too late. Maiti had told me that the voyage from Tanao to Tahiti had taken sixteen days. It was more than possible that the return voyage would require three weeks, what with the calms and head winds we had reason to expect at that time of year. A feeling of desolation came over me as I pictured Crichton dying on that remote atoll with only a taciturn old Chinese servant for company.

Sitting on the wheel box, in the gathering darkness, I went back in thought to the day, in February 1920, when I first met him. I had been demobilized from the army only a few months earlier, and, feeling a need of solitude after the herded life in wartime France, I sailed from San Francisco for an indefinite sojourn in the South Seas. Arriving at Tahiti, I found that island, with its European colony, its hotels, motor cars, and motion-picture theatres, not at all the retreat I had hoped for, so I took the first opportunity that presented itself for moving on. This was a small trading schooner, the *Caleb Winship*, bound to the Paumotu, or, as it is more commonly called, the Low, or Dangerous, Archipelago. Crichton chanced to be a passenger on this vessel. He was traveling in company with a dignified, gentle-mannered old Polynesian lady whom he called 'Mama-Ruau' (Grandma), a woman of sixty or thereabout, dressed in a flowered Mother Hubbard, with her white hair hanging in a single braid.

I decided at first sight that he was English and wondered in an idle way what he was doing in that part of the world. Tino, the half-caste supercargo of the *Winship*, was both curious and puzzled, and on that first evening at sea took me aside to speak of Crichton. Who was he, where did he come from, and what in the name of common sense did he mean to do on that God-forsaken stretch of reef called Tanao? It was a worthless island, he told me. There was scarcely enough land above sea level to stretch your legs over, and even if it were all planted to coconut palms, in full bearing, the output would n't amount to ten tons of copra per year. And yet, here was this Englishman, or whatever he was, going out there to settle with the old Kanaka woman who owned the place! He had taken a ten years' lease on it, with the option of purchase at the end of that time.

This much Tino had gathered from the old woman. Her family had owned Tanao time out of mind, but they had all died off. Her husband had long been dead, and her two sons, her only remaining children, had been drowned at sea while fishing. After this she had lived alone for nearly two years until a passing schooner had given her an opportunity to go to Tahiti, where she had relatives.

'She stayed there for some time; then, it seems, the poor old thing got to hankering for home again. It's queer how these natives love their islands. It may be nothing but a sand bank with half a dozen coconut palms on it, a thousand miles from nowhere, but they'll never be happy away from it. She tried to persuade some of her relatives to go back there with her. They

said no, of course. Tahiti was home to them, and they were n't such fools as to leave a high island for a place where there is nothing to eat but coconuts and fish. Then, somehow, she met this Crichton, and he jumped at the chance she offered him. The old lady says he's promised to stay, for good. He speaks native, and good native, too; I've heard him talking with her, although he has n't said yes or no or how-do-you-do to me since he came aboard. Where did he pick it up? He must have been living somewhere in this part of the Pacific for a long time. Tanao! Wait till he sees it! Tell you what I'll do — I'll bet you a five-gallon demijohn of the best rum in Tahiti that he'll be coming back with us. He don't know what he's let himself in for — that's my opinion.'

Apparently he did know, however; at any rate he failed to return with us. We remained one day at the island, unloading supplies for him, and although he was courteous enough, I felt that he was impatient for us to be gone. He treated the Mama-Ruau with invariable kindness and consideration, but it seemed to me that he wished her away as well; that he wanted to be entirely alone on the island. What was it, I wondered — a form of selfishness? A longing to be, like Crusoe, monarch of all he surveyed? Or had he, perhaps, as Tino suggested later, been mixed up in some affair that he was ashamed of, that made it necessary for him to hide away from the sight of other men? But this latter possibility I put aside at once. I knew nothing of his past life, but if his was not a trustworthy face, then I had never seen one. I would have taken my oath that he was incapable of a dishonorable act.

My conclusion, after summing up the little evidence I had to go by, was that solitude was a vital need of his nature; not a temporary need, as with most men, but an appetite as fundamental as hunger or thirst, but unlike these in that he had never yet been able to satisfy it. I gathered from one or two remarks of his that he had long been searching for just such an island as Tanao. He told me on the day we landed there that it more than fulfilled his expectations, and when I asked how long he meant to stay he said, 'Always. As long as I live.' I had never met a man who seemed so detached from life, so lacking in dependence upon any sort of companionship, brute or human. Nevertheless, as I sat on the rail aft, watching the atoll dwindling and blurring far in the distance, I doubted whether any man could be happy for long in a place so inconceivably lonely.

III

Four years passed. Meanwhile, like many another ex-soldier, I had been wandering here and there, looking on at life in an unfamiliar world, but having little desire to take an active part in it again. I seemed to have lost the faculty for living in a settled, purposeful way. After a year of voyaging from island to island in the Pacific I returned to the United States, where I continued my nomadic existence, camping in hotels and the guest bedrooms in the houses of old friends, but never staying long in any one place. I went to Iceland and spent a winter there, traveling on horseback through that beautiful, sparsely populated country and gazing at the northern lights from vantage points along the arctic circle. Then I went to the Faroe Islands and from there to Norway. Then home again, via New York, and westward to the Pacific Coast across the prairies and plains and the vast deserts of Arizona and New Mexico.

Crichton was often in my thoughts during these years. I could not account

for the deepness of the impression he had made upon me in the course of our brief voyage on the *Caleb Winship*. We had, to be sure, been thrown much together during that voyage, but our companionship had rested on very slight foundations. That was his fault, rather than mine. He was very reserved at all times and seemed to have an instinctive distrust of any relationship approaching intimacy. I knew nothing of his serious thoughts and interests, and he nothing of mine; and yet, ever since I had left the island, in the strangest places and at the most unlikely moments a picture of the place would float into consciousness and focus itself at once, and I would see Crichton sitting in the shade at the inner border of a glaring white beach, looking out over the empty sea. I wondered about him, and for some reason was disturbed about him. It was an unusual thing for a man of his age — he was only twenty-eight — to bury himself as he had done. Even for an authentic lover of solitude such a procedure seemed more than a little dangerous. However, I took comfort in the thought that he himself must have realized this long since and have gone to a more habitable spot.

I returned to Tahiti in 1924, having decided in the future to make my home there for a part of each year; and on the day of my arrival I set out along the water front in the hope that I might gather some news of Crichton. After many fruitless inquiries I learned that he was still on Tanao. Not only that: he had never once left the island since the day he landed there.

A Chinaman, Chan Lee, owner of the schooner *Toafa*, gave me this information. He, apparently, was the only man on Tahiti who knew anything of Crichton, and he knew little. He told me that he chanced to pass the atoll in 1920 — it must have been only two or three months after my visit — and had sent his ship's boat ashore for some drinking coconuts and a supply of firewood for the galley stove. He had not known there was anyone living on the island. Crichton had come out to the schooner and had then arranged with him to call once yearly to bring him supplies. He had also arranged to have Chan bring him some more lumber and half a dozen natives from another island to clear his land and help build his house. As soon as the work was finished these men returned home, since which time Crichton had lived alone on the island except for the old native woman and one Chinese servant whom he, Chan, had engaged for Crichton in Papeete.

Chan also told me of carrying out a load of household furnishings which had arrived for Crichton from England, and of the enormous difficulty they had in taking them ashore over the reef. Once Crichton had spoken of me, and had asked him, in case he chanced to see me, to invite me to come out with the *Toafa* the next time she called. This was three years before, but as Chan was about to leave for his annual visit I decided to consider the invitation still open and go with him.

It was at this time that I became convinced, intuitively, that Crichton's destiny was, or would be, a tragic one — that he was, somehow, doomed. During the voyage with Chan Lee, I considered the situation from every point of view; took myself in hand, so to speak, as though trying to convince another man of the absurdity of his apprehensions. What was there to be concerned about? What ground had I for supposing that anything was amiss with Crichton? Here was a young Englishman, of cultivated tastes, evidently of good family, who happened to be not socially inclined, and who for this reason chose to live on a small coral island

in the middle of the Pacific. Was there, necessarily, anything strange, or unnatural, or even dangerous in that? Other men of similar character and temperament had cut themselves off from the world and had found happiness in doing so. Why not this one? Self-confidence in such a man usually meant self-knowledge. This was not the case of one foolishly enamored of a form of life for which he was unfitted. He had chosen it because he loved it and was conscious of resources within himself to make solitude not only endurable but pleasant. The fact that he was still living on Tanao was proof enough, surely, that he had not been mistaken in this.

So I tried, uselessly, to reason myself out of my misgivings; nevertheless when we reached the island, late of a fine afternoon, it did seem, at first, that I had been indulging in a great deal of gratuitous anxiety. Crichton and the old woman were awaiting us at the landing place; it seemed only yesterday that I bade them good-bye. Mama-Ruau, with tears of welcome in her eyes, kissed me on both cheeks, in the native fashion. She looked much frailer than when I had last seen her, — a natural change in a woman of her advanced years, — but Crichton was the same deeply tanned, healthy-looking man I remembered, except that he now wore dark glasses, a precaution against the glare of the sun. He greeted me in his quiet, reserved manner, and was, I thought, really glad to see me.

Tanao, like many another atoll in the Paumotu Archipelago, has no entrance into the lagoon. One goes ashore through the surf, in a ship's boat, and a schooner visiting the island must stand off and on. There were supplies to land, and as we should not be leaving till the following day I accepted with pleasure Crichton's invitation that I spend the night ashore.

We walked across the island to his house, which stood on the lagoon beach, a quarter of a mile from the ocean beach. After a few perfunctory remarks he fell silent. Apparently he had nothing more to say, and his preoccupied manner made me feel a little uncomfortable. When we reached the steps leading to the verandah he stopped, and for a long moment stared at the ground as though deep in thought. Then he excused himself; he said that he had some business matters to arrange with Chan Lee before the schooner stood out to sea for the night. 'Please make yourself comfortable,' he added. 'You might look over my house if you care to.'

That was the last I saw of him. I waited for an hour, an hour and a half, two hours. Then a gong was sounded, and, walking through the passageway to the lagoon-side verandah, I found dinner awaiting me, served by Ling Foo, his servant, a weird, gnomelike little man who might have stepped out of some centuries-old book of Chinese fairy tales. He moved as soundlessly as a shadow, and although I tried several times to persuade him to speak, he merely regarded me with a detached, contemplative expression as one might look at a rock or a tree while thinking of something else. As soon as dinner was over he placed a lighted lamp on the front verandah and another in the room where I was to sleep; then he too vanished as though he had conjured himself away with the napkin he carried over his arm, and I was left alone in the midst of a silence that seemed as wide as space, as old as the beginning of the world — a silence accentuated by a ship's-bell clock ticking away with self-important industry as though convinced that, if it should stop, time itself would be no more.

I was as forlorn as it is possible for a man to be — a guest in a house where

I knew that I was not wanted. Common sense should have warned me that a man who had chosen the loneliest coral island in the Pacific as a home had not done so because he craved companionship. Nevertheless, taking this into account and putting my unheralded arrival in the most unfavorable light possible, I felt that he was lacking in courtesy, to say the least, to abandon me as he had. I had come ashore at his invitation, and the obligations of hospitality demanded that he should not shame me. It would have been easy for him to plead illness; almost any excuse would have been better than no excuse.

I returned to the front verandah and gave myself up to disquieting reflections. It was impossible to account for Crichton's actions except on the hypothesis that four years of complete isolation had made unbearable to him the prospect of a renewed contact, however slight, with anyone from the outside world. It might even have unbalanced his mind. Many a man before his time had gone mad through loneliness.

Later in the evening I became convinced that he was there in the house with me — in his own room, and this conviction so disturbed me that I tiptoed across the verandah and down the steps and spent the rest of the night walking up and down the lonely outer beach longing for daylight and the return of the schooner. When she came in, at dawn, I went aboard with the first boatload of copra, and, being tired after my all-night vigil, I lay down in my bunk and went to sleep at once. When I awoke we were headed westward again, and Tanao was only a faint bluish haze far to windward.

During the years that followed, although I often thought of Tanao and its lonely white inhabitant, I heard nothing of either until the evening when Maiti walked into the circle of lamplight on my verandah and gave me the letter telling of Crichton's illness.

IV

This third voyage seemed interminable — calms, head winds, calms, head winds, day after day after day. I was beginning to fear that Maiti, who depended upon the stars and instinct for guidance, had mistaken his course; but on the morning of the twenty-fifth day we sighted the atoll. With a faint breeze we approached slowly, and toward noon were within a quarter of a mile of the landing place. The cutter was brought to, my luggage was loaded into the ship's boat, and Nau and Maiti rowed me ashore. As we approached I examined the shore line carefully, but saw no sign of life excepting a flock of white terns floating aimlessly over the scrub at the far end of the main island. We might have been the first men ever to view that lonely place.

Fortunately the sea was calm and we got over the reef without mishap. Then something I had thought was a round black rock detached itself from the sand and moved down to the edge of the beach. I soon made it out to be an umbrella almost completely hiding the person beneath it. Maiti and Nau jumped out into waist-deep water and guided the boat across the shallows. The umbrella moved away as we approached, up the beach to the roadway leading across the island. Ling Foo was the man carrying it. He kept some twenty paces ahead of us, tilting up his sunshade now and then to see that we were following, and running on again. I called out to him, but his only reply was to glance back, without stopping, and make a quick beckoning gesture.

Crichton was lying, propped up with pillows, on a sofa on the verandah.

He was shockingly altered, so pale and emaciated that I should never have recognized him elsewhere. Indeed, I thought for a moment that we had arrived just too late, for his eyes were closed in their cavernous hollows, his hands folded on his breast, and his face wore the expression of peace and indifference one sees on the faces of the dead. Ling Foo ran noiselessly across the verandah and stood beside him, looking from Crichton to me and back again. Maiti halted at the top step as though he had been stopped by a viewless barrier. No one spoke. The clock with the ship's-bell attachment was still engaged in measuring eternity by seconds. It struck half-past twelve.

Crichton opened his eyes at the sound and stared vacantly before him; then he turned his head wearily on the pillow.

'Ling Foo? Are you there?' he said.

The old servant touched him lightly on the shoulder.

'Go down again to the beach. They must be close inshore by this time.'

I stepped forward. 'Don't you know me, Crichton?'

His worn face lighted up. 'You're here?' he exclaimed. 'Is it possible? Please forgive me! I must have been asleep.' He held out his hand gropingly. 'I can't tell you how — how grateful I am.'

I could think of nothing to say. A sudden feeling of compassion came over me at the thought of this man's friendlessness. The fact that he had had no one but me to turn to in his need gave me a truer conception of his aloneness in the world. Nearly a decade had passed since the *Caleb Winship* had brought him here. The events of that well-remembered day, viewed in the light of all that had since happened to me, seemed to have taken place in the course of a previous existence. To find him still here was a shock to my sense of probability, like that one would feel at discovering a man swimming alone in mid-ocean. The imagination in this case lagged behind the senses, was reluctant to accept their evidence.

For all my sympathy I was conscious of a feeling of dull anger against him. What possible reason or excuse could he, a young man with the best of life before him, have had for throwing that life away? What a senseless waste of abilities, of opportunities! And now there would be no more opportunities. He was dying — there was little question of that. It seemed to me that he must have been keeping himself alive for weeks by sheer strength of will.

'I had only the faintest hope,' he went on. 'I knew that there was not one chance in a thousand of my letter reaching you. And yet I clung to that hope.'

'I've been living at Tahiti for some time past,' I said. 'Fortunately your letter found me at home.'

'You have? Living there? I wish I had known, earlier. In that case — No matter. You've come. I should have written before, but there was no opportunity to send a letter.'

'Does n't the *Toafa* call here now?'

'Yes, she still comes once a year, but she is not due again until September. When she was last here Chan Lee told me that he would be trading in the Marquesas most of this year. I suppose he's there now. But you must be tired after your long voyage. Ling Foo has lunch ready for you. Afterward perhaps you would like a siesta? It's very hot here in the middle of the day.'

I was glad of an excuse for leaving him for a time, for he was very weak and I could see that it tired him to talk. After lunch I returned with Maiti to the beach. Nau had been spearing fish during our absence and

had prepared his own food Low Island fashion — raw fish dipped in sea water and eaten with the meat of ripe coconuts. Maiti had eaten sparingly of Ling Foo's luncheon. He joined Nau in his meal and the two men ate with enormous appetite, squatting on a slab of coral in the shallows beside a pool of still water that reflected their faces and the sky. Behind them was the reef where the surf spouted up in fountains of spume, luminous in the sunlight, and beyond that the sea, ruffled to the deepest blue by the breeze and empty save for the cutter half a mile offshore.

It was a lonely picture, full of harmony and beauty with those natives in the foreground. Maiti and Nau belonged in such a setting. They were as much a part of it as the sea birds skimming along the slopes of the combers rising to break on the reef; but I had only to close my eyes and to imagine Crichton in their place, and immediately the beauty seemed to become hostile beauty and mid-sea silence the measure of Nature's disapproval of the incongruous element. As I sat there with that silence flowing over and around me I again tried, ineffectually, to assign some reason for his ten years' exile. Why, why, why? The question kept reiterating itself in my mind, and I could find no answer, nor so much as a clue to one.

When the two men had finished their meal I discussed plans with them. They had been long from home and were, I knew, anxious to have news of their families. It seemed useless to keep them waiting at Tanao, the more so as there was no anchorage for the cutter. Therefore I arranged with them that they should go to their own island of Hao, two hundred and fifty miles distant, and return within ten days' time, if possible. The wind was favorable for their voyage, and as soon as they had gathered a supply of green drinking coconuts they rowed out to the cutter, hauled in their boat, and stood off to the northwest. I sat in the shade watching the little vessel creep up the long slope of the sea until she was lost to view.

V

It was getting on toward mid-afternoon when I returned to the house. Crichton was sleeping; at least I thought he was asleep. A low table stood beside his couch, with a tumbler and a pitcher of water on it, and a hand bell for summoning Ling Foo. I went through to the kitchen, a spacious, airy building connected with the main house by a covered passageway. Here, as elsewhere, everything was in scrupulous order. Pots and pans, burnished and shining, hung from hooks along the wall. The stove was brightly polished, and sticks of firewood, each of them cut at precisely the same length, were neatly corded up in a bin against the wall. Ling Foo was not there. I returned to the front verandah and, taking a book from a shelf, seated myself near Crichton's couch. Looking up presently, I found that he was awake, regarding me with a vacant and, at the same time, a thoughtful expression. I waited, surprised that he didn't speak. At length I forced myself to say, 'Is there anything you want, Crichton?'

He started slightly at the sound of my voice. 'Oh,' he said, 'I'm sorry. I didn't know you were back. You must have come in very quietly.'

'Crichton! You're not — Haven't you seen me sitting here?'

Even as I asked the question I realized that he had not seen me — that he was blind.

He told me then what I had quite forgotten until that moment, of the trouble he had had with his eyes at the

time of my last visit, caused by the glare of the sun reflected from the lagoon and the beaches of white sand.

'I did n't realize that it was at all serious,' he went on, 'and at first I took no precautions. It was very unwise. Unfortunately I had no dark glasses, and by the time I was able to get them it was too late; the damage was done.'

'How long have you been like this?'

'Nearly four years. I can still see the faint outline of objects close by, directly in front of me, but that's all.'

There was nothing one could say in the face of such a calamity as that. I admired him for his stoicism. He spoke quietly of his loss, as though it were a matter of no great consequence.

'I know the place so well, every foot of beach, nearly every tree and shrub on it, that I've not been hampered as much as you might think; and Ling Foo has been a faithful old servant, one in a thousand. Without him, of course, I should have had a hard time of it this past six months. You remember Mama-Ruau, don't you? She died two years ago. I've missed her more than I can say; she was as good to me as a man's own mother could be. She told me that she would always watch over me after her death. It's curious; at times I've been all but convinced of her presence. One has strange fancies in such a lonely place.'

'That's an extraordinary old servant of yours,' I remarked. 'Is he always so silent? I've never yet heard him utter so much as a word.'

'That's because of an impediment in his speech. Poor Ling! It's pathetic to hear him try to talk. He's almost given up trying. How old would you say he is?'

'I've often wondered. At least sixty.'

'He tells me that he was seventy-five his last birthday. He's a truly remarkable old chap, full of energy despite his age and never for a moment idle. He's been with me now for eight years. Fortunately he seems perfectly contented here. I used to urge him to go back to Tahiti with Chan Lee's schooner, to visit his friends, but he's never wanted to go.'

'And you, Crichton? Have you never left Tanao in all these years?'

'Never,' he said, and fell silent. For a moment the expression on his face grew sombre. I was sorry I had spoken.

'Do you know, I feel much better,' he went on. 'Your coming has done me good.'

'I'm delighted to hear you say that. By the way, I've let the cutter go. The men were anxious to have news of their families —'

'Naturally. I was going to suggest that you do just what you've done. When will they be coming back?'

'In ten days, or perhaps two weeks, depending on the weather. Now what I have in mind is this: supposing they return two weeks from to-day; do you think you might be strong enough by that time to make the voyage to Tahiti? If not, then we can hold the cutter here until you are. You need a change, Crichton. It will do you a world of good. Will you come?'

He smiled faintly and shook his head.

'My dear chap, I'm at the end of my rope. I know that. I shall be dead before the cutter returns.'

I was about to speak when he interrupted me: 'Tahiti? No, I have a longer journey than that to make. Don't imagine that I regret it. On the contrary. But let's not talk of this. Let's not discuss my affairs this afternoon. There will be ample time for that to-morrow. Do you know what I'd like, now, if it is n't too much of an imposition? I said just now that I

had n't minded so much losing my sight, but I have minded in one respect. I'm awfully book-hungry. Would you be willing to read to me for an hour or two?'

I read all through the afternoon until dinner time. He was a great admirer of Thoreau, and we began with his favorite chapters in *Walden* and passages from the *Journals*. Then he asked for *Comus* and, after that, the first part of *Henry the Fourth*. Ling Foo brought our food to the table by Crichton's couch, and he ate with some appetite, for the first time in weeks, he said. Throughout the meal he talked with great animation; he seemed as starved for conversation as he was for reading. We discussed books, chiefly, and as we proceeded from one to another his eyes lighted up with interest and enthusiasm, and a faint touch of color suffused itself over his cheeks. This was a Crichton I had never seen before, a delightful companion, urbane, wholly at his ease, almost light-hearted in manner.

Afterward, when the lamps had been lit, I continued reading: from Keats, Walt Whitman, Charles Lamb's *Letters*, Montaigne's *Essays* — whatever he asked for. We forgot time and place and circumstance, and it was not until the clock struck eleven that he said, 'Good Lord! Can it be as late as that?'

I told him that I would gladly continue reading as long as he liked.

'No, not another word! You must be worn out. Thanks ever so much. I can't tell you what a treat this has been for me.'

We chatted for a moment; then I called Ling Foo, who was dozing in a chair by the kitchen table. He brought his sleeping mat and a pillow and lay down on the floor beside Crichton's couch in case he should be wanted in the night. I retired to my room — the same room that had been prepared for me at the time of my last visit; but on this occasion I went to bed and slept soundly until morning.

VI

We spent the forenoon of that day in settling up his affairs. He had made his will years ago, before coming out to Tanao, and a copy of this had been filed long since with his attorney in London. He asked me to read over to him his own copy. I was not surprised to learn that he was a man of considerable means. He had a fortune of twenty-five thousand pounds invested in securities in England, together with real estate inherited from a maternal uncle. All of his property in England was to be divided equally between two nephews and a niece, his only surviving relatives. What he particularly wished me to do was to send to his attorney — together with a personal letter which I wrote at his dictation — the official papers to be secured from the French authorities at Tahiti, establishing the fact of his death. He had something over a thousand pounds on deposit in the Banque de L'Indo-Chine, in Papeete, and this money was to go to Ling Foo, who had served him so faithfully all these years. In order to avoid legal complications I suggested that he make out a check for this amount, payable to Ling Foo. I knew the president of the bank and promised to explain matters to him so that the old Chinaman would have no difficulty in securing the money.

It was a problem to decide what to do with his household possessions. He wanted me to accept them, but I explained what he already knew, that I had a great dislike for accumulating possessions and preferred not to encumber myself with more than the bare minimum necessary for comfort, which I already had. I confess that

I was sorely tempted to accept his library; but I had no room for it in my own small house, and therefore suggested that all of his books as well as his fine collection of Polynesian curios be given to the colonial museum and library at Papeete. As for his other household furnishings, they could only be removed with great difficulty, owing to the fact that they would have to be carried aboard a schooner over the reef, in a ship's boat. Therefore it was decided to leave them where they were, for the benefit of Mama-Ruau's relatives, if ever they should visit Tanao. The island had come to them at her death, although Crichton's ten-year lease had still some months to run.

It seemed very strange to me to be discussing these matters with Crichton. He was businesslike, methodical, painstaking. Death was in the background, and yet, because of his quiet, matter-of-fact way of speaking of it, I had no emotional conviction of its nearness. The last thing he asked me to do was to go through his desk and clear out all of his papers and notebooks, including half a dozen thick manuscript volumes. These, I imagine, contained a record of his life at Tanao until the loss of his eyesight had made writing no longer possible. *There* was a legacy I should have been glad to accept, but it was not offered. 'Will you please burn all this?' he said. 'It contains matter of purely personal interest. I shall feel much better when you tell me that it has been destroyed.' It required half an hour of poking and stirring the fire to consume the journals, but in the end they were all reduced to ashes.

On the evening of that day, Ling Foo and I carried Crichton on his couch to the open verandah built out over the water on the opposite side of the house. It was a glorious night, perfectly still, without a cloud in the sky. The air was cool and Crichton was covered with a rug. I stretched out in a long chair near by. As darkness came on we seemed to be suspended between an upper and a nether firmament, so bright and clear were the reflections of the stars in the lagoon. I felt uneasy about Crichton; he was much weaker than he had been the previous day. The business of settling up his affairs had exhausted his little reserve of strength, and he was running a temperature which made him restless and light-headed. Neither of us spoke for a long time; then he asked for a glass of water, which he drank greedily. A few moments later he roused himself with an effort.

'There is something I have long had on my conscience,' he said. 'You will remember, when you were last here, my — my strange behavior. What must you have thought of me, leaving you like that — and a guest in my own house, too!'

'My dear Crichton! Don't speak of it. If apologies are in order, let mine come first. I barged in upon you without —'

'No — please! You have nothing to reproach yourself for. I was guilty of an unpardonable breach of hospitality. I owe you the fullest explanation of my actions on that occasion; but I don't see how I can explain without saying more than . . . Would you mind very much if I were to tell you something that I have never before spoken of to anyone?'

'No, not if you want to tell me.'

'I do want to; but whether it will be possible . . . I have kept this matter a secret for so many years that it will be hard to break silence now. Let me ask you a question: have you ever wondered why I came out here to live?'

'Many times.'

'What was your supposition?'

'I have never found a satisfactory

one. You have always been a puzzle to me, Crichton.'

'You're being quite frank with me? You don't know why I have hidden myself away here?'

'I have n't the slightest idea.'

'I believe you. Well, let me get this out, if I can. It will explain so much; and for some reason I feel a great need to speak — for the first and last time.

'I am one of those men —' He broke off and was long silent. Then he began again. 'I am one of those men who — who are — mistakes of Nature.

'Does this mean anything to you?' he said, after another silence. 'Do you understand what I am trying to say? Mistakes of Nature — tragic, irremediable mistakes. Or experiments, perhaps — who can say? How many there are, of how many kinds! There is one — the fate of a victim of that blunder in creation is the saddest, surely, that can befall a human being. That was my fate.

'This sounds maudlin. I am aware of the fact; but I ask you to believe that I am not indulging here in self-pity. I have long since given up that habit. If you like, in this darkness think of me only as a disembodied voice, speaking of a man who no longer exists. That is not far from the truth.

'It was many years before I knew. My people never knew. They are all dead now. My father and mother died while I was at the university, within six months of each other. The war wiped out the rest of my family — three brothers, two older and one younger than myself. I was the one to be spared. The irony of that fact has given me some bitter moments.

'My boyhood at home was all that boyhood at its best can be. My father and mother made comrades of their children, and they had no reason to suspect that anything was amiss with one of them. Their great desire was to make our childhood happy, and, as we grew older, to help us shape our destinies according to our own wishes and abilities. My father believed that education was, in the beginning, a matter of arousing in our minds a disciplined curiosity about life, and in my case he wanted me to be furnished with certain tools to work with — principally languages, ancient and modern, and mathematics. Thanks to his guidance and my own inclinations I went to school with the keenest desire to acquire mastery in the use of these tools, realizing beforehand that the drudgery entailed was necessary, and that the tools were not ends in themselves, but the means to ends far beyond.

'You may wonder why I speak of this. It is to make clear why I remained so long in ignorance of — of one side of my nature. If this is not the reason I can assign no other. At school I lived a healthy Spartan life, devoted to hard play and hard study. I had neither the time nor the inclination for self-exploration on the emotional side. I was more studious than most boys of my years, and believed that scholarship was of more importance than sport; otherwise I was not eccentric in any way.

'At seventeen I went up to the university where my father and grandfather and great-grandfather had gone before me. The freedom there, after public school, was like the breath of life to me. I could live as austerely as I chose, without attracting comment, favorable or otherwise; and some of the drudgery of education was past. I now began to know a few, at least, of its pure delights. And what can equal them? Or what joy is keener than that of a young man when he first becomes conscious of the unfolding of his powers and looks forward to years

of quiet, uninterrupted study? I already knew what my life work was to be. I had a scholarship in chemistry, and with the confidence and the arrogance of youth I determined to be the greatest chemist in England.

'In my second year at the university I discovered — what had to be discovered. It was a gradual revelation, but, in the end, complete and — terrible. My case may have been exceptional, and from what I know now I think it was. The fact remains that I was unaware even of the existence of such — of such abnormality until I discovered it in myself.

'Imagine, if you can, the desolation of spirit I suffered as a result of that discovery. No one else knew of it — not even my friend who unconsciously brought it about. He never suspected that my feeling toward him was other than that of a devoted comrade. I had the pride and the strength of will necessary to spare him and to save myself — but I left the university.

'I went to Germany to continue my studies. It was the worst move I could have made — it seems. What happened there — Oh, I'm so mortally tired!'

That cry went to my heart. 'Crichton! Don't go on,' I said. 'Believe me, I —'

'Wait — I beg your pardon.' He raised himself to a sitting posture and his voice became hard and cold as ice.

'Don't misunderstand me. I was not on the point of making any sordid confessions. There is nothing of that nature to confess. Allow me to finish. I have little more to say.'

He sank back on the pillow and lay still.

'Have you ever visited the Grand Canyon of the Colorado? Once, in boyhood, I passed that way with my father. Imagine a chasm wider, infinitely deeper, and filled with shadow, with black night. In Germany I found myself on the brink of such an abyss — so at least I conceived of it. I looked down. I saw unfortunate creatures like myself moving about in those depths — both men and women, and neither the one nor the other. I pitied them from my heart, but it was loathing that saved me. I differed from them only in this: they had accepted their fate; many of them, I discovered, gloried in it. I would not accept mine — at least I would not accept the common implications of that fate. I saw what I had to do. I gave up my plans for a career. I cut myself off from family and friends. You see, I did n't trust myself. I did n't know what wretched folly friendship might lead me into. I set out in search of some place, preferably an island, where there could be no question of friendship, not even of companionship. When I found that place I remained — as you know.'

VII

He died very peacefully three days later. I had been sitting with him, and we had talked a little of common things; then he fell into a quiet sleep. About an hour later he awoke and asked me to help him turn on his side. That was the last time he spoke.

Ling Foo and I buried him at the spot he had chosen. It was not in the ancient cemetery at the far end of the island, but near the lagoon beach at the head of a small mirrorlike cove. In accordance with his own wishes no stone — not even a border of sea shells — was placed to mark his grave. It is marked, adequately and beautifully, by the shadows of palm fronds moving to and fro over the coral sand.

A lonely end to an appallingly lonely life.

LAMENT

Since I have lost her that I loved so well
My heart burns day by day
With woe that I have none on earth to tell,
For who can turn away
The sharp point from my flesh now she has gone?
She was the one, and she alone the one
To whom I could have told how great a stone
Is rolled against my heart by her decay.

Ah, lover, if on earth you still drew breath
And opened your sweet bosom to the air,
Then should I find an outlet for my care
As ships long locked in harbor find the sea.
To you I should know how to tell the loss
I could have suffered but through loss of thee.
But now I have no weapon against death,
None to assuage my thirst upon my cross,
For taking you, death reft even words from me.

The blackbirds fill the rushes with their song,
The sea breaks loud and snow-white on the beach,
And since to men my words no more belong
I'll pour my inward speech
On these, the ministers of breath and sight
With which we fed our life,
The rushes tossing in the summer light,
The sea-waves breaking in a timeless throng.
I'll make of them a wife
To tell the story of our sundered love
Here where we often walked with blackbirds round us and above.

I will confide my grief to timeless things,
To presences that fade not from the earth.
Thus haply when the blackbird sings
One syllable of its dearth
Will be diminished; when the salt wind brings
The smell of ocean landward, it will find
Its utterance, to no changeful lips confined,
Held in no private and unfaithful heart,
But to the grief of the whole world resigned,
And in the sorrow of all things having part.

O traveler coming down the willow lane
On whose uplifted head the wild airs blow,
Honor them, and drink deep, for fraught with pain
From me to you they go.
And lonely walker yonder by the beach,
Look gently on the loud sea's windy reach
Where the waves toss their heads like sheaves of grain;
Not empty is their vast and bitter speech,
Not empty, nor shall ever be again,
For there my sorrows flow.

THEODORE MORRISON

WHEN TO BE YOUNG WAS HEAVEN[1]

Genius in the Nineties

BY WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN

I

WHISTLER had said, 'Of course you will settle in Chelsea.' The men who counted most for me lived there — Sickert, Steer, Ricketts, and Shannon. The name itself, soft and creamy, suggested the eighteenth century, Whistler's early etchings, Cremorne, old courts and rag shops. I was at first disappointed with the long King's Road, a shabbier Oxford Street, with its straggling, dirty, stucco mid-century houses and shops. But the riverside along Cheyne Row was beautiful — what noble houses! And there were Lindsay Row and Cheyne Row and Paradise Walk, and the Physic Gardens and the Vale.

Beardsley was living in Cambridge Terrace, Pimlico, with his mother and his sister Mabel. The walls of his rooms were distempered a violent orange, the doors and skirtings were painted black; his taste was all for the bizarre and exotic. Later it became somewhat chastened.

I had picked up a Japanese book in Paris, with pictures so outrageous that its possession was an embarrassment. It pleased Beardsley, however, so I gave it to him. The next time I went to see him, he had taken out the most indecent prints from the book and hung them around his bedroom.

[1] Previous chapters of this record appeared in January and February. — EDITOR

Beardsley affected an extreme cynicism which was startling at times. He spoke enormities; mots were the mode, and, provided they were sufficiently witty, anything might be said. Did n't someone say of Aubrey that even his lungs were affected? It was a time when everyone, in the wake of Whistler, wanted to take out a patent for brilliant sayings. Referring to my bad memory, Beardsley remarked, 'It does n't matter what good things one says in front of Billy; he's sure to forget them.'

One was always aware of the eager, feverish brilliance of the consumptive, in haste to absorb as much of life as he could in the brief space he instinctively knew was his sorrowful portion. Poor Aubrey — he was a tragic figure! It was as though the gods had said, 'Only four years more will be allowed you; but in those four years you shall experience what others take forty years to learn.' Knowledge he seemed to absorb through his pores. Always at his drawing desk, he still found time to read an astonishing variety of books. He knew his Balzac from cover to cover, and explored the courts and alleys of French and English seventeenth-century and eighteenth-century literature. Intensely musical, too, he seemed to know the airs of all the operas. No wonder Oscar thought him wonderful, and chose him at once as the one artist to illustrate his *Salome*.

Since the first appearance of his

work in the *Studio*, Beardsley's drawings were constantly abused; none of the illustrators of the day would say a word in his favor. Worse still, they joined the howling crowd in crying for Beardsley to be put in the stocks. Their stupidity, meanness, and blindness were even more abnormal than was Beardsley's genius. A similar outcry arose over Max Beerbohm's first essays; in fact, we were all to be lumped together as 'decadents.' On the other hand, a few people hailed Beardsley as one of the greatest draftsmen who had ever appeared; such exaggerated praise is scarcely less irritating than stupid abuse.

II

Cunninghame-Graham was one of the most picturesque and picaresque figures of the day, and extremely entertaining. He had a witty and caustic tongue, told the best Scotch stories I had ever heard, wrote, fenced, and rode a frisky horse with a long tail, all in an equally gallant manner. I liked to see him putting his fingers through his long, thick, golden-red hair, making it stand high above his fine, narrow, aristocratic forehead. Twirling his moustaches, and holding his handsome person proudly erect, he would stride into the room with the swagger of a Gaucho and the elegance of a swordsman.

He insisted on taking me, graceless as I was, to Angelo's, then in St. James's Street, that I too might learn to fence. Whether I acquired any grace from the lessons I doubt; but I enjoyed the strenuous exercise, and the Regency atmosphere of Angelo's, while Max and Beardsley, who used sometimes to join me there, looked on, fascinated by the survival of this classic establishment — now, alas, a memory only!

I often think now how Beardsley must have envied us, who were so robust and full of life. He must have known how slender were his own chances of living; yet he showed no sign. The two earliest letters he wrote me, in 1893, refer to illness, and to difficulties with Lane, which I shared.

Beardsley was one of the first, and one of the few, to appraise Max's caricatures at their true value. He was equally quick to appreciate his writing, and a warm friendship sprang up between the two. Nor was Max slow to see the beauty of Beardsley's work; indeed, his caricatures at this time bear witness to his sympathy with Aubrey's style. Max wrote, soon after leaving Oxford: —

> Whilst I write I am coming of age: I was born twenty-one years ago to-day and am ever so sorry that I cannot possibly come and live with you in Scarborough as you so charmingly ask me. I have to go into the country to-morrow for a week to stay with relations and cannot possibly put them off. Why do I write on this odd paper? Because it was wrapped up with two very lovely drawings by Aubrey Beardsley which J. Lane has just given me. They lie before me as I write: I am enamored of them. So is John Lane: he said: 'How lucky I am to have got hold of this young Beardsley: look at the technique of his drawings! What workmanship! He never goes over the edges!' He never said anything of the kind, but the criticism is suggestive for you, dear Will. And characteristic of Art's middleman, the Publisher — for of such is the Chamber of Horrors. How brilliant I am! I forget whether you like *Salome* or not. *Salome* is the play of which the drawings are illustrative. I have just been reading it again — and like it immensely — there is much, I think, in it that is beautiful, much lovely writing — I almost wonder Oscar does n't dramatize it.

'I almost wonder Oscar does n't dramatize it'! Max had uncanny premonitions; soon came the news that the censor would n't sanction the per-

formance of *Salome*. Wilde was very angry. Sarah Bernhardt had offered to play the part of Salome, but the censor was obdurate; no objection was raised to the publication of the play in book form, yet its presentation on the stage was forbidden.

One of Beardsley's most ardent supporters was Robert Ross. He was a general favorite. Although not himself a creative person, he had, in those days especially, a genius for friendship. No man had a wider circle of friends than he. He had a delightful nature, was an admirable story-teller, and a wit; above all he was able to get the best out of those he admired. Oscar Wilde was never wittier than when at Ross's parties; the same was true of Aubrey Beardsley and Max Beerbohm.

Ross was a member of the Hogarth Club. On one occasion he had been entertaining a party, one of whom was Oscar Wilde, and after dinner we adjourned to the Hogarth Club. As we entered the room, an old member of the Club, ostentatiously staring at Wilde, rose from his chair and made for the door. One or two other members also got up. Everyone felt uncomfortable. Wilde, aware of what was happening, strode up to the member who was about to leave and haughtily exclaimed: 'How dare you insult a member of your own club? I am Mr. Ross's guest — an insult to me is an insult to him. I insist upon your apologizing to Mr. Ross.' The member addressed had nothing to do but to pretend very lamely that no insult had been intended, and he and the others returned to their seats. I thought this showed great pluck on Oscar's part.

But Wilde could scarcely complain if sinister rumors were beginning to circulate. In Beardsley was no such perversity; and Beardsley, now that we look back on his few years of hectic, hurried life, is a touching and lovable figure. But at the time, with his butterfly ties, his too smart clothes with their hard, padded shoulders, his face — as Oscar said — 'like a silver hatchet' under his spreading chestnut hair, parted in the middle and arranged low over his forehead, his staccato voice and jumpy, restless manners, he appeared a portent of change symbolic of the movement which was associated — and was to end — with the last years of the century.

III

Sargent I met soon after I had settled in Chelsea. I had, of course, seen his paintings at the Royal Academy and at the Salon, and admired their brilliant virtuosity, though I did n't think of him as inhabiting the same mansion as Whistler and Degas, Monet and Renoir. But on meeting Sargent I was at once aware of something large and dignified in his nature, something imposing in his person and manner, which set him apart and commanded respect. Like Henry James, he had the English correctness of most Europeanized Americans, which brought a certain *je ne sais quoi* of self-consciousness into his relations with his friends. We all acknowledged his immense accomplishment as a painter to be far beyond anything of which we were capable. But the disparity between his gifts and our own we were inclined to discount, by thinking that we had qualities that somehow placed us among the essential artists, while he, in spite of his great gifts, remained outside the charmed circle. I was used to hearing both Whistler and Degas speak disparagingly of Sargent's work; even Helleu, Boldini, and Gandara regarded him more as a brilliant executant than as an artist of high rank.

Sargent, when he painted the size of life, placed his canvas on a level with

the model, walked back until canvas and sitter were equal before his eye, and was thus able to estimate the construction and values of his representation. He drew with his brush, beginning with the shadows, and gradually evolving his figure from the background by means of large, loose volumes of shadow, half tones and light, regardless of features or refinements of form, finally bringing the masses of light and shade closer together, and thus assembling the figure. He painted with large brushes and a full palette, using oil and turpentine freely as a medium. When he repainted, he would smudge and efface the part he wished to reconstruct, and begin again from a shapeless mass. He never used what was underneath.

I had acquired the habit of standing near to my canvas, some way from the model. If one paints sight-size there is method in this practice too; but often my figure was larger than sight-size, and I struggled in consequence with difficulties which, had I followed Sargent's example, I must have avoided. There is a common and mistaken belief that we instinctively feel the right way of doing things. The contrary is true. Take any instrument — the common scythe, or the woodman's axe; when at first we are shown the correct way of handling such tools, it seems unnatural and awkward. Efficient use has to be painfully acquired. So with brush and pencil. They, too, are tools, and must be correctly handled; and the placing of the canvas near to, or at a given distance from, the subject, so that the sitter and image can be compared together, is an essential factor of representative painting. Painters often deplore the loss of tradition, and speak with regret of the days when artists ground their own colors; but knowledge of the visual methods of the older painters, rather than of their technical practices, seems to me of equal if not greater importance.

The methods of Velasquez and Hals were not unlike Sargent's; but how Titian, Rubens, and Rembrandt painted is unknown to us; for, while they were masters of rhythmical construction, they were able to reproduce, in their studies, the subtle details of eyes and lips, of hands and finger nails, with no loss of breadth. How they achieved an appearance of unity, as seen from a distance, combined with the clear, satisfying rendering of features visible only when close to the model, is a mystery to painters. Sargent had made admirable copies after both Velasquez and Hals, and had closely studied their methods. He could indicate hands and heads and figures with surprising felicity; but he too often failed to reveal the solidity and radiance of form.

But we are apt to forget that each one of us can use only those gifts, great or small, which the gods have given him. It is the use we make of our gifts, not the character of the gifts themselves, which merits praise, or else blame. And no man made fuller or more honorable use of his talents than Sargent.

Yet I never felt quite comfortable in front of his paintings or drawings. I admired and respected, but I never loved. Again and again, feeling my own inability acutely, I have said to myself, 'Sargent would have achieved triumphantly where you have fumbled and failed,' and have blamed myself for having criticized a man of such evident stature; but I could never overcome a certain hesitation in paying full tribute to Sargent's paintings, a hesitation which stood in the way of full intimacy.

I felt that something essential was lacking in Sargent. He was like a hungry man with a superb digestion, who need not be too particular what he

eats. Sargent's unappeased appetite for work allowed him to paint everything and anything without selection, anywhere, at any time. It was this uncritical hunger for mere painting which distinguished him from the French and English painters whom he rivaled, and often surpassed, in facility. He accepted all problems set before him with equal zest; it was for him to solve each one successfully. He never relied solely on his facility, but gave all his energies to each task.

I was touched by Sargent's generous enthusiasm for Manet and Monet, for Rodin and Whistler; for, as I said, I had heard Degas and Whistler speak disparagingly of Sargent as a skillful portrait painter who differed little from the better Salon painters then in fashion. He was allowed to be Carolus Duran's most capable disciple, but not a markedly personal artist. With the exception of Rodin, I never heard anyone in Paris acknowledge the worth of Sargent's performance.

Even Helleu, his closest friend, whose work Sargent adulated, regarded him with a patronizing eye — a worthy painter, a dear good fellow, but scarcely an artist.

On the other hand, at the Royal Academy, where, having settled in England, he exhibited regularly, Sargent appeared as a daring innovator. Although he had as many commissions as he could execute, they came chiefly from Americans. In London his warmest admirers were the wealthy Jews. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Sargent preferred the aristocratic to the Jewish type, that he painted Jews because they happened to be his chief clients. On the contrary, he admired and thoroughly enjoyed painting the energetic features of the men and the exotic beauty of the women of Semitic race. He urged me to paint Jews, as being at once the most interesting models and the most reliable patrons. The more conservative English were at first shy of facing the cold light of Sargent's studio; the absurd legend that he brought out the worst side of his sitters' characters also helped to keep people away.

There was neither flattery nor satire in his portraits; his problem was to make his work visually convincing. Not for him any short cuts; his integrity was unquestionable. And yet in his brilliant rendering of the men and women who sat to him he seemed to miss something of the mystery of life. I remember how this sense of the dramatic element of good portraiture came on me when looking one day at photographs of Titian's and Giorgione's portraits of young men, so proud in their bearing, and from whom death, I suddenly felt, was never far off. But what relation have Sargent's men and women to the drama of life and death? Sargent rarely succeeded in removing his figures from the model stand, from the Louis XV or XVI chair or settee dear to the new rich; from pearl necklaces and glittering medals, and Worth dresses of velvet and satin. Looking, too, at his out-of-door work, so accidental in composition, at those sparkling paintings of flickering sunlight over mountains and plains, over trees and buildings, I felt as though they had sprung up before him by a sort of magic: feverish, transitory apparitions with no past and no future, which would fade away after he folded up his easel and painting stool.

But this was, after all, the real Sargent; for the qualities I missed in his painting were qualities he did not particularly admire in others. It was not the gravity of Velasquez and Hals that he cared for so much as their perfection of handling. Similarly with his admiration for Manet; it was for Manet's brilliance of execution that

he preferred him to austerer painters like Fantin-Latour and Legros. Cézanne's work he altogether disliked. Oddly enough, when later I was painting Jews in the East End, he thought I was aiming at too abstract a representation, and wanted me to paint scenes in Petticoat Lane, or the interiors of tailors' shops, as showing the more intimate side of Jewish life. Yet it was just this lack of intimacy that I missed in his portraits. But then, Sargent himself had little of this intimacy in his own life. His studio was that of a cultivated cosmopolitan, filled with French, Italian, and Spanish furniture and bric-a-brac; he could scarcely be expected to paint people in the middle-class interiors in which Degas, Fantin-Latour, and Cézanne saw their sitters.

But herein Sargent was true, and wisely true, to himself. On the other hand, when he gave up portrait painting to devote himself solely to his Boston decorations, he showed unworldliness and a touching desire to escape from the slavery of the model stand; but his shortcomings were at once revealed. The American element in his nature asserted itself; he approached the scene of the *Divine Comedy* not with the great Mantuan, not with the noble Giotto, nor yet with the passionate El Greco, but with Edwin Abbey by his side.

Truth to tell, Sargent's taste and judgment in painting were very unexpected. He was a keen admirer not only of Hals and Velasquez, but also of El Greco and of Tiepolo, and, what was more strange, of the early work of Rossetti. He was an ardent musician. When I was painting with him, he always improvised on the piano while the model was resting. He had many musical friends, chief among them Fauré, whom he invited to England to stay with him and took endless trouble to introduce to musical people in London, inviting them to his studio to hear Fauré play his own compositions.

IV

Bernard Shaw I had met soon after I settled in Chelsea. He was then chiefly known as a journalist, at this time writing musical criticism for the *World*, and as a Fabian closely associated with Sidney Webb. Already he had ardent admirers, and ardent detractors. Roger Fry likened him to Christ. I could n't see the resemblance; but I admired Shaw for one thing especially — he did not wait until he was famous to behave like a great man. In fact, he had early singled himself out from among his fellows as a remarkable character. He had all the ease and assurance, the endearing right-headedness and wrong-headedness, the overweening outspokenness, that English society recognizes so generously now that the whole world has acclaimed him. But he worked long and hard to be accepted in the position he so candidly assumed. He declared that he missed no opportunity of attending meetings and speaking in opposition to other speakers, no matter how little he knew of their subjects. Thus, by these mental gymnastics, he fortified his natural gift of speech and his mental alertness.

Shaw was a wild man in public, violent, aggressive, and paradoxical; in private he was the instinctive gentleman, ever on the side of the oppressed and unpopular, tender-hearted and generous, though he had little enough in those days to be generous with. He lived with his mother and sister in a flat in Fitzroy Square, fending, I imagine, for them as well as for himself. Although he assumed antagonism to art for art's sake, and was more associated with Morris and Fabian ideas

than with those of Whistler, he was very friendly with all of us, and lent his support to the more adventurous activities of the younger artists and writers.

Considerably older than Beardsley, Max, and myself, he was one of Max's firmest supporters, and one of the first to realize Beardsley's genius. To me he was genially encouraging; he was one of my earliest sitters, and I may claim to have been a staunch defender of Shaw at a time when people generally regarded him as little more than a crank or a charlatan. I have been amused at the belated acknowledgment of Shaw's genius by men who, in the days of which I am writing, would not allow a word in his defense. It is not the rats who desert a sinking ship, but those who so sleekly invade the home-coming one, that I object to so much.

No man has shown less resentment at contempt and hostility than Shaw. He held his head high, and kept his temper and poured out his wit. Every gallant cause has had his support. Ideas were ever to him what the fox is to the hunter — to be pursued through bush, through briar, over hill, down dale, for the joy of the chase. I always felt that Shaw was more interested in the platonic or theoretical aspect of things and of people than in things and people themselves. In my opinion he does n't see people or things as they are; neither comeliness nor plainness is evident to him; his eyes and ears are attentive to his own vision, to the sound of his own voice. If his vision is not often the artist's, and if his talk is more like the boxer's use of a punch ball — hitting this way and that, to left and to right, upward and down — than his bout with a living opponent, it keeps him, as the boxer is kept, in wonderful fettle. No step was ever lighter, no eye fresher, no tongue freer or cleaner than Shaw's. No decadence in him; he is a figure apart, brilliant, genial, wholesome, a great wit, a gallant foe and a staunch friend, a Swift without bitterness, sharer and castigator of the follies of mankind, whose cap, though of Jaeger, is worn as gayly as motley.

I loved Shaw; he again was of those I could not imagine harboring mean or ignoble thoughts — a true knight without fear and without reproach. Yet many men deemed him a cad, a vulgarian, a dangerous charlatan, while he went his way, head high, body alert, ready to spring at the sight of wrong, injustice, or stupidity. His attacks on the first two might have been overlooked; on the third they were unforgivable — the fellow was not only a busybody, but impertinent.

Shaw had recently left the *World* to become dramatic critic of the *Saturday Review*, then owned by Frank Harris. Harris had had an adventurous career — he began life as a cowboy, like Cunninghame-Graham. Later he married a wealthy wife, wrote brilliant short stories, became a personality in London, and gained influence through his ownership of the *Fortnightly Review*. He was a daring and enlightened editor. After the *Fortnightly* he acquired the *Saturday Review* and gathered round him a dazzling group of writers: besides Bernard Shaw, D. S. MacColl, Churton Collins, Cunninghame-Graham, J. F. Runciman, and Max Beerbohm. Harris was a good talker, though as a talker he played what Wilde called 'the Rugby game.' He had a rich, deep voice, which rose and swelled like an organ as he charged into the conversation. With ample means, he was able to become a patron of art and literature.

These were Harris's days of prosperity, when he entertained, usually at the Café Royal. I remember especially

a dinner he gave there at which Oscar Wilde, Max Beerbohm, Aubrey Beardsley, Robbie Ross, and I were present. Harris on this occasion monopolized the conversation; even Wilde found it hard to get a word in. Harris told us an endless story, obviously inspired by the *Étui de Nacre*, while Oscar grew more and more restive; when at last it came to an end, Max said, 'Now, Frank, Anatole France would have spoiled that story.' But Harris was n't thin-skinned; he proceeded to tell us of all the great houses he frequented. This was more than Oscar could bear. 'Yes, dear Frank,' he exclaimed, 'we believe you; you have dined in every house in London — once.' The only time I heard him say an unkind thing.

Another day I was lunching with Max at the Café Royal when Harris was sitting near with a lady friend. As we passed his table he called out, twisting his moustaches, 'You 're getting older, Will! I'm getting younger.' 'Well, Harris,' I replied, 'we can both do with it.'

V

I found among some notes which I made in 1895 the following account of Swinburne: —

August 10th, 1895

Go to The Pines, Putney. Swinburne gets up as I enter, rather like Lionel Johnson in figure, the same *chétif* body, narrow shoulders, and nervous twitch of the hands, which, however, are strong and fine. A much fresher face than I should have imagined from hearsay, a fine nose, a tiny glazed green eye, and a curiously clear auburn moustache and a beard of a splendid red. How young he looks, notwithstanding his years! He was so nervous that of course I was embarrassed, and, Watts being there, we both talked at him, keeping our eyes off one another. Occasionally I would glance at his profile, less impressive, less 'like' than his full face.

When at last the sitting began, no sitter ever gave me so much trouble. For, besides always changing his pose, he is so deaf that he could not hear me; and after sitting a short time a nervous restlessness seized on him, which held him the whole time. I felt a beast, sitting there torturing him. Nor did I feel that I could do anything worthy of him. When he saw the drawing he was kind enough to say, 'It must be like, for I see all my family in it.'

While I was drawing he recited a burlesque of Nichols, — 'The Flea,' he called it, — and he talked a good deal of recent criticism — a number of newspaper cuttings were strewn over a couch near the window. He speaks with the accent of an Oxford don and with a certain gayety, with gracious and rather old-fashioned manners. He behaved charmingly to old Watts. He had on a new suit of clothes, as though specially for a portrait, which seemed to cause him as much discomfort as sitting still. He was like a schoolboy let out of school when I said I would not bother him any longer. He then showed me a number of his treasures — odd views of different scenes, an early Burne-Jones drawing, photographs of people, including a fine one of Rossetti. Watts suggested I should make a drawing of this for Swinburne, but Swinburne asked me if I could make one from a rather poor engraving of George Dyer, Charles Lamb's friend, one of his heroes. And this of course I promised to do.

Swinburne talked violently against the French, saying he had lost all interest in them since France had become a Republic, as they are always ready to fly at our throats and would crush us at any moment if they could. He praised Baudelaire as a poet, and said he liked Meredith, — as a man, — the same thing that Leslie Stephen said of Browning one day at Hyde Park Gate.

After I had drawn Swinburne, Watts asked me to make a portrait of himself, and was very tiresome when sitting. He said that while drawing him Rossetti would consult his opinion, as I ought to do, and be guided by him. He was plainly afraid of a too realistic

portrait, and his want of faith in my interpretation prevented my finishing the two drawings I began.

VI

I spent most of the summer of 1895 in France, painting landscapes and visiting old friends and old haunts in Paris.

During this visit I made a drawing of Huysmans, whom I had met before, at one of Edmond de Goncourt's parties at the Grenier. Huysmans, a small, shrunken, nervous man, with a parchment skin, — looking rather like a *fonctionnaire*, I thought, with his bourgeois collar and tie and provincial clothes, — was then at work on *La Cathédrale*. He had become absorbed by Catholicism — so absorbed, indeed, that he was soon to retire from the world. He smoked cigarettes one after the other, rolling them incessantly between his quick slender fingers, yellow with nicotine. He asked about George Moore, who was writing about nuns, he had heard, but wondered — for he said that when he last met Moore, Moore did n't know a Poor Clare from a Sister of Charity.

Going to see Degas, I took some drawings with me, as he had asked to see them. I found a visitor with him, and as Degas looked at my drawings this stranger glanced at them too. Before he left, he turned to me and asked me to come to see him. 'M. Fantin-Latour,' said Degas, in explanation. Fantin-Latour, of course! I thought his face seemed familiar. I should have known him through his self-portraits.

I found Fantin in a modest studio, in the rue des Beaux-Arts. The studio walls were covered with canvases, mostly unframed; these were flower and still-life studies, small nudes, interiors, several self-portraits at different ages, many studies and copies after the old masters, including a superb copy of the Marriage at Cana by Paul Veronese, and two large paintings, the Hommage à Delacroix and a portrait of two ladies — his wife and sister-in-law, I found out later.

Fantin lived quietly with his wife, seeing scarcely anyone, occupied with his painting, or pottering over prints and drawings, or else going to the Louvre, where he had passed so much of his life, copying. Everything about him was simple and unpretentious: a few commonplace chairs, a sofa, a small table, and many shabby, ample portfolios ranged against the walls.

Here was just such a studio as Daumier drew and painted. And Fantin himself, stout, baggily dressed, with list slippers on his feet and a green shade over his eyes, looked like one of Daumier's artists. His talk was quiet and unpretentious; there were no fireworks or sharp wit, as with Whistler or Degas, yet what he said was wise and to the point. I wish I had made notes of his talk; it would have been worth while, for he probably knew more about methods of painting than any other artist living. And he had been associated with and had painted the most gifted men of his time, Manet and Baudelaire — and how many others!

In spite of his remarkable portrait compositions, — one of which, hanging in the Luxembourg, had long been familiar, — no one, he said, ever asked him to paint a portrait. But for his friend Mrs. Edwin Edwards, he would scarcely have been able to continue painting; through Mrs. Edwards he sold many of his flower pieces to English collectors, and this made him feel very friendly toward England. He had a high opinion of Millais — of his earlier work especially.

Fantin had been one of the pioneers of modern painting, but, though he

knew his own paintings were out of fashion, I never heard him complain. When Degas and others acquired his Hommage à Delacroix, and offered it to the Louvre, Fantin was quietly pleased. He knew the world and its vanities too well to be elated.

What pleased me most was that Fantin, being a middle-class Frenchman, painted middle-class life. He was of the company of Chardin, Daumier, and Cézanne. In the portraits he painted there were no Coromandel screens or Louis XV settees; they were portraits of ordinary men and women sitting in the rooms where they lived. So, in his still-life paintings, the bottles of wine, the bread, fruit, and knives on the rough linen tablecloths, were what would be found on any French bourgeois table.

I always went to see Verlaine as often as I could. He was obviously far from well, and looked terribly yellow. He was still living with Eugénie Krantz in a single room — a little tidier, I think, than when I last saw them. One day I arrived to find he had gilded all the chairs with cheap bronze paint, and was childishly delighted with the effect. 'That is how a poet should live,' he said, 'with golden furniture,' and he laughed, half childishly, half cynically. No one ever seemed to visit him; at least I never met any of his old associates there. Only Cazals was faithful still.

As usual, Verlaine was in need of money. He complained, whenever Eugénie was out of the room, that she still robbed him of everything. I had been doing my best to get people in London to publish his poems. Heinemann was very good, taking several for the *New Review* and paying for them generously. Frank Harris, too, had published some of his poems in the *Fortnightly Review*. Verlaine complained that these were not always paid for, but this Harris emphatically denied.

In a few days, Verlaine told me, he would be fifty years old. I said we must celebrate the occasion; but the state of Verlaine's leg did not allow of his going out. I spoke to Eugénie and arranged for a little birthday party in Verlaine's room. She was to get food sent up from a neighboring restaurant. Ray Lankester, who was on a visit to Paris, wanted to meet Verlaine, and I suggested his coming to the birthday party.

We arrived punctually, Ray Lankester carrying a large bouquet of flowers in which a choice bottle of wine was concealed. Eugénie was as amiable as she knew how to be, though her standard of charm was not a high one; she had an uncomfortable way of fawning on people who she thought might be useful. The flowers plus the wine pleased Verlaine's fancy; he was in the best of spirits during lunch. But the next time I saw him he was depressed and full of misgivings. '*Restez sage*,' he said to me, 'take warning from me'; and as he leaned out of the window and looked down on the people in the street below he envied them, saying they were happy — they could still walk. He spoke feelingly of François Coppée and Mallarmé as the two friends who had always been true to him.

I found saying good-bye a painful business. I did not expect to see him again, and when I spoke with enforced cheerfulness of coming to see him when I returned to Paris I felt that he too knew what was in my mind. The day after I left he sent me a note with a poem, 'Anniversaire,' describing our birthday party. I was touched at his writing and dedicating a poem to me, the more so since I had promised to make him a drawing of the interior of Barnard's Inn (a drawing he had asked

for more than once) to remind him of his last visit to London, a promise I was not able to carry out.

My forebodings were only too true. A few weeks afterward I got a letter from Eugénie Krantz telling me Verlaine was dead. She added that he had kept a reproduction of one of my drawings hung over the bed on which he died. I wrote to inquire for further details, and received the following characteristic letter — the last, I think, I had from Eugénie.

Monsieur, I was very sorry that I did n't know your address or your friends', or I should have written to you before now to tell you of the death of this poor M. Paul Verlaine.

I thank you for bothering yourself about me.

You ask me if there is money owing to M. Paul Verlaine in England; yes, Monsieur, they still owe him 250 francs which I should be very glad to have because I am left without a penny. Good-bye, M. Will Rothenstein. Please be sure of my kindest wishes.

EUGÉNIE KRANTZ

Ugly and sordid as much of Verlaine's life had been, there was something deeply endearing in his nature, something childlike and natural, which touched one's heart. His figure remains, after thirty-five years, one of the most vivid among those that my memory evokes from a shadowy past.

VII

One morning I got a note from Max telling me of an important change in his life: —

I am so sorry about to-morrow — and hope you won't be stranded. I have to go to see the Saturdayers to-morrow morning — also G.B.S., from whom I had a note this evening asking me to take over his business now — his foot prevents him from going to any theatre, and he is to be moved out of London as soon as possible. So I have to go on the streets of journalism this week. An intellectual prostitute. I hope you won't pass me by and refuse to draw me for the Juniorum. Any other day will do for me — after Friday.

This was the result of Shaw's last article in the *Saturday Review*, ending: 'The younger generation is knocking at the door; and as I open it there steps sprightly in the incomparable Max. I am off duty for ever and am going to sleep.' What a charming tribute from the incomparable Shaw! A week later came a note from Max: 'To-day, for the first time in my life, I had a printer's devil waiting for genius to correct its proof — very distinguished.'

This appointment suited Max perfectly. His tastes were modest: a few hansom cabs and telegrams; dinner now and then at Solferino's; coffee at the Café Royal. Since he lived with his mother, his expenses were light; so these Saturday articles gave him ample pocket money. Every Thursday he shut himself up and wrote his weekly review; the rest of the week he was free to work or play.

I loved his room, distempered, as at Oxford, a sky-blue color, and hung with caricatures by Pellegrini. Max rarely left it, for he took no exercise; he kept well without it. True, he would emerge in the evenings to dine at Solferino's or to visit a music hall, to hear Chevalier or Eugene Stratton or Cissy Loftus. He was fascinated by Cissy Loftus; she was the English counterpart of Yvette Guilbert. One day he wrote: —

If I were not afraid my people might keep it out of the newspapers, I should commit suicide to-morrow. Really I am rather miserable — I know what disappointment is.

In my unregenerate days, I was far too much of an egoist to seek for any pleasure save in the contemplation of myself: taking

myself as the standard of perfection, I always found myself quite perfect and never was disappointed. But now I have become a truist and all is changed.

Yesterday I woke dimly in the morning, murmuring to myself, 'To-night *Don Juan* is produced and from my stall I shall see my love in the white kirtle of a Haidee.' I breakfast — and open the paper and find a dastardly postponement till Saturday next, 'owing to an accident to one of the principal performers.' Heigho! I suppose there is such a thing as Saturday next — do you think so, Will?

What was the accident? To whom had it happened? I went down to the Gaiety to ask and found that it was not, as I had almost hoped, the Lady Cecilia who had broken her heart for me — but only Mr. Robert Pateman who had sprained his ankle. To Solferino's I went in solitary wretchedness and tried to forget the gates under a crown of vine leaves — but they only deepened the shadow upon my brow.

VIII

Hardy I had met at the Gosses', earlier in the year. He had been to the studio once or twice, and I had made several attempts at a portrait. He took a kindly interest in the new series, and suggested someone — though, I thought, with hesitation — who might be included: Lady Jeune; also, more hopefully, George Gissing. He had lately published *Jude the Obscure*, and was so upset at its reception that he declared he would never write another novel.

The feeling about his picture of Oxford was so strong that he scarcely liked going to the Athenæum. He described how one day while he was sitting quietly reading, unobserved, as he hoped, he was suddenly aware of the menacing figure of a bishop striding toward him. Now he was in for it, he thought. Happily the bishop passed him by; but he was always in fear of being assailed. In future, he said, he would limit himself to writing verse. I cared deeply for his poems — truth to tell, even more for his poems than for his novels, though this was a taste then shared by few people; and I thought the simple drawing made by Hardy himself for the Wessex Poems dramatic and moving.

Hardy resented the constant charge of pessimism made against him. He tried to depict man's life, its beauty and ugliness, its generosity and meanness. Far from darkening the picture, had he told the truth about village life, no one would have stood it, he said. I loved a thing he told about young trees when first planted — how, the instant their roots come in contact with the ground, they begin to sigh.

He remarked on the expression of the eyes in the drawing I made — he knew the look, he said, for he was often taken for a detective. He had a small dark bilberry eye which he cocked at you unexpectedly. He was so quiet and unassuming that he somehow put me in mind of a dew-pond on the downs.

I took Hardy's advice and approached George Gissing. I had heard of Gissing from Frederic Harrison, whose sons Gissing had tutored soon after he left Manchester University. I liked him very much — a wistful, sensitive nature, a little saddened, I thought, and perhaps a little lacking in vitality, but with a tender sense of beauty. He had just come back from Italy, full of enthusiasm for the loveliness of the Italian scene; but had met with unexpected sorrow at home on hearing that one of his friends, with whom he had spent some of his happiest hours, had recently come to a tragic end. A man of rare culture, he said of his friend, with strong puritanical inhibitions; yet he had certain inclinations against which he had struggled in vain all his life. On account of

these, and feeling he could fight them no longer, he had suddenly shot himself.

Gissing, much more than Hardy, seemed obsessed by the melancholy side of life. He was naturally a man of fastidious tastes, but had never had enough material success to satisfy them. I met him again while I was staying with Sickert at a hotel in Newhaven. Gissing came in looking lonely and depressed. Sickert and I were in our usual outrageous spirits; and I like to think that we enlivened Gissing for one long evening, and sent him off next day in more cheerful mood.

I asked Mr. Hardy whether he would write a few lines on George Gissing, since he had suggested him as one of the subjects for the English Portraits. He wrote in reply: —

Strange as it may seem, I have not the requisite knowledge either. But I think I can help you to some one who could supply the lines. I send herewith an excellent little 'appreciation' of Mr. Gissing's work by Henry James — and I think if you were to ask him he would shape some of the passages into what you require; or allow you to do it yourself. He could do it in a few minutes if willing; and certainly nobody else could do it so well.

I doubted Henry James's doing anything in a few minutes. I forget whom I got to write on Gissing; of Henry James (who at this time wore a beard) I made two drawings. Then came Sargent.

While I was drawing Sargent he could n't bear to remain idle; he puffed and fumed, and directly I had done he insisted on my sitting to him. He made a drawing on transfer paper, which was laid down on the stone by Goulding, six proofs only being pulled. One of these Sargent gave to Helleu, who asked for it, one went to the Print Room of the British Museum, and two he gave to me. I asked Henry James to write a few lines for the Sargent portrait, and had the following very Jamesian reply: —

BATH HOTEL, BOURNEMOUTH
July 13, 1897

DEAR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN,

I am afraid I am condemned, in answer to your note, to inflict on your artistic sense more than one shock; therefore let the outrage of this ponderous machinery deaden you a little at the start perhaps to what may follow. I am sorry to say, crudely speaking, that I don't find myself able to promise you anything in the nature of a text for your characterization of Sargent. Why should not it, this characterization, be complete in itself? I am sure nothing will be wanting to it. At any rate, the case as it stands with me is fairly simple and expressible: I have written so much and so hyperbolically and so often upon that great man that I scarce feel I have another word to say in public. I must reserve my ecstasies for conversation, at the peril of finding myself convivially silent in the face of future examples. Only the other day, or the other month ago, I sounded the silver trump in an American periodical — I mean on the occasion of his Academy picture. You painters are accustomed to such thunders of applause that the whole preparation for you in these matters is, I know, different. Yet I have thundered myself. After this, how shall I dare to say yes to your still more flattering proposal that I shall lay my own head on the block? You can so easily chop it off to vent any little irritation my impracticability may have caused you. However, please take it as a proof of my complete trust in your magnanimity if I answer: with pleasure — do with me whatever you think I now deserve. Only I fear I shall not be in town with any free day or hour to sit for a goodish while to come. Kindly let the matter stand over till we are gathered together again; but don't doubt meanwhile how delighted I shall be to see the copy of your series which you are so good as to promise me.

Believe me yours most truly,

HENRY JAMES

ANTROSOPHY

BY STANLEY CASSON

I

THE perennial attraction of caverns to the curious has always struck me as a peculiar phenomenon, deserving of inquiry. In fact a wholly new word has been invented for those who probe the depths of mountain fissures — they are called 'speleologists'!

But I prefer a more mellifluous word, if we must resort to the Greek, and instead of 'speleology,' cumbrous and ugly abortion, let us call it 'Antrosophy,' which has all the elegance desirable and a hint of the mystic qualities of the pursuit itself.

I suppose we are drawn to caves and prompted to their investigation by the working within us of some very ancient instinct. Take a party of children to the rocky seashores of Cornwall or Scotland; give them the choice of making sand castles on the beach, bathing in the sea, or crawling into the nearest and most grisly cave that looms afar in the rocky wall of cliff, and the decision will always be the same. They will rush to the cave.

For the cave, after all, was the first solid and permanent abode inhabited by man. After a wigwam period, and a previous and even more loathsome period of lying curled up in damp hollows, like any beast of the field, his genius led him to establish the first 'imposing residence' in a cavern. Here he had, for the asking, walls, roof, door, and a relatively dry floor, and here for the first time in his history he could defy the elements.

Now we always look with affection upon the earliest house that we can remember: —

> I remember, I remember
> The house where I was born,
> The little window where the sun
> Came peeping in at morn,

and so forth and so on. The house in which I lived at the age of five was an immense embattled mansion which towers above me in my infant memory. All the mysteries of early life were in it — the awful chamber into which I dared not enter, that home of the gods which my father alone held inviolate, or the vast be-china'd and be-Chippendaled room where nectar and ambrosia were shared by great companies. And then there were all the hidden dangers of a garden in which infinite horrors lurked.

And when I saw it twenty-five years later it was a simple red house in a small English country town, the study of my father, the family dining room, and the rest, pathetically shrunk in size, painfully ordinary. And yet, despite all disillusion, mystery clung to that house, the horrors and awes of childhood still hovered over it intangibly, and I came away refreshed but solemn, pained only to see the strangers that were within my gates, the *parvenus* who had invaded my sacred grove. Even now I am drawn again and again to go to see that simple house with its complex memories. No other quite gives me the same awful thrills, no other has the same fascination, entrancing and compelling. The

house I lived in at ten years of age is flat and uninteresting in comparison, while that which held my youthful energies at the age of fifteen is a house and nothing more. The house I left last year is but a dead shell. It is my first house that draws me.

That, I think, is why caves in the hillside have that indefinite but unspeakably powerful magnetic quality. We may hide our inability to resist the attraction under solemn names and give our excuses for penetrating those cavernous depths some semblance of scientific rectitude, but into those caves we go willy-nilly as fast as we can. We may call it archæology or palæontology that draws us; we may call ourselves speleologists and the rest; but all the time it is that ancient call that drags us — the Lure of the First Abode.

Myself, I am the easiest drawn. For I make no resistance. Everything that is cavernous and cavelike attracts me. I like to probe to the ultimate depths, to hear about the adventures of others in their caves, to see pictures of caves and cave hunters, and to speculate upon the life of those who lurked and hid in the bowels of the earth from generation to generation. I never pass a cave by unentered, or leave a report of a cave unverified. I give myself endless excuses for seeing them. If they contain but the bones of palæolithic bears and lions, I become an enthusiast for palæolithics; if they contain the bones of prehistoric man, I become an anthropologist; if they hold but Roman or Greek or British remains (mere moderns these), I become an archæologist at once. And even if they hold nothing but the memories of rum and smugglers, revenue men and brandy, I forthwith become a simple tripper, twist my neck to the appropriate bend, and admire open-mouthed.

But the original mystery remains. We see it in some of the names which are given to caves. 'Wookey Hole' — what more magnetic name could a cave have than this mighty tunnel in the rocks of Somerset? Why, even as I write, there is being organized a choir who shall sing next week from the innermost recesses of this fearsome hole, in order that the ghastly echoes that they create shall reverberate over the wireless into the ears of a million shuddering listeners. We are broadcasting to a million ears the thrills of two-score centuries. Wookey Hole — I often wonder who gave it that ghastly name. Who was Wookey? He can hardly have been a human, for who has ever been born with such a name and been of human origin? Whoever Wookey was, he was ancient indeed, for from palæolithic times without cessation man has lived and died in that ancient cellar.

In caves man first found Art, first discovered the secret joys of invention, of using the great reservoir of his mind. For in their dark recesses he had time to think, undeflected by the perpetual distractions of the open air. When the herds of buffalo and deer swept past him he could not stop to think or to admire or to ponder. But, alone with his torch of resin in his innermost sanctum, the figures impressed upon his retina emerged again in his mind's eye, and he drew and painted as he never did again for thousands of years. After cave man came neolithic man, the agriculturist. Like all agriculturists he lived in wretched houses, wherein was no sanctum, no innermost recess in which to take refuge from the family chatter. And all his life of work was spent in the open, his face to the soil, his hand to his wooden plough. So his imaginative powers fled, he could not ponder or ruminate. And Art passed him by. Neolithic men were not artists, because they had no studios.

Caves provoke art by their amenities. And in the memory they provoke the arts of the imagination. 'You say that you are interested in caves,' said a Thracian sea captain to me once in Greece. 'Then listen to this story, for the truth of which I can vouch implicitly; more, I can swear as to its truth upon the head of my mother.

'A few years ago I was in Little Asia, at Smyrna. One day I wandered inland up into the hills for a day's walk. Among the stony ravines I suddenly came across the narrow entrance of a cavern. Naturally I entered, and found myself inside a long narrow passage hewn in the rock. I passed for some ten yards or so down the passage until the light from the entrance became dim. Here the passage suddenly turned sharply. As I turned the corner a dim light, as of fire, showed faintly. For fear that this meant the presence of robbers, I walked very cautiously and quietly. The passage turned gently to the right, and suddenly before me opened out a great chamber, brightly lit with the glare as of a petrol flame. I moved gently forward until I could see all, and there from the floor rose a jet of flame, lit from natural gas. In front of it was seated a huge figure of a man, silhouetted against the light. I stepped forward three paces in complete silence and in great fear. As I took the first step, the man rose to a standing position. As I took the second he swung round toward me, and as I took the third he lifted above his head an enormous axe. There he stayed with his axe poised. Quietly I retraced my steps, but with my face to him. As I took one step back he lowered the axe; at my second step he swung round again to his former position. At my third he sat down and resumed the position in which I had first seen him, with his head between his hands.

'Now, sir,' continued my sea captain, 'what would have been your explanation? I am no man for fairy stories. I believe in hard facts. That man in the cave was a mechanical figure. He had been placed there long ago to guard some great treasure. In stepping forward I had trodden upon the secret mechanism by which he was worked. And this must be so, for all his movements were precise and certain, and each movement corresponded to a step that I took, backward or forward. Who knows how many thousand years he had sat there, or how often he had risen from his seat? All I know is that I slipped out of that cave in the shortest space of time that you can imagine, and I have never been back again. Oh, yes, I can tell you exactly where that cave is. But if you go to see it you must be very cautious.'

I have long wondered over the old Greek's story. Quite certainly it is untrue. Yet he was blending with a real experience a very old tale which I believe is not uncommon. Probably he had entered such a cave and been frightened. Then, later, the old story had revived in his memory and he mixed the two. He never saw any 'Guardian of the Treasure.' All he saw was the inside of a cave. But imagination and the stories his mother had told him did the rest. For the very thought of caves will stir the dullest imagination.

II

Plato was an 'antrosopher.' He went to a cave for one of his most impressive similes (in the *Republic*). And I always feel that he chose a cave because a cave had chosen him: for we are told in the extant Lives of Plato that have come down to us that he, when a newborn babe, was laid by his parents for a time in a cave on the slopes of Mount Hymettus, sacred to the Nymphs, and

that, as he slept, a swarm of honeybees settled upon his lips.

The cave is there and I have seen it. There is only one cave on the slopes of Mount Hymettus and that is a cave venerated long before the time of Plato and indisputably a cave sacred to the Nymphs. It was excavated many years ago by American archæologists and in it were found lovely marble reliefs on which Pan or Hermes and the Nymphs were depicted, while on its walls were old writings cut in the living rock a full hundred years before Plato was born. These old writings are various. Some record the doings of an ancient hermit who seems to have lived in or near the cave for some time. His name was Archedemos of Thera and he calls himself 'the Nympholept' ('seized by the Nymphs'), which we can interpret as 'nymph-bound,' their life servant and lover. All over the ancient rocky walls he left his traces. Here is a carving of himself, hammer and sculptor's tools in hand; there is just his name; in another place is a rhyme in which he tells us that he 'made a garden for the Nymphs.'

This was no ordinary cave: it was a place of pious pilgrimage for peasants, and Plato's parents placed him here that he should imbibe all the grace and beauty that the Nymphs could give him.

It is an odd cave. I have been to it twice — once this year, once sixteen years ago. It is harder to find than any cave I know, for its entrance faces vertically upward, in a stony hillside, and in consequence you cannot see it until you have reached it. Down this vertical hole you go, by a precarious broken flight of steps, and below opens out a double chamber to right and left. The rocky ridge that holds the steps is between the two. Once inside you see all around the strange carvings and writings on the walls, and in the soil you still find broken fragments of lamps which the ancient devotees had used. This is Plato's cave right enough.

Good old Archedemos the 'Nympholept' and Plato in company keep this cave for themselves. The one has been forgotten by history but remembered by the explicit memorials which he left of his own self. The other has moulded the very course of humanity and yet left us no record of who he was or what he was like in character or appearance. But both are living men to those who have seen their cave.

Greeks, like ourselves, never let a cave pass unnoticed. And Pan was the god to whom in the main all caves were sacred. I know of no large cave in Southern Greece which does not hold some trace of Greeks, to show that they had lived there or visited there or left some offering in passing.

Away opposite Hymettus is the range of Parnes, overhanging Athens. There too is a cave. It is even harder to find than the cave of Vari on Hymettus. It lies in a river gorge far up under overhanging rocks. Here were found endless records of Greek cults, particularly of Pan and the Nymphs.

But I must not diverge into a guidebook on caverns. My proper subject is antrosophy, even if I happen to be the only living antrosophist!

III

I have pondered long upon the reasons which make caves so perennially attractive, and I have wondered why it is that these reasons are always equally cogent and compelling. But one must have practical experience. So this spring I went to a cave, an old friend of mine, and made a full inquiry into its secrets. Eight years ago I was wandering in Eastern Macedonia, and in the course of those wanderings I climbed the lovely mountain of Pan-

gæus. It is more like a mountain than any that I know. That is to say, it has a summit, usually snow-covered, steep ravinated sides, and a profusion of trees at its lower levels. Moreover it rises abruptly from a plain that is as nearly flat as a plain can be, and it enters into no entanglements with other mountains — in other words, you don't find that one part of it suddenly develops another name or merges into some other ridge or system. This excellent mountain stands alone, cheerfully self-sufficient. In ancient times it was famed as the mountain sacred to Dionysus, and its sacred slopes were guarded by a tribe of simple and religious savagery. It was the ancient counterpart of Mount Athos, its immediate neighbor. I feel convinced that Mount Athos was chosen by Christianity as its stronghold largely because the pagan sacrosanctity of Mount Pangæus was far too strong an obstacle to enable the pious monks to follow the usual methods of adoption and conversion. Possibly, too, paganism lingered longer than might have been expected in its vast ravines and forests, and the descendants of the Dionysian guardians may have been too forceful in their defense to suit the conveniences of pacific proselytizers.

I climbed the mountain and explored as much of it as I could. And I spent a night at the delightful and out-of-the-world monastery that lies hidden in a hollow some thousand feet up from the plain. Here the monks told me that there was a cave, another three thousand feet up, given a name that at once can be classified as antrological — 'Monk's Hole.' So up I went with a guide and found it; nor was it too easy to find, for it had a narrow entry on a precipitous slope. Once inside I saw that it was a good cave, and not a mere rock shelter. By the aid of a few small tapers I found that it opened out into incredible internal distances and hollows. And there I left it.

At last this year I found occasion to return, and one of my many stored ambitions was realized. But this time I returned in state, with mules, tents, friends, workmen, shovels, picks, compasses, and drawing instruments. I was determined to find out what had gone on in that cave and to rest happy at last with the intimate and personal knowledge of at least one cave in every possible detail.

Since the slopes outside the cave were far too steep, we were compelled to spend most of our time living in the cave itself as cave dwellers. Two tents we pitched precariously on the entry itself, just clinging to a small flat of earth, and one we put inside the cave.

Here we lived for nearly two weeks exploring the possibilities of the cave, learning in detail the life of a mountain in its daily vicissitudes. Every day the affairs of this lovely mountain were conducted upon the most rigid routine. Two hours after a clear and crystalline dawn, the mists of the plains were drawn from their marshes and sucked up, as though by mechanism, along the deep chasms in the mountain side, until at last they congregated upon the summit, two thousand feet above, and capped it for the rest of the day. As we ate our breakfast we saw the great masses of white fog and mist go sailing past us below where we sat, like some long procession of phantoms. At last, about noon, the procession ceased and we were left just below (but sometimes just in) the canopy of cloud.

Around us was one enormous rock garden of flowers, such as I have never seen in Greece before. Great clumps of purple saxifrage, fairy-like fritillaries, peonies, and in the sheltered places carpets of lily of the valley. I will

not weary you with the conventionalities of description. Imagine yourself free to pick or to smell all the choicest blooms in an expensive flower shop.

As night fell we could hear the deer calling to each other from peak to peak across the valleys, and far below us sparkled the lights of the few villages that clustered round the mountain roots. In the main all was complete and unspeakably soothing silence. Once, to our amazement, we heard clearly the voices of people speaking from a village, and even the raucous tones of a gramophone playing 'Yes, sir, that's my baby.' But otherwise the mountain was untenanted by hints of modernity except for the strange wild woodmen who came from day to day cutting wood. They were Greeks, recent refugees from the innermost parts of Turkey, and their only tongue was Turkish. One would shout across the valley to another with strange cries that echoed and rang. They were shy men, incurious as Turks themselves, and infinitely patient.

But we were practically alone, and had the whole mountain to ourselves after nightfall. Not even birds broke the silence, for they (mostly nightingales) lived among the wild chestnuts and plane trees far below.

IV

Our cave had one vast entrance chamber. At its far end was a neat passage which turned abruptly and led down a steep slope to a much deeper cavern. On the roof of this part, which was in complete darkness, were clustered hundreds of bats, in great thick clumps. As night fell they came scurrying out and swirled about our heads as we sat round a blazing fire.

We explored the inner chambers with acetylene lamps and found them to number in all three, the last being rather a long corridor. Further rooms were visible through cracks in the walls of the last, but clearly no man had ever passed through, for the cracks were too small. Recent men had explored the very end of these inner rooms, for we found the names of monks, probably from the monastery, who had reached the final stalactite and scribbled on it. Some of the names belonged to the early years of the war of Greek Independence, over a hundred years ago.

There was no earth at all, except in the first and entrance chamber, so it was there that we decided to investigate. I was certain that a cave so cavernous as this, despite its extreme remoteness and the height at which it was situated, would inevitably produce traces of man. In this my antrosophy had told me right. But what we found was curious. No palæolithic man had ever lived there; indeed, as yet, there are no traces of a Palæolithic Age in Greece. But at a dim and remote age, perhaps in the third millennium B.C., neolithic hunters had paused there and lived exactly as we were ourselves living as we dug. But they had been few and they had stayed but a short while. We found the bones of sheep and wild boars which had been their meat and small trifles that they had made, fragments of their pots, and a small axe, rubbed laboriously out of the stone of the mountain. And there were needles of bone which they had fashioned after their meal to sew up the skin garments they wore.

In the centre of the cave was a hollow, like a vast cup, in which they had collected the water that dripped continuously from the roof, just as, in the same way, we collected it ourselves in petrol tins. For a source of water was far off, and climbing about these slopes is

thirsty work, so that every drip from the roof was of value.

After these ancient men was a pause when no one came. The men of the Bronze Age passed it by. Greeks themselves did not live there, and at last came Romans, from Philippi below in the plain. Countless fragments of small drinking cups and small cooking pots showed that the Romans' needs had been no more and no less than ours. These, like the neoliths, had been hunters. We found the tusks of many a fine boar, whose flesh had been roasted in that rocky residence. And also there were some of the largest teeth of either wolves or dogs that I have ever seen. Perhaps it became during Greek times a den of wolves and was therefore left unvisited. Romans, more courageously, used it as a huntsman's house. Wolves are not uncommon even today, though in fact we saw none.

In such a place every small minor object from the hand of man has an increased value for the inquirer. Just as every object we had brought with us we had brought because it was essential, and had left the merely luxury objects behind, so everything the ancient hunters had brought had a very specific purpose. Men who carry but small cups, flint or stone or iron weapons, and leave behind them the broken bones of wild boars and sheep, whether Roman or prehistoric — those men are hunters. Thus by the tools we had brought, had we left them behind, we should have been judged as excavators, with a weakness for acetylene.

So now I really feel I know what life in a cave is like. I am a practising antrosophist and proud of it. Anyone can spend a day here and a day there poking about in a cave. Even a thorough-paced speleologist can scrape his ancient bones from the cave earth in a day. But unless he live in the cave itself, and be thankful for it, especially when the rain comes down in sheets outside, no one can understand the realities of everyday cave life. I feel no little pride now in being able to sympathize on equal terms with the ancient cave dwellers. Like them I have tried to fashion tools and instruments to replace what I had lost or forgotten to bring up from below. Like them I have stirred a dish of steaming lamb's flesh over a blazing fire and made the roof of the cave black with smoke. Like them I have dipped my cup into the accumulated waters that so munificently dripped from the roof. Like them I have watched the strange distorted shadows that danced upon the cave walls and finally flickered off to sleep almost at the same time as I did myself. It is a ruminative life, in which one has all the dark evenings for pondering and for invention.

No wonder cave men took to being artists, for the shadows and colors on the cave walls stimulate the eye and the memory. No wonder that, once emerged from the cave, men took to inventions immediately. The growing of grain, the use of the plough, the making of pots, those amazing discoveries that are almost as complicated, if you think them over, as the making of a motor car, soon came to the men of the post-cave period because they had contemplative ancestors. But put a university graduate of average intelligence to grow a field of corn or to make a pot without any previous experience, and I guarantee that he will give up the task because of its immense complications. Our earliest inventions were our most difficult simply because we had in our immediate past ancestors who had thought long and deep in winter evenings in caves, with their minds flickering like the flames of their fires and their imaginations keyed up by what the dark shadows suggested to them.

How lucky for us all it was when the

first explorer found a cave and decided how nice a permanent residence it would make for him and his family! For he might not have made that decision. Gorillas still foolishly live in trees and so remain gorillas. Chimpanzees live in nests on the ground, I believe, and therefore they remain as chimpanzees. But Neanderthal man, apelike and hideous, went into the first cave that he saw and remained there. And Neanderthal man, and his like, have ended as you and I! It was but a step from those ancient antrosophists to the philosophy which, as Pericles said, coupled with a love of beauty, distinguished the ancient stronghold of Athena.

MARE'S-NESTS AT WASHINGTON

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

I

MAN does not live by law alone, but the height and girth of bureaucracy are measured by the *n*th power of the Congressional commas and semicolons after the Enacting Clause. What the law prescribes shall be done, regardless of whether the need has passed, regardless of the present urgency for doing otherwise; and yet it is also a distinguishing mark of bureaucratic organization that no official, whatever the situation, ever may do more than is specifically directed and authorized by the letter of the enabling act.

The Merchant Marine law of 1920 authorized the United States Shipping Board to promulgate such 'rules and regulations as may appear necessary from time to time' for the upbuilding of a great American mercantile fleet. As a result of the bureaucratic interpretation of this inescapable legal language we have the formal official announcement of June 16, 1930, that the Board had approved unanimously the application of the Luckenbach Steamship Company to 'change the name of the *S.S. Randor* to *S.S. Luckenbach*.'

In the same manner, the Federal Trade Act of 1915 set forth that the public policy of the national government should discourage, among other things, economically wasteful competitive trade practices. Pursuant to this authority, the Federal Trade Commission announced on June 12, 1930, in all seriousness: —

> Manufacturers of mop sticks will hold a trade practice conference Friday, June 18, in Cleveland at the Statler Hotel, with Chairman Garland S. Ferguson presiding.

Other industries invited during 1930 to come to gentlemen's agreements on trade regulations included the bottle-cap manufacturers, producers of woven baby carriages, printers of Christmas greeting cards, sled makers, lightning-rod manufacturers, producers of tacks and nails, and the sardine packers. Sandwiched between the chronicles of such vast enterprises came an announcement on April 1, 1930, which read: —

The Federal Trade Commission to-day dismissed its complaint charging the Aluminum Company of America with violation of the Clayton and Federal Trade Commission acts.

As recently as 1927, the Honorable Dwight F. Davis, Secretary of War, subjected himself to possible criminal prosecution and removal from office by slashing through a single 'provided' clause to release funds for reconstructing the levees and dikes swept away by the memorable Mississippi flood. Congress, it will be recalled, had adjourned by constitutional mandate on March 4. Some $50,000,000 of river and harbor funds had been appropriated for the fiscal year 1928, to become available on July 1, 1927. Beginning at about Cairo, Illinois, late in March, Ol' Man River cut a wide swath of death and destruction through nine hundred miles of the valley, and then, in April and May, dumped the assorted wreckage into the Gulf of Mexico. Inasmuch as only one month remained of the 1927 fiscal year, the river and harbor funds immediately available for the emergency were hopelessly inadequate. Before a special session of Congress might be assembled and an emergency appropriation authorized, July 1 would be at hand. Meanwhile, thousands of acres of farm land lay under stagnant pools of backwater. Railroad lines could not be repaired until the levees were closed. Crops could not be sown. The spectre of fevers and plagues winged over the smelly green marshes as far as forty miles back from the river. Should the nation stand helplessly idle amid the ruins until July 1?

It was a problem before which any man of reputation and responsibility might have quavered. The reasonable decision involved nothing less than the criminal act — expenditure of funds without Congressional authority — technically known in the law as the 'misappropriation of public monies.'

Any public man confronted by the problem could not have escaped the realization that in electing to proceed at once he prepared the record for his being asked at some future Congressional hearing or political assemblage, 'Did you, or did you not, on or about April 28, 1927, direct the expenditure of War Department funds not then authorized by Congress?' Looking through the hazy mists of the future, Mr. Davis envisioned himself, trapped and humiliated, answering meekly, 'I did, sir. The circumstances were . . .'

'Just a minute, just a minute,' the hostile examiner or prosecutor would interject. 'If you will be good enough to confine yourself to our questions . . .' Two hours later the newspapers would scream to the world in their blackest eight-column banners: 'Davis Admits Misuse of Army Funds!'

After several days' fretful contemplation of such considerations, Mr. Davis made his decision. He drew in advance upon the 1928 appropriations! The work of rehabilitation began immediately in the north and moved in stages down to New Orleans about a month behind the crest of the flood. Once more the nation had been saved from the letter of the intent of Congress.

At a press conference on July 1, Secretary Davis observed parenthetically with a convincing note of relief, 'Well, from to-day on it's legal for the Department to rebuild those levees. Thus far we've been spending money without Congressional authority. I don't know what may come of it; but it seemed to me the thing to do.'

Because this particular violation of the law hastened succor to some 600,000 flood victims, there was no serious complaint when Congress assembled in December. But had the number of citizens harassed by the letter of the law been only ten, one hundred, or even

a thousand, as is the case in most conflicts between the appropriation bill and the reality, no executive agent would have dared authorize any action whatever so much as a week before the day 'provided' in the law. Quite naturally, every action of government favors some group or section as against all conflicting interests. The slightest deviation from the letter of the law, therefore, calls up almost automatically the annual Congressional scandal, which is to be, when all the facts are in, 'greater by far than Teapot Dome.'

Mr. Davis's personal sacrifice illuminates in striking fashion the core of the problem of bureaucracy: the fact that the rigidity of the legal constructions by which our government now moves precludes that flexibility and accommodation in administration which are the touchstone of achievement in social enterprise.

Only an omniscient Congress, of course, could provide against every 'Act of God' during the recess, guard against every human frailty, insure the public funds against every conceivable form of administrative inefficiency. Not many Representatives hold that Congress might eventually predict the exact time and place of incidence for floods, droughts, cyclones, earthquakes, and other major disasters. But even fewer Members subscribe to the principle that legislative authorizations may be risked with less than two 'provided further' restrictions for every thousand dollars released from the Treasury for executive activities.

Relief from that world-famous extravaganza, 'Red Tape,' now showing continuously in Washington, can come only through a legislative grant of more flexible powers to the executive arm of the government. If history has taught that some executives should not have been trusted with quite so much discretionary power, we should remember also the dictum of biology that the present system of Congressional candling of the administrative eggs before they have developed shells is foreordained to be horribly messy and inefficient.

II

But even in the vital matter of appropriations, Congress does not attempt to candle all the eggs every year. Considerably more than 80 per cent of each annual appropriation bill is constructed in committee by the simple process of clipping the third-reading print of the previous year and pasting it under a new enacting clause. The remaining 15 or 20 per cent of the national budget provides funds for special projects, non-recurring items, and added activities. These alone are put under the microscope in committee. Once a new item passes muster and gets into the engrossed bill, it is repeated from year to year as a matter of form. The general rule in committee is that whatever was approved last year may be continued without question. In relation to items originally approved one, two, or five years ago, the rule probably is valid. But it does not follow that all the functions established thirty years ago are essential to-day. Let the Bureau of the Budget suggest what it will, Congress, in the end, makes the law with its scissors and paste pot.

The Man Who Sits is a case in point. Added to the government pay roll by twos and fours from year to year, this corps has become Washington's most conspicuous symbol of the wasting disease of bureaucracy. To-day there are literally hundreds of these men up and down the corridors of every government building. Without minute analysis of some 1500 pages of the national budget, no official would attempt to say precisely how many are thus en-

gaged. But even the casual visitor observes that nowhere else in the land are doorkeepers and messengers apparent in anything like such numbers. Stationed in the public corridors, each with his own little table, chair, and bell indicator, the Man Who Sits is, in a legal sense, as much an institution as the Secretary of Agriculture. His position was created by an act of Congress, which defined his duties and fixed his salary. Every year his job is continued by a separate line in the department's appropriation bill.

A single corridor in the State Department gives occupation to twenty-two of these superannuated guards. A low fellow, indeed, is the subofficial who has no man outside his door. And let no one presume for an instant that the doorkeeper for the Secretary of State functions interchangeably with the messenger to the Secretary of State. Ah, no! The messenger to the Secretary of State, it appears, is a messenger, after Webster; while the doorkeeper is, as we say, a doorkeeper. Concerning such details there never can be any confusion, for an entire section of the *Congressional Directory* is devoted to the precise definition of the 'official duties' of all public servants, from the President down to the grade of Chief Clerk and Disbursing Officer. From this last strata downward the definitions are continued in the various departmental registers, and in the Civil Service Regulations.

At the Supreme Court quarters in the Capitol — originally the Senate — a Man Who Sits is posted at the door of each Justice and another guards the entrance to the Courtroom. With a cord of red plush attached to the brass handle of the door, this lone sentinel takes his post daily, regardless of whether or not the court is in session. Half-dozing in a pillowed chair tilted against the wall which once echoed the thunder of Webster, Hayne, and Calhoun, he catches the form of the Solicitor-General a hundred yards down the corridor. Meticulously timing his efforts so that the door will be fully open as the official swings up, the attendant manipulates the red plush cord with a minimum of energy. The door, happily, closes itself.

On the same floor in the new Senate wing of the Capitol a broad stairway leading from the main lobby is guarded by a sign, 'For Senators Only.' Despite the fact that Senators seldom walk up or down stairs, a uniformed guard is on duty constantly at both top and bottom of this passage to prevent its use by any commoner. The luckless citizen who might escape the guard at the bottom is trapped by the officer at the top. He *must* be sent down, to approach the Senate floor, if he still desires, by the public stairway a hundred feet beyond. Similarly, every entrance to the House of Representatives and every committee room in the Capitol is guarded by a Man Who Sits.

Every year in forbidding executive session, the House Committee on Appropriations clips the long lists of messengers, doorkeepers, and guards from the previous year's departmental authorizations and solemnly pastes them in the new bills. Passed by a *pro forma* vote in the House and Senate, the new law of the land is ready for the signature of the President of the United States. Under a series of Supreme Court decisions, the President is obliged to accept or reject the bill *in toto*. He may not strike out particular items. A Chief Executive disposed to consolidate the functions of doorkeeper, guard, and messenger in the Navy Department, for example, is confronted, when the annual appropriation bill comes to his desk, with the choice of approving all things as they are or stranding the entire navy for

twelve months without pay, rations, ammunition, or fuel.

Messengers and guards, of course, are a relatively unimportant agency of government, but the system under which they became institutionalized challenges the attention of patriots. For such is the process by which Congress spends annually more than three *billion* dollars of public money.

III

In its more paternal aspects, bureaucracy is essentially a state of mind sustained by annual appropriations. The particular state of mind so organized in the government of the United States is that of the retired colonel of the Civil War who lives tranquilly on his shaded and spacious front porch, occupying himself as he awaits his monthly pension check by plucking dead leaves from the forsythia, picking pins out of the rugs, and, in the languid summer months, whitewashing the walls of the coal bin. Again, the Washington bureaucracy projects into Federal functions the attitude of the solicitous maiden aunt who is eternally in quest of proper methods for keeping the children from barking their shins at hockey.

There are literally hundreds of men and women in the Federal service whose sole duty is to find new subjects for how-to-do-it pamphlets, and then to devise appealing popular approaches for their scholarly works. More than four hundred writers, research workers, editors, and statisticians devote themselves exclusively to government publications, which explains why the Government Printing Office last year consumed more than 50,000,000 pounds of paper in some 75,000,000 books and pamphlets.

So perfectly attuned to the slightest wish of the nation is this vast nervous-aunt mechanism that the wife of the bankrupt Dakota farmer may send to the Department of Agriculture to-day for Bulletin No. 1180, *Housecleaning Made Easier*, or No. 1516, *Window Curtaining*. For the rustic who boasts plumbing in his house there is offered the economy of Bulletin No. 1460, *Simple Plumbing Repairs*. Another of the 2000-odd agricultural bulletins carried in stock is No. 943, *Haymaking*.

The Food, Drug, and Insecticide Administration of the Department of Agriculture, which devotes much of its time and energy to analysis of fraudulent anti-fat composts, published on April 24, 1930, its studied conclusion that 'careful dieting and proper exercise are the only safe methods of weight reduction known to the Department of Agriculture specialists.'

A week later, Farmers' Bulletin No. 354-F, *Onion Culture*, came off the presses. It was introduced to a breathless world by a mimeographed announcement headed: 'Israelite and Pyramid Builder Tempted by Delicacy of Onions.' This release is so perfectly symptomatic of bureaucratic efficiency in its pristine form that to quote the first half of it is to present a thumb-nail outline of the entire governmental organism to-day. It reads: —

> Home ties no less strong than the lowly onion pulled at the Israelites during their sojourn in the wilderness. Moses reported that they constantly longed for this delicacy of diet left behind in Egypt.
>
> Records show that the onion flourished in the fertile Nile Valley before the building of the pyramids, and doubtless slaves worked more willingly placing block on block of stone with the realization that an appetizing dish of onions awaited each at the end of the day's labors.
>
> Watered by the same Nile River, swayed by the breezes in the South Sea Islands, favored in many regions of America, to-day the onion grows successfully throughout the world, according to Farmers' Bulletin 354-F, *Onion Culture*, by . . .

The author of this bulletin is listed on the Civil Service rolls at $4600; the man who announced it to the world, at $4800; the stenographer who typed the announcement, at $2200; the clerk who mimeographed it, at $1800; the messenger who delivered it, at $900. There came from the Treasury, in addition, pay for typesetters, printers, binders, money for white paper, postage, and envelopes. And now *Onion Culture* is immortalized in the index of the Library of Congress — and moth-eaten in thousands of copies on the shelves of the Public Printer, where a stock of some 30,000,000 pamphlets of all sorts always is on hand.

Nor does the Department of Agriculture hold the American farmer competent to administer such commonplace equipment as the milking machine. As recently as September 16, 1930, the Department published *Cleaning Milking Machines*, an illustrated bulletin devoted to 'the necessity for proper cleaning of milking equipment, the parts of the equipment which require special attention, the heat treatment for killing bacteria, the effect of heat on the rubber parts, and variations of the heat method.'

Because hay, cotton, and wheat are graded partly by color, the Bureau of Agricultural Economics assigned a group of technologists to the task of developing mechanical color-measuring equipment. The purpose of this costly scientific undertaking was outlined in an official communiqué which set forth that, 'since color is an important grading factor, it is necessary that a measure be made of color itself.' Success crowned the eighteen months' experimentation, and we now have in this most horseless of all the ages seventeen official colors in hay.

'Standards may thus be kept constant from year to year, the real importance of color as a factor of utility may be determined, and the intervals at which color gradations are fixed in the standards may be specified according to such determinations,' says Bulletin No. 154-T.

The commercial practicality of the machine is not treated. Indeed, there is nothing in the pamphlet to suggest that such a question ever was considered. Nor was the social utility of the venture appraised before the project was launched.

As a part of its Extension Service programme, the Department of Agriculture initiated in 1926 a national encampment of leaders in the 4-H Clubs, organizations of farm boys and girls devoted to the rehabilitation of rural social life. The fourth annual encampment, comprising about one hundred and fifty high-school students from thirty-nine states, assembled in Washington on June 16, 1930.

Living in a tented city on the velvety lawns of the Administration Building, the youngsters were the guests of their government. The following summary account of the four-day encampment has been compiled by arranging into narrative form a series of excerpts from official bulletins published by the Department of Agriculture between June 10 and June 20: —

The Department is preparing to receive the selected group of young people who will attend the camp. Two boys and two girls from the 4-H Club membership of each state, accompanied by one or more club leaders from the Extension Division of their respective states, may come to camp. . . . 4-H in the name of these organizations is an abbreviation for 'Head, Heart, Health, and Hands.' . . . General Assembly meetings are to be held in the Auditorium of the New National Museum, which is a short walk across the Mall. Camp-fire meetings closing the day's programme will be held on the camp quadrangle. . . .

At the morning assemblies each day, the

encampment will be addressed by nationally known speakers, including Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior; Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture; Judge Florence Allen of the Supreme Court of Ohio, and James C. Stone, Vice Chairman of the Federal Farm Board. . . .

In welcoming the club members at the morning assembly, Dr. C. B. Smith, Chief of the Office of Coöperative Extension Work, outlined the reasons for the encampment and mentioned some of the interesting features of the week's programme planned for the visiting boys and girls. He said in part: 'You have come to Washington to see and learn, and get something healthful to take back that will help you along toward a successful life. Washington represents the beauty and strength of a great nation. George Washington selected the site. You will see his home this week. If you never wanted to be a farmer in your life, you will want to be a farmer when you see Mount Vernon.' . . .

The incorporation of boys and girls into a great general movement to produce a perfected type of agriculture and rural life was emphasized as a fundamental objective of 4-H Club work by Dr. C. J. Galpin, Agricultural Sociologist of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics. . . . Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior, talked to the members this morning on 'The How and Why of Things.' He described the working organization of a colony of bees — how they find shelter, distribute their tasks, safeguard the health of the hive, provide food for the group, and ensure protection for the colony. . . .

Nils A. Olsen, Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Department of Agriculture, discussed opportunities in American agriculture at the final morning assembly.

At night, two boys and two girls participated in a nation-wide radio broadcast from the central court of the new Department of Agriculture Building. The programme took the form of reports to the Secretary of Agriculture from the four sections of the United States. . . . The reports were followed by a pillow fight, described over the radio by Morse Salisbury, Chief of the Radio Service of the Department. . . . The Club boys have evolved some variations on the old battle-royal style of pillow fighting. By mounting each pair of contestants face to face on a slim and cranky pole suspended to keep their feet ten inches off the ground, knock-outs are scored quickly in each bout. A contestant is considered knocked out if he varies more than ninety degrees from the vertical. . . . The contest was to determine the champion pillow fighter of the camp. . . . Arthur M. Hyde, Secretary of Agriculture, then addressed the boys and girls and led a candle-lighting ceremony, which symbolized the taking home of the light of information and inspiration from the national club camp.

How much did *Simple Plumbing Repairs* cost? What was the total outlay for the hay and bean color finder? From what fund does the Department of Agriculture take money for the nation-wide broadcasting of its annual pillow fight? If an inquirer should approach the Department in quest of such information he would be told by some division chief, assuming the usual order, that there is no method for determining the cost of any particular departmental project. Upon pressing his inquiry, he would find that nothing short of a cumbersome Congressional investigation ever could strike a balance as between outlay and advantage of these and similar enterprises. That slow and costly method, obviously, can be applied only in specific cases of national importance. There is, therefore, no influence operative in the national government to-day which serves as a check or restraint upon bureaucratic 'service.' Created by law, sustained by ever-increasing appropriations, too large and complicated to be watched by any single administrative official, the great bureaucratic Juggernaut lumbers on and on, grinding out its daily grist of letter-perfect routine, untouched by human imagination, unflavored by human feeling, cold, lifeless, extravagant, and stupid.

IV

As bureaucracy writes, compiles, edits, so it counts. No administrative agency in the world tabulates and records as many items as the government of the United States; no other government spends half as much for statistical services. Our annual Federal outlay for commercial, financial, and social statistics is computed by the Bureau of the Budget at approximately $50,000,000. Although the Bureau of the Census and the Bureau of Labor Statistics were established exclusively for such services, independent statistical organizations also are maintained in the State Department, Shipping Board, Interstate Commerce Commission, Federal Reserve Board, Department of Agriculture, Federal Trade Commission, Department of Commerce, and United States Tariff Commission.

A random example of the essential nature of these enterprises is found in an official bulletin of September 2, 1930, summarizing one herculean labor as follows: —

> The Bureau of the Census announces that, according to data collected to date in the census of manufactures taken in 1930, the total value of macaroni, vermicelli and noodles made in 1929 by establishments engaged primarily in the manufacture of these products amounts to $47,931,408, an increase of 8.3 per cent as compared with $44,279,544 reported for 1927, the last preceding census year.

In May an official paper announced that farm wagons manufactured in 1929 numbered 40,547, against 57,081 in 1928. Similarly, the country was appraised, in December 1929, that during the previous month 5962 windmills of domestic manufacture were sold in the United States.

Daily, almost hourly, the Bureau of the Census, by explicit Congressional mandate, completes some new count. Among those announced during the first half of 1930 were 'Domestic Pump and Water Systems,' 'Caskets, Burial Cases, and other Morticians' Goods,' 'Steel Barrels,' 'Carbon Paper and Inked Ribbons,' 'Bluing,' 'Needles, Pins, Hooks and Eyes, and Snap Fasteners,' 'Flavoring Extracts and Flavoring Syrups,' 'Domestic Water-Softening Apparatus,' 'Envelopes,' 'Lead Pencils (including mechanical),' 'Baby Carriages.'

The census of honey bees and ice-cream production, however, is the labor of the Department of Agriculture; but the Treasury, through the Public Health Service, is responsible for the annual *Key Catalogue of Parasites Reported for Monkeys, with Their Possible Public Health Importance.*

Every month, the Interior Department reports the national production of electrical energy, in kilowatt hours, and the total tourist visitations to the thirty-eight national parks and shrines. Weekly figures on coal, pig iron, and petroleum are reported by telegraph to the Bureau of Mines, and the Bureau of Agricultural Economics reports daily on shipments of live stock, butter, cheese, eggs, watermelons, potatoes, and spinach. Annual statistics on marriage and divorce are tabulated by states and counties in the Bureau of the Census, as are annual revenues and expenditures of some two hundred municipalities and forty-eight state governments. The weekly tabulation of communicable diseases is from the mimeographs of the Public Health Service. With a view to avoiding public alarm, however, these figures are withheld when they indicate regional or general epidemics.

How much freight is transported annually in the United States? Someone ought to have that very important figure, says the economist in search of

an all-inclusive index of commercial trends. Upon his arrival in Washington he finds that coastwise freight is tabulated by the Commerce Department; intercoastal traffic by the Panama Canal Office, War Department; river tonnage by the Inland Waterways Corporation, War Department; foreign tonnage by the Shipping Board; and, finally, land-line freight tonnage by the Interstate Commerce Commission — exclusive, of course, of movements over the government-owned Alaskan Railroad, which is administered by the Department of the Interior.

Some eight years ago it required a formal opinion by Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty to decide whether the Alaskan Railroad was obligated by law to submit monthly statistical reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission on forms prepared for the use of private carriers. Mr. Daugherty ruled, in effect, that the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 implied no legislative intent that the government should report its own activities to itself on forms prescribed by Congress.

The economist who seeks precise information on employment conditions must gather segments of the story from seven different agencies scattered over an area of approximately five square miles. Farm labor is reported by the Department of Agriculture; railroad pay rolls by the Interstate Commerce Commission; shipyard employment by the Merchant Fleet Corporation; mine labor by the Bureau of Mines; manufacturing pay rolls by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In addition, the Detroit Factory Employment Index is reported weekly by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. Nowhere in the government are all these activities so coördinated that a national picture of the conditions of labor supply and demand is available on a given date. Some bureau tabulations are published on the fifteenth of the month, others on the third, twentieth, or twenty-seventh. The Labor Department's *Monthly Employment Bulletin*, which might gather all these tables into one pamphlet, long ago adopted the policy of publishing no figures whatever, not even those of the Labor Department. The monthly survey comprises merely condition and trend reports from all the states and principal cities.

So insistent is the demand of employers and labor leaders alike for some instrumentality to coördinate all this vast labor statistical service that in each of the last four sessions of Congress a bill to create a national labor survey has been presented. Because of the reluctance of any department to relinquish its own work, however, such efforts thus far have been futile.

In certain cases it is impossible today to arrange even for the interchange of information between two agencies of the government. The Department of Commerce includes in its monthly survey of department-store sales the reports of a few scattered chain stores. In the Federal Reserve Board's survey, however, a sharp distinction is made between local-unit establishments and chain stores. The Commerce figures, therefore, never are countenanced in any Federal Reserve publication. For at least four years, this interdepartmental feud has smouldered around the vital question whether sales in a chain of ninety-four department stores should be tabulated as chain-store sales or department-store trade.

Nor is all the evidence of pompous futility and entrenched inefficiency encountered in the executive departments. Beneath the very dome of the Capitol, the visiting citizen finds, in the professional tourist guides, the last category of organized incompetence. Dispensers

of all the historical misinformation which cloakroom banter has woven into 'The Legend of Our Capitol,' the guides conduct throngs through the long marble corridors and tortuous passageways of the House and Senate wings for the nominal sum of twenty-five cents a person. They are not on the government pay roll. They are not supervised by, or responsible to, anyone. The government does not vouch for any part of their historical lore. Permission to adorn the taxi driver's cap with the badge of the 'Official Guide' is granted by the Architect of the Capitol to those who present recommendations from Senators and Representatives of the majority party. The scale of collections is fixed by an unofficial agreement between the Capitol authorities and the guides' guild. During the peak of the spring tourist season, collections average considerably more than $500 a day, distributed about evenly among twelve or fifteen guides. Several determined efforts in recent years to uproot this government-sanctioned 'two-bits racket' by legislation establishing a corps of official free guides have suffered the unrecorded fate of the Free Silver bill. Verily, a little free patronage in these days of Civil Service examinations and eligibility lists makes a very sacrosanct institution of even an assemblage of incompetent elevator operators and cast-off hackers.

In the final analysis, no one can say even approximately how many millions of dollars are squandered annually in ridiculous governmental activities, in overlapping functions, administrative inefficiency, utterly indefensible inquiries, investigations, surveys, and promotional activities, and in such miscellaneous enterprises as may be grouped under the general head of 'pillow-fight broadcasts.' Congress can have no idea whatever concerning such matters, for every departmental supply bill is written by a different subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations; and there is not on record a case of either a Senator or a Representative who, in a given session, scrutinized during debate every item of every major appropriation measure. Members of both houses are forever being surprised by new and curious manifestations of bureaucratic activity. They find, upon inquiry, that the labor which arouses their momentary indignation was authorized in the most recent supply bill of the department involved. The subcommittee, of course, knew all about the item at the time, but considered it hardly worthy of special mention in its report. The conclusion to which these facts point is inescapable — when Congress has completed an appropriation session, it has, collectively, not the remotest idea what, in particular, it has done.

Reorganization of the Federal government to adapt it to the needs and methods of the age is, at best, a matter of five years, perhaps ten. It has been suggested seriously that as an interim measure the nation should establish at once a Bureau of Coördination and Control, responsible to the President and Congress, jointly, to sit in a watch-tower over the entire governmental structure, picking flaws wherever possible and so focusing the attention of authority upon the weaknesses of the organism. Unfortunately no formula has been discovered as yet by which such theoretically non-political functions may be established and maintained free of political interference. But to-day the search appears to be more earnest, more determined, than ever before in our national history.

TAGS

BY HARVEY WICKHAM

I

ALFRED NOYES has written a book called *The Opalescent Parrot*, which is neither here nor there save for its denunciation of John Bunyan. *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Noyes tells us, is the world's worst allegory — and indeed it is, as anyone who will take the no inconsiderable trouble of reading it may at once discover. But — and this is yet more remarkable — *The Pilgrim's Progress* is also, as everybody knows, the world's best allegory, though in its own peculiar way, which is not quite the way of the *Divine Comedy* or *The Faërie Queene*.

The mystery of the contradiction is very simple, and lies in the fact that nobody ever does read *The Pilgrim's Progress*, not cross-my-heart and all the way through. Nobody within the memory of living men ever did read it, and probably nobody ever will. Therefore to all it is great — yes, even to Mr. Alfred Noyes, who has made the mistake of dipping into it.

'Mr. Birrell,' Noyes complains, 'calls Mr. Worldly-Wiseman one of the greatest characters in fiction.' Of course he does. So do I. So do you. So does Mr. Noyes, in his heart. But in what fiction? Certainly not in Bunyan's. There is another and greater fiction, however, a quite sublime allegory, which, because we all contribute to it more or less, we somewhat grandiloquently call life, though most of our knowledge of it is fictional enough. And here Mr. Worldly-Wiseman — to say nothing of Hopeful, Giant Despair, and the other Bunyan characters — flourishes mightily. What Bunyan did was to pick up a pebble from the ground at his feet, label it, leave it conveniently accessible — and lo, it became a loadstone! From that day to this, it has, after the manner of loadstones, been drawing bits of material to itself — iron filings, brass filings, and even gold filings — which subsequent observers have scraped from their own experience by means of their own wits. The result is a magnificent pile, a monument to worldly wisdom which no one author in the world could by himself have gathered together and set up. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is superlatively good because it is so superlatively bad in all particulars save one. Bunyan's genius spent itself upon empty names, which he tried to fill up with details so inapt, ideas so inane, an attitude so unintelligent and un-Christian, that for all practical purposes the names remained empty — and therefore useful.

Now if this sort of thing had stopped with Bunyan — but why speculate? It did not stop. It might, however, be well to consider the case of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman a little further.

We all know how the charm began, in that little book with the woodcuts — or maybe that big book with steel engravings — which used to lie on the parlor table, along with the Bible, Baxter, the family album, and possibly a one-volume Shakespeare, in those happy days when these constituted a library and there yet were parlors, wax

flowers, and corner whatnots. One saw pictures, delightful pictures, of giants, lions, and angels in white robes. One asked mother what it was all about, and she replied out of her recollections of what her mother had told her, supplemented by such inventions as suggested themselves. After all, it was a Bible story, and could easily be guessed at. Everything thus remained sweet and lovely.

'A tale in which anything may happen at any moment always appeals to the young,' says Mr. Noyes. And why should it not? To the young the world itself is a place in which anything may happen at any moment. Time and experience have not yet revealed these tedious, repetitive habits in things which we fatuously come to call the laws of nature. 'Three men come tumbling over a wall. You see a black man in front of you in a white robe. You fall into a pit. You are cast into a dungeon and beaten senselessly by a giant who has fits.' Pure realism. That is the way things do happen when life is new, and I am not at all certain that it is not the way they continue to happen when life is old. But by that time we have ourselves fallen into habits, especially the very bad habit of making abstractions and generalizations, of turning every roundish thing into a sphere, and otherwise losing the actual novelty of all that occurs while finding only its specious resemblance to that which has occurred before. From the moment when the inner Solomon whispers, 'There is nothing new under the sun,' all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Bunyan left his plot as empty and sketchy as his names, and it was equally good. Its moral, its motivation, its reason, its philosophy, its theology, were rubbish which simply did not apply, and so its incidents stood out as pure miracle, as they do in the fascinating Book of Daniel. And thus were those bright names permitted to be photographed upon our memories along with Adam and Eve, Samson, David, Goliath, and Og, the King of Bashan.

It was later that we discovered Mr. Worldly-Wiseman to be our neighbor, possibly that next-door neighbor who lives behind the looking-glass. Wiseman pins his faith to strictly standardized brass tacks, avoids the point of the living exception, and seeks to profit by the law that like circumstances produce like results. But we should never have seen him clearly had we not already known his name.

II

Mr. Noyes recognizes all this, and even praises the old Bedford prisoner for what he terms 'a useful phrase-label.' But evidently he regards this as faint praise and damning — as if a useful phrase-label were of little account. He wants 'portraiture.' Fortunately, however, Bunyan's canvas was so blackened with curses splashed across the fair fame of 'Quakers, Ranters, Roman Catholics, Anabaptists, Independents, Presbyterians,' and users of the English Book of Common Prayer, that there was no clear space left for portraiture. His Talkative never has a chance to say anything, and so now can give his innumerable namesakes the floor.

The great characters of fiction are the great characters of fact. Authors who go into readable and relevant detail step down and out of folklore and rob us of healthful exercise, like the servant who insists upon spreading the butter on rolls or spoils the breakfast with predigested foods. They lose the type in making a mere individual, who usually becomes more unreal as he becomes more minute. If you must be readable you must be careful, and confine your-

self to a few bold strokes, for the Immortals never have but one trait apiece.

Aladdin always rubs his lamp, Ali Baba robs the forty thieves; Uncle Tom is always faithful, Leatherstocking never misses a shot; Haidee is always beautiful, Mrs. Grundy is extreme to mark what is done amiss, while Macduff lays on. Mrs. Malaprop cannot open her mouth without sticking her foot in it, Scheherazade keeps telling us another, and Raffles never burgles without wearing evening clothes. Did you ever hear of Lochinvar coming out of the East? Or of Micawber turning something up? No; Jack the Giant-killer sticks to giants, and would no more hurt a dwarf than Puss-in-Boots would attend Cinderella's ball, or Faust renounce the Devil, or Elsie Dinsmore play a fox-trot on Sunday. Galahad is a perfect Galahad; Don Juan a veritable Don Juan. And this is why, I think, Dickens succeeded in 'creating' a whole world of famous characters, but Henry James and the thought-stream novelists never a one.

But what about Hamlet? Well, what? Do you think he was a great character in fiction the first time he permitted matters of great pith and moment to become sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought? I do not. I think he was merely a good part, drenched in sublime poetry. A whole tribe of actors, culminating perhaps in Edwin Booth, contributed toward making him a great part. Since then every genius on earth has helped in his characterization — and it is still unfinished. Hamlet lives and breathes with old emotions collected from dusty folios in doubly dusty garrets by children who read him for the first time and are never able afterward to forget. These write or talk, and other children read and listen. So Hamlet goes his eternal way, like a snowball long since grown beyond all comparison because of the good things it has picked up from a million and one snowy brainstorms.

There had, of course, to be a nucleus, something which those first children and other critics could not forget. With Bunyan it was the aptness of a name tacked on to what then passed for piety, or to occasional beauties stolen from Holy Writ. With Dickens it was a tag, followed usually by a good story, which impressed the tag upon us by dint of repetition when our hearts were softened and sympathetic. The analytical novel has no tag to repeat, no tag which can detach itself and go its way or make us come to it. In Shakespeare's case, it was the marvelous line of the verse, or perhaps the pageantry. All of his more famous characters, save this one of Hamlet, are very simple. Even Hamlet is a bit of a monomaniac, and rather makes a hobby of his complexity. Better still, Shakespeare had the genius never quite to discover what his Hamlet was. He left him a mystery, like the lady of the sonnets, shadowy at the edges and inexplicable at the core, more ghostly in spite of his gorgeous raiment than that old mole his father. The author's dream has not hardened so as to interfere with ours. Thus Hamlet has come to out-top all other sanely mad men under heaven, even Lear.

Shakespeare did the trick so often that his own name has become a useful, I should say a magic, label. It awakens in us the spirit of coöperation, a disposition to understand everything in its greatest sense. For even the great characters of fiction must advertise, and what medium so effective as Shakespeare's plays? We feel in the presence of important matters the minute the volume opens or the curtain goes up. A single line there is enough to set the gossips going. He is a character in fiction himself — some very wild fic-

tion. He has been sold to us, thoroughly and finally. Also we owe to great authors all the delight they have given in a thousand ways having nothing to do with the characters they have drawn, including all the cunning they have provoked in other pen-smiths.

It is these giants, too, who simplify things until we can grasp them. But once we do, the process goes on. One by one the less essential strokes are rubbed out. For we pigmies are, collectively, that Folk Genius, poet of poets, master of masters. So finally one may enjoy the work of all. Reality, muddy and confused to our near-sighted eyes, has become legend, clear, childlike, and colossal.

III

Folklore has made Don Quixote into a greater figure than Hamlet. Hamlet suffers, after all, from being readable. So does Falstaff. Jack's fat coarseness, his wit, his lies, gross and palpable like the father that begets them, are not quite palpable enough and were too well set down on paper. He should be hail fellow well met everywhere, and he is not. He sticks fast where he first was put, in Literature. We meet him in life, but fail to remark him, his own recorded remarks being too sublimely apt. The author here 'hogs' the stage, and the greatest stage is not quite the world. We little co-contributors are overawed in spite of the vastness of the assembly to which we belong. We dare not improvise, simplify, coarsen, and improve, or put ourselves in competition with those jokes too, too, too, too, too good in the original. So the first-nighters go home and take out all their sesquipedalian words and circumlocutions, instead of just telling us what it was all about. The second-nighters do but inflate the first, and the man in the street — himself a fiction character inferior to few — misses the point. You will hear men called Quixotic even on the bleachers, where so few really are, but never one, however fat, hailed as a Falstaff.

The real Falstaff was so much more than fat — aye, there's the rub. He refuses to be expressed as so many pounds of flesh, and so fails to find the broad and common immortality even of Shylock. The ordinary fat man is, paradoxically, an empty frame. Draw a frame big enough, and the world can fill it with whatever matter is at hand. But let it contain the slaughter of a few misbegotten knaves in Kendal green, slaughtered subtly in a darkness which forbids you to see your hand, and yet darkens only within the well-lighted, sack-reeking Boar's Head, and nothing more is to be said. These particulars are too delightful to be sloughed off. None dares to add or to take away. You cannot cram your next three-hundred-pounder into such a frame as that. No room remains, for all its vastness.

The Fat Man, as such, has never had his Boswell. Perhaps, because he is so simple, he does not need one. His is a case we can all manage for ourselves without the help of letters. On the stage, a rubber stomach suffices. In life he looms above all books, and has yet to be compressed within board covers. He is more famous than the famous, but the name Falstaff will not fit him, nor stretch over his Gargantuan, generic paunch. The name is of too particular and fine a weave, when what is needed is a comfortable *décrochez-moi*. Too many people have read the second part of *Henry IV*, and read too long, instead of snatching at the label and going their way to attach it to every appropriate girth. The Fat Man is his own label. He laments, so without reason, that nobody ever loved him, but in renown he has no rival save

the Bald-headed Man, supposed by slander to haunt those front rows he always has avoided that those behind might not be dazzled by the glare of reflected light. No; Hamlet cannot quite compete with the unread, still less with the unwritten. But Caliban may rush in where Ariel fears to tread, and such Hamlets as we are stand more chance of being called Babbitt now.

IV

Authors have little to do with ultimates, as may be learned from the case of Sherlock Holmes, a magnetic figure commonly attributed to the late Conan Doyle. Two other writers, neither of them altogether without repute, had a shy at Holmes before Doyle was born — Voltaire in *Zadig the Babylonian*, and Poe in *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*. All the essentials of Holmes were already there in Zadig — his cleverness, his deductiveness, his delightful, insufferable impossibility. But Voltaire put the loadstone on too high a shelf, and Poe put it in too musty a cupboard. It had collected considerable dust, but no great amount of nuggets. Doyle's inestimable service to mankind was in taking it out, giving it a more catchy 'moniker,' and putting it in an accessible shrine in Baker Street. We could all sit there and smoke our shag. Sherlock Holmes became the mouse-colored gown in which we dressed our innate talent for finding out things through the exercise of pure reason; and Dr. Watson, with his intellectual density, was everybody else.

Doyle, having written several volumes, presumed to kill his hero, and then resurrected him for two more — and immediately the critics cried: 'Mr. Holmes does n't seem to be quite the same man since his death.' It was just the sort of thing that critics would say. But there really was no falling off in the stories — not till near the very end. What actually happened was that Holmes, the legend, had outgrown anything which could be written of him. It began to be noticed that Doyle seldom let him do anything worthy of his metal. A detective who was allowed to behave intelligently would of course ruin any story by solving the mystery on the second page. We had re-created Holmes in our own vaster image, and had no further need of Doyle. He had done his work.

For the young, of course, the broughams still stop at the Baker Street address. The rising generation has had the entire series reprinted for it in two convenient, Bible-like volumes. But they are doomed to disappointment. They have read too much *about* the wizard, and when — as so often happens — the clients who apply for protection are murdered for the sake of the plot, they will blame the biographer.

Oh, that mine enemy would write a book, and my friend have a book written about him! Doyle's misfortune was that books were written about Holmes, not about Doyle. Parts of books, anyway. But when it is the author who becomes copy for the paragrapher — well, look at what happened to Stephen Crane. Genius though he was, he was mortal, and even dead, when Conrad resurrected by a few well-chosen remarks and Thomas Beer made a home for the poor ghost in a full-length biography. And so the Black Riders still ride — by proxy.

When Shakespeare permitted it to be said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, it was just one of those things which playwrights are excused for doing because they are not speaking for themselves. What's in a name, indeed!

I remember, long ago, when I was in boarding school, how I used to put this matter to the test. I played the piano

then, and occasionally I would interpret choice bits of Beethoven for the more musical of the faculty and student body — and call the bits my own. There was never any enthusiasm. Then I would improvise a few bars of solemn twaddle, and tag it, 'An excerpt from the Waldstein Sonata,' or something such. 'How beautiful!' the little audience would sigh. Finally I would confess that I had made a mistake; that what I had called mine was Beethoven's, and what I had called Beethoven's was mine. Soon I abandoned this practice in order to escape a hanging which then might have been regarded as premature, but I have never forgotten the lesson. Those little audiences were not composed entirely of fools. Indeed, it was necessary to be cautious lest they should catch some strain which was too familiar and identifying. It would never have done to try to palm off the 'Moonlight' fantasia as something lesser and else. But I had asked them to do without the name Beethoven, to admire a sunset without its trailing clouds of glory, to listen to phrases deprived of the thunders of tradition, and expected them not to feel the vacuum of this absence — as if the heart dared to lean upon a tune, however sweet, to which it had not been properly introduced!

One must not put the ear above the imagination. Footsteps do not echo on the sand just outside the door as they do when they pass down the corridors of time. Listen to Man Friday's now deafening barefooted tread! Yet what is the sound of a naked sole sinking into the soft beach of a desert island? To-day its solitary print falls with a crash. Time and tide have done it — and Defoe's little label. What then are we to think of those who would deprive us forever of all echoes? Who say that history is nonsense because it was so largely not so in the time of it? Who would leave us living hand-to-mouth in a Now, with never a resonating chamber in which to store its interest-bearing treasure?

True, Now makes a noise. But noise is not music any more than rosined horsehair and catgut are a violin. This interest which comes from sounding boards is like credit, sweeter and far more extensive than the original capital from which it springs. Beethoven was not quite so great as he now seems. He did not soar quite so far above his contemporaries and immediate predecessors as we fondly imagine. His music, when new, lacked many an overtone. Johann Sebastian Bach was a splendid musician, but there were a host of others almost as good. We hear them all now in a single fugue. Nor does this happen only when he has craftily purloined their phrases and put them a little more in tune — phrases to which we add the ringing in our ears. There is also the romance of his name, giving his least subject a new richness of answer.

He once wrote a fugue upon that name, B-A-C-H, the *h* standing for B natural following a B flat in the German nomenclature. But now the name alone is the best subject of all. For better than music is the nostalgic past, with its loves and memories and hopes and incomparable grandeur, where the heart forever lives and moves and has its being. Without the past, from whence would anyone draw the strength to face the as yet empty and barren future? For hope itself, which seems to people the future, is a hope that is past. The future certainly will not be like that. We hope that it will be? But we know that our hope is vain. We hope that it will be better, and fear that it may be worse — and either may come true. But both are unimaginable. We live upon the brink of something Different. We cannot love this stranger

who has not yet darkened the door — not unless he has given us some earnest of himself which is already with us. We should like to bar him out. If but the best of what is or has been might be again! And so, if we cannot reach to where the *was* and the *will be* are one, we like to live with our eyes shut and in ancient dreams.

V

Music has the peculiarity of being sweet without, on our part, the narrowing necessity of brains — for the notion that music is intellectual comes from confusing the rôles of composer and executant with that of listener. To *make* music demands sweat from the inner brow. But to drink it in only requires an easily gained familiarity. All truly musical countries make good beer and sell it cheap without Prohibition. The Drys, I think, should look into this. The growing taste for good music in America is a menace to the Eighteenth Amendment. Taste is akin to thirst, and drinking music and drinking something else have a subtle essence in common. Who can help looking upon the beer mug when it is filled with Beethoven?

This Beethoven was not only something of a toper himself; he has provoked more consumption of mildly alcoholic beverages than any other one single influence save that of highly seasoned sausages. Jazz may fret its brief and fitful moment; but, like the synthetic stuff which accompanies it, jazz must pass away. The gently intoxicating Ludwig pours on forever. And if he makes us drunken without moistening the lips, so much the worse. The Volsteads may strain out the gnats, partially and with pain, but even they must swallow this camel. Not Anthony Comstock himself could have Bowdlerized the symphonies or expurgated all the spirits from their ninefold prayer. And, thanks to the perfected processes of canning, and to the financial support given to orchestral concerts by the Jews, our acoustical tippling grows deeper every day. Let me pick out a country's songs, and I care not who raids its speak-easies.

What has all this to do with tags? A lot. Good wine needs its bush, no matter what the saw may say, and good beer needs its label. Beethoven simply happens to be the Pilsener of tone, the mark of the world's favorite brand. May he never be Scotched!

Of course he is n't quite folk music. He was n't made up by innumerable improvements added to what was once commonplace. The 'Eroica' is no 'Annie Laurie.' Most of us are so dull when it comes to music that we need giants to weave even our folk songs into symphonies. We need them, also, to weave our folklore into epics. But in music we cannot go on and drop the original Homer or Bunyan. We continue to lean on the giants. So Beethoven must be classed with those authors who are not only written and talked about, but read. But for his real equals in literature one must go to those who are read no more, whose work is done. For Literature is that in the sight of which we all like to browse, but upon which none of us likes to feed — not much, nor after we are twenty-one and married.

MUSTAPHA KEMAL SETS THE STYLES

BY H. E. WORTHAM

I

No aspect of Mustapha Kemal's remarkable career is more worthy of note than his reform of the clothes of his people. Once firmly in the saddle, and with his political reorganization accomplished, he turned to the question of dress. Realizing, like the Pope, the important bearing of dress upon morals, he prepared to grant, or to impose upon, his countrymen the charter of their sartorial freedom, to call in the hatter, the haberdasher, and the tailor to free his fellow Turk from the Asiatic encumbrances around his person, preparatory to freeing his mind from the Asiatic involutions of his thoughts.

A new mentality could, perhaps, only be achieved with a new generation. But if the savior of his country, despite the power of his office and the energy of his forty-three years, could not change the inside of Turkish heads, he could do something at least with the exterior. To a Turk the 'unspeakable significance of dress' had its epitome in the fez that crowned the male believer's person. It stood as the symbol of his manhood and his religion. It distinguished him from the infidel during his life; after his death its replica in stone stood till the judgment at the head of his grave. The fez, first imposed a century before amid the grumblings of his subjects by a reforming Sultan in place of the unwieldy turban, as being an approximation to the top hat of civilized Europe, had long ceased to be a mark of liberalism. Rather the reverse, and in 1908, indeed, the young Turks, by adopting the kalpak of astrakhan in its place, dissociated themselves from the political chauvinism that the fez had come to typify.

In spite of this, the fez remained the essential badge of Turkish pride of race, and any Turk who discarded it risked his liberty, possibly his life. Whenever political excitement ran high in Constantinople, the first to suffer from the mob were the despised unbelievers in hats, and the entry of Nationalist troops into the old capital in 1923 was accompanied by brutal outrages on behatted pedestrians. Though the movement among the intelligentsia against the fez (of which the kalpak was only a variation) had been gaining momentum, so late as 1924 a student newly returned from Germany suffered arrest in Stamboul for continuing to wear his German hat.

Mustapha Kemal's decision to abolish once and for all this ritual head-covering has been adjudged as his boldest measure. Cautiously he began with the army, where the inconvenience of the traditional brimless kalpak, which offered no shade to the eyes, had been experienced in many campaigns. Knowing he could rely on the fidelity of the Republican Guard, he had them served out with kepis, care being taken to point out to the men that when they said their prayers all they had to do was to turn the peaks to the back. Not a murmur was raised. The example of the picked corps of the army was

quickly followed by the rest of the fighting forces of the Republic, and by the early summer of 1925 every Turkish soldier, sailor, and gendarme was wearing the headpiece previously identified in the racial consciousness with Christians and infidels.

This was the thin end of the wedge. When in early September the Ghazi Pasha, attired in a lounge suit and a panama, made an official visit to Kastamuni, a little town near the Black Sea notoriously entrenched in its conservatism, he slit the accepted conventions of male attire from head to foot. And he did not simply wear the despised hat. At public functions he remained bareheaded and obliged the other functionaries to follow an example that ran counter to every dictate of pious and respectable behavior.

He did more. By adding precept to practice, he pointed the moral of the change. In the most quoted of all his speeches he declared that the dress common to all civilized peoples was perfectly suited to the Turks. 'We will wear,' he said boldly, 'boots and shoes, trousers, shirts, waistcoats, collars, ties. We will add brims to the coverings we place upon our heads — or to speak more plainly,' and here he used the accursed word, 'we will wear hats. We will dress in morning coats and lounge suits, in smoking jackets and tail coats. And if there are persons who hesitate and draw back, I will tell them they are fools and ignoramuses.'

An historic utterance — and he tacked on the fez the troubles they had so long endured, the fez which stood as the symbol of the backwardness of their ideas and the sterility of their lives. The fez typified the enemy — it *was* the enemy. 'We have only saved ourselves in the course of these past years, thanks to the change in our outlook. We cannot stop now. We must go on and on. The nation must learn that civilization turns to dust and ashes everything which remains indifferent to its advance.' Thus did the President cry 'Excelsior' to the astonished townsmen of dusty little Kastamuni.

The country reëchoed to his words. Everywhere on this provincial tour the Ghazi Pasha, now wearing a panama, now a homburg, and displaying on his well-knit figure the latest examples of the art of Savile Row, braving the fanatic's dagger and delivering his message even at the street corners, carried on his propaganda, so that clothes became the one subject of conversation for a people only recently emerged from a life-and-death struggle. The newspapers wrote of nothing else, and grave men discussed the fashions with feminine intensity. Almost every educated Turk became a Fortunatus, who by donning a bowler or a boater desired to annihilate time and leap over the centuries that Europe had gained in the race.

Once again Mustapha Kemal, confident in his idealism, seemed to have carried the day. On his return to Angora he was greeted by crowds in hats of every shape, size, and color, and when the ministerial fiat went forth that all civil servants should henceforth discard the fez, it looked as if his moral influence would be enough to make the rest of the population achieve a similar capital emancipation. With the fez also went the salaam, that salutation of Oriental servility by which an inferior makes the gesture of picking up dust and placing it upon his heart, lips, and forehead. In future the superior was to be greeted — so ran the order — by a slight inclination of the head, or out of doors by the raising of the hat two finger-breadths from the cranium. And when the chief religious functionary laid it down that the uncovering of the head was a universal mark of re-

spect, a sign of civilized mentality, which should not be denied to Allah, it looked as if Mustapha Kemal had killed the most sensitive nerve in the monster of inertia against which he was battling.

II

But the fez proved to be something more than a 'petrified idol.' Example was not enough to overthrow it. On the contrary, when a deputy introduced a bill to make the coiffure of civilization obligatory, General Nour-ed-Din Pasha, commander of the army corps which was the first to enter Smyrna, declared that such an enactment was a violation of the articles in the Republican Constitution referring to the rights of personal liberty. The objection of this sincere and pious Moslem roused the revolutionary temper of the House. How could the Constitution, asked one, itself a product of civilization, be violated by adopting hats, which were the very symbol of civilized peoples? Who ever heard of a Parliament in any civilized country discussing the question of hats? asked another. And Nour-ed-Din Pasha found only one other member to support him in his opposition to a bill so thoroughly Asiatic in its contempt for individual freedom.

It was not, however, to be enforced without the first exhibition of the ruthlessness of Turk against Turk that the Republican Government has borrowed from the old régime. At Erzerum and Sivas, those cradles of the Nationalist movement, demonstrations took place in favor of the fez; walls were placarded in the night with incitements to disobedience; the mosques buzzed with excitement, and all the familiar machinery of opposition in an Eastern country which does not enjoy the clemency of British rule was brought into play. Public opinion had been brought near the revolution point; in some cases it actually boiled over.

But traditional conservatism, however angry, was no match for the cool determination of the Ghazi Pasha and the machine he controlled. All the odds — the troops, the warships, the intelligentsia, the timeservers, and the 'desperadoes' who surrounded the President Pasha — were on the side of the hat, and the hat won easily. The Tribunals of Independence passed the harsh and hasty judgments which are often the kindest in the end. Anyone wore a fez at the peril of his life. Ten years' hard labor was not an uncommon sentence for those who continued to cover their heads as their fathers had done and as the Prophet had ordered. Even the plea that the accused had tried to buy a hat only to find the local hatter sold out was no defense, and unless the Ghazi Pasha has exercised his right of pardon — an improbable contingency — many educated Turks still linger in Turkish jails for having feared to catch cold or to lose their dignity by going bareheaded.

It need hardly be said that Mustapha Kemal had no intention of confining his charter of clothes to the male citizens of the Republic. The very cornerstone of his reforms was the complete emancipation of women from their immemorial bondage, of which the veil stood as the symbol. So long as no man, except husband or near relation, could look on a Turkish woman's face without shame or sin, it was hopeless ever to pretend that Turkey belonged to the enlightened and scientific twentieth century. True, it would be doing Turkish ladies an injustice to suppose that they had never the wit to slip through the bonds which masculine tyranny placed upon them. Readers of Pierre Loti's romances know how the beauties of Stamboul found opportunities of showing themselves daugh-

ters of Eve, and it required no Gallic standard of gallantry to notice in the Stamboul of an earlier generation that the gentle-born lady managed to triumph over the 'glaring impotence of dress,' and despite the veil and cloak to prove that she was fair, and even, it may be, to establish those parallels along which run the well-worn paths of amorous intrigue.

In a word, the Turkish woman of the upper and middle classes chafed at the shackles which unjustly bound her, and to show her resentment often wantonly broke through them. She had already gone a long way to achieving her freedom. Even Abdul Hamid, for all his jealousy of power, which turned his rule into a sombre tyranny obnoxious to every generous impulse, had ideas about the education of women and recognized the evils that lurked in the system of the harem. Emancipation was in the air, and after the Revolution of 1908 a movement began to discard the veil, which gained impetus under the economic strain of the war, when in Turkey, as in other belligerent countries, women had to do the work hitherto performed by men.

Mustapha Kemal, directly he had saved the country from its foreign foes, left no doubt of his ideas or intentions. His courtship of Latifé Hanem broke through the old traditions, and they were married, too, as any European couple might be, the bride not only taking part in the ceremony, but appearing unveiled. She continued to show her Western ways and, as the Ghazi Pasha's wife, accompanied her husband everywhere dressed in the latest modes from the Rue de la Paix. But while the emancipated Madame Mustapha Kemal Pasha had been to school in England, and Paris had put its cachet upon her, the majority of her sisters were not so fortunate, and these feared to make evident their lack of chic, their inexperience of the polite world, by going freely into mixed society. It became evident that Mustapha Kemal, as usual, would have to put his shoulder to the wheel and help it out of one more rut.

In that same September, therefore, when he wore the panama hat in Kastamuni, he gave a dance to the Moslem *beau monde* of Smyrna, an occasion that is a landmark in the social history of Turkey, for to the old-fashioned Oriental nothing was more immoral in the behavior of Europeans than their lascivious manners in the ballroom. Thanks to the brief schooling he had received in the salons of Sofia, the President of the Republic was able to lead off the ball with the daughter of the Governor and to acquit himself without discredit in the fox-trot that gave the final blow to the proprietary notions which inspire the Oriental seclusion of women, and showed that henceforth the sexes were to enjoy a social, as well as a terpsichorean, equality. But their new-found freedom momentarily embarrassed them, and Mustapha Kemal, acting as master of ceremonies with the same energy that he showed on the battlefield or in the Assembly, had to order the young officers who stood sheepishly round the doorways to advance boldly on the fair unpartnered belles. These, being soldiers, obeyed, and his loudly expressed opinion that no Turkish lady would refuse to dance with those who wore the national uniform conquered the comprehensible shyness of the ladies.

Owing to the impetus given by the President, whose balls at Angora became a regular feature of social life, the inhibitions of the professional and official classes were overcome, and 'dancings,' thanks to the gramophone, which played an important part in this revolution in all the larger cities, enjoyed such a vogue that young men

with social talents found lucrative openings as dancing masters.

Women also were able to draw material profit from the fashion, as the advertisement in the local paper of Eski Shehr proved. The dance club in that town languished for lack of lady members, so that remuneration was offered to Turkish girls who could dance, the other qualifications being that they should be strong in body, have no physical defect, be able to play some musical instrument, and to talk clearly without stuttering.

A good many there were who stuttered, if only metaphorically. Not that Mustapha Kemal supposed the battle of women's freedom could be won to the rhythms of syncopated music, or that Turkish women would at once become accomplished conversationalists. The habits and prejudices of centuries offered a mass of inertia not easily to be moved. Old Turkey still dreamt its dreams in many a quiet country town; hundreds of thousands of Turkish citizens still thought it impious to depict the human or animal form, and to the last degree sinful that the passions should be subjected to the temptations of the ballroom, which sometimes inflame even the cold natures of Northern peoples. The dead hand of the most puritanical religion that has ever held mankind in subjection still lay over the mouldering little cities, which had sunk deeper into decay now that the Armenians and the Greeks leavened them with their energies no more.

To try to stir these foes of reaction into life, and to awaken their women to the opportunities of their freedom, Mustapha Kemal, enlisting the services of the efficient Turk-Ojac, sent round companies of strolling players to propagate the new ideals. Some of the conservative ladies, discovering that a preliminary to this awakening was their sitting side by side with men, often left the theatre in disgust before the curtain rose. Others endured the unwonted proximity of the male stranger only to be driven away by the depraved gestures and licentious acting of their sisters upon the stage, who were holding up the mirror to a world in which women played their parts as doctors, lawyers, and even typists.

A shocking business, they decided, as they put on their now-forbidden veils and wrapped their cloaks around them. If in the wake of the players came a visit from a Tribunal of Independence, the rumor of its approach might cause the veils again to disappear and the baggy Turkish trousers of the 100 per cent male to vanish until these dreaded gentry left the neighborhood. Things could then return to their comfortable ways. The foreign skeptics pointed out that the Western current, which ran strong in the centre and on the surface of the stream, lost its force in these deeper waters, which remained stagnant as before. But not quite, perhaps, as before, for the old spirit of fatalism had been inoculated with doubt, and the President of the Republic looked to the next generation, which had not been exhausted by ten years of war, to harvest the reforms that he was giving to his people.

He looked to the younger generation that would be more ready to imbibe Western ideas and Turkish nationalism. And he consistently favored the Turk-Ojac, a cultural organization going back to the days of the first Revolution of 1908 and now grown to be of nation-wide extent. With its imposing headquarters in Angora, the Turk-Ojac has become a sort of universal aunt to the Republic, using every device of the missionary technique — the school, the dispensary, the spoken and printed word, the talkie and the movie — to convert the youth of the country to the new ways.

III

If the Ghazi Pasha nursed no illusions about the difficulties of his task, he did not allow discouragement to weaken his driving power. He had created a new social atmosphere among the directing classes. The next step was to establish a new social fabric upon the solid basis of law. For some time the question had occupied him and his government. At the Lausanne Conference, Ismet Pasha admitted that abolition of the Capitulations must be followed by a complete modernization of Turkish law, and in 1924 the old theocratic conceptions by which law was a question of religion, not of nationality, had been swept away with the Caliphate. This cleared the ground for the European Codes that were to form the legal framework of the Republic.

The murmurs at the immense innovation which a Western civil code — the Swiss was that chosen as a model — would introduce into Turkish administration caused him to explain once more that the sovereignty of the people brooked no opposition. 'The brigands of the press' could not be tolerated, and if intellectuals profited by their liberty to interfere with the peaceful development of the country, summary treatment would be theirs. In particular he trounced the lawyers who, with their pretended knowledge, had opposed his constitution which consecrated the sovereignty of the people — the lawyers educated in Europe, pretending to be enlightened liberals, who had long after the proclamation of the Republic continued to be partisans of the Caliphate. Against such obscurantism he would have no mercy. And he proceeded to lay down once more — for it could not be repeated too often — the general principles guiding the secular and republican state.

'The new Turkish régime,' he said, 'rejects in their entirety the old superannuated methods of government. The common bond which unites the national elements and ensures their permanence has abandoned its religious character and taken a national form. We now admit science and civilization as a principle of life and strength in the domain of international struggles. The country now, as the result of the modifications which have been made in its structure and thought, regards a laic mentality as the single factor of existence.'

Needless to say, the opposition crumbled before this vigor, and the Assembly, in the course of a single sitting and without even a division, adopted the Swiss Civil Code, modified in certain minor details, as the law of the land. Thus polygamy, which continues to exist in Iraq and Egypt, passed out of Turkey, and the privileges of personal status that the Sheriat conferred on Moslems as belonging to the dominant religion, still enjoyed in other Islamic countries, were lost in the equality which all Turkish citizens now enjoy before the law. This example of an Islamic nation adopting a European Code in the place of the traditional law that reposes upon the sanctity of the Koran and on the commentaries of the doctors of the faith marks a step toward the Westernization of Asia which is bound to have the greatest possible influence on other Moslem countries. It has been described as a deathblow to Islam. It is something more, for it strikes at the theocratic conceptions of government common to all Asia outside China; it strikes at those ideas of morality that spring from the supposedly superior status and sanctity of the male, ideas coloring both Islam and Buddhism, from which have derived the customs of child marriage in India, of 'marriages for a night' among the Shiahs of Persia,

ideas and notions that throughout Asia give to the husband marital rights and privileges denied to the wife.

Law is the reflection of a people's mentality, and it would be idle to pretend that the machinery of justice works in Turkey with Swiss precision. But at least the machine is there, and Mustapha Kemal has taken the best means to provide for its future efficient functioning by the establishment of a Law School at Angora, where the intellectual atmosphere is completely European, and where neither Koranic nor Marxian influences are allowed to sway the mind, or divert attention from the secular ideal that guides Turkey in its gallant struggle to wipe out the past.

Certainly human obstacles he found irksome, and when a clumsy plot to dynamite him came to light in Smyrna, he allowed the police, which the Republic had taken over *en bloc* from the old régime, as much rope as it wanted. As a result, some eleven persons, including half a dozen deputies, were brought to the gallows, several hundreds were tried, many sent to prison, and the 'Three Pashas,' at first suspected of being implicated, — though the cases against them broke down, — were driven out of public life. The gibbeted corpses of the politicians that swung in the public square at Angora might well discourage others from taking a hand in the dangerous game of party politics — a lesson driven home by the ball the Ghazi gave at Tchan Kaya at the moment this exemplary fate was being meted out to possible rivals. Did this show the callousness of a spoilt child? Or was it such a gesture as the men of the *cinquecento* would have understood, hard and cruel maybe, but indicative of the youthfulness that is impatient of any thing or any person standing between it and its desires? However that may be, Mustapha Kemal, after striking hard, took the opportunity to discourage future careerists by making illegal the existence of any political organization except that of which he was the leader, thus turning the People's Party into merely another aspect of the Assembly.

Indubitably he was thorough. He cut deep. But, if we liken him to a surgeon, he had a surgeon's faith in the skill of the nurse to bring the patient back to health. He trusted implicitly in Europa, now grown to be the tutelar genius of the Republic. Or rather, should one say, he wooed this ideal personage with a frantic devotion he had given to no woman of human clay. He found her adorable in all her aspects — even in the second-rate Viennese music that came to the cafés of Pera. 'Oriental music,' ran a presidential *obiter dictum*, 'no longer satisfies the Turkish soul.' For waltzes and for jazz the Turks must throw aside their own native art to which Mozart and Beethoven had paid their homage.

All the Muses were to be welcomed. When some reactionary pedagogues in Stamboul punished their pupils for having taken snapshots, — a clear infraction of the Prophet's orders, — Kemal spoke out. 'We will no longer tolerate,' he said, 'a religion that neglects the fine arts.'

Thus, without any eulogy of the Sultan who had been the patron of Gentile Bellini, or of the great builders who had raised the domes and minarets of old Stamboul, he implicitly embraced the whole of the national æsthetic traditions in his condemnation of Islam. He followed up his words by allowing statues of the Savior of Turkey to be set up in Constantinople and elsewhere. The entire inheritance of commercialized European art was to be theirs, and the foundations of the Turkish Bohemia were laid when mixed classes studied the female nude.

IV

Most important of all was the question of language. To make Turkish into a suitable vehicle for modern thought, to purge it of its Arabic and Persian accretions, to divorce it from the elaborately beautiful but very inconvenient and unsuitable script which the Turks had taken from the Arabs with the Koran — there was a task indeed. The new Turkish should be the universal tongue over the whole geographical area of the Republic. No more should Greek, or Armenian (which few Englishmen have ever encountered outside the pages of George Borrow), or French be spoken in the land. The old modesty that allowed Arabic to have a monopoly in the mosque and Greek to compete with Italian in the market place belonged to the past. God and the foreigners would both have to learn Turkish, which should be the only language within the borders of the Turkish Republic. And those who thought otherwise might expect trouble. Trouble, in consequence, came in full measure to the European and American schools, which had long been attempting to diffuse in Turkey the light of Western learning. If the President saw the humor of the paradox, he did not show it, and he allowed no derogations from his policy. He meant to woo Dame Europa himself and to use no marriage broker in the shape of missionaries to assist him in winning the lady.

On the question of Latin versus Arabic characters, Mustapha Kemal was undeniably right, though the magnitude of the change, the advantages of which had been recognized by his wicked but intelligent old predecessor, Sultan Abdul Hamid, might well have caused him to regard it as beyond the range of practical politics, even in submissive and power-ridden Turkey. For such a reform, besides putting out of action every printing machine and every printer's case in the country, would temporarily reduce everyone to a common illiteracy. Yet somehow or other it all happened quite naturally. The Ghazi waited until a congress of Turkish philologists at Baku recommended an adaptation of Latin characters for the common language spoken by Turks throughout Asia; then, after quietly proceeding to learn to use the new script himself, he was ready to impose it upon his thirteen million fellow citizens.

Phonetically the guttural sonority of Arabic, loving consonants as it despises vowels, is ill-suited to Turkish, which exploits the hard palate. Not that such academic considerations were predominant in Mustapha Kemal's mind. Cultural, rather than phonetic, advantages were what he sought in the change. He knew that, so long as Turkish was written from right to left, it could never properly diffuse the ideals of European civilization. The picturesque involutions and intricacies of Arabic script afforded a psychological background to the Oriental mentality which stood as the real enemy of the Republic; its mere difficulty acted as a barrier against the universal diffusion of reading and writing. In nothing has Turkey given a more striking lead to the Moslem world, and it behooves Arab countries to consider very seriously whether, if they wish to play a part in the Asia of the future, the Asia that hopes to free itself from European tutelage at the cost of adopting its social and political philosophy, they should not follow suit and make the change first recommended to the Egyptians in the last century by an English scholar.

The Ghazi Pasha began by writing notes to his friends in Latin script. Then 'Turk Postolari' appeared on the

postage stamps. The paper money next bore inscriptions in Latin characters, and these were also introduced in the scientific courses at the higher government colleges. At length, in August 1928, while official Turkey enjoyed its holidays by the Bosphorus, he made a speech foreshadowing the early adoption of the new characters. All through that summer he gave up the leisure of his vacation to imparting the facility he had already acquired. The President held classes in his palace of Dolma Bagtche, at which he instructed ministers, generals, and men of letters, — unready pupils these, — who followed his demonstrations on the blackboard and wrestled with downstrokes, upstrokes, and pothooks. The only road to the presidential favor lay through the Latin characters. High officials calling on business of State were not heard until they had undergone an examination in reading and writing. Even his dancing partners were expected to make themselves proficient, and at least one official ball was interrupted while the President, calling for his chalk and blackboard, instructed both the fair and the brave in the new learning. His example proved infectious, and all Constantinople turned itself into a school, hoping, perhaps, in this way to be able to creep back into the favor of the autocrat and overcome his strange partiality for Angora.

V

'More brain, O Lord, more brain' — this continues to be the Meredithian prayer of the President on behalf of his people, as he traces for them the path that their footsteps should tread. He wants them to know — to know where they are, how they have got there, and where they are going to. He is the perfect anthropogogue, the man who leads his fellows by the hand. They for their part trust him with the wondering fidelity of children. They can lean on him, adore the power that is his, and patiently follow this demonic force which destiny, for Allah is now gone out of business, has imposed upon them. They can follow as best they may, or, what is better, they can sit and listen to him talking about Westernization with a sublime patience that only Orientals possess.

That patience was triumphantly proved when Mustapha Kemal recounted the history of the Nationalist movement to the newly elected deputies of the People's Party. The general elections of the summer of 1927 had resulted in the complete triumph of the Party, of which he is the leader, — an electoral victory rendered no doubt more complete since it was the only party allowed by the law, — and before the new Assembly came together he called a Congress of the Party, at which the deputies should realize their responsibilities as the spokesmen for the next triennium of the Sovereign Voice. There he made the longest speech in his career, probably the longest in the history of the world, for it lasted thirty-six hours and thirty-three minutes. During the whole of a workday week he spoke for six hours a day, reading for the most part from the manuscript at which he and his friends, Ismet, Fethi, and others, had been working the night before till the early hours, but now and then breaking off to tell some humorously derogatory story about Rauf, who stood out as the archvillain, or about that flighty cosmopolitan Refet, and the other two Pashas, ambitious Ali Fuad and Kiazim Kara Bekir, who played the violin badly and sulked when he could n't lead the band. The follies and vanities of his opponents, however, were only an incidental indictment in what was essentially an apologia and a sober state-

ment of facts. 'On 19*th* May 1919 I landed at Samsun' were its opening words, and it proceeded generally on this matter-of-fact plane, worthy of the Ottoman Julius Cæsar.

The six days' story — which suggested a Biblical parallel to foreign wits — was carefully staged, and the scene in the new Assembly building mirrored the Occidental metamorphosis that the new Turkey had undergone, the *Drang nach Westen*, which now drew everything in its train. In the place of the turbaned hodjas, the fezzes, the kalpaks, the bright colors, and the flowing robes which the deputies of the first Assembly had displayed on their persons, were five hundred bareheaded citizens in the sober livery of the modern man, a costume which sat in ill-fitting discomfort on the majority, for the rank and file could not hope to rival the elegance of the Ghazi Pasha, upon whose spruce figure there smiled from the second presidential box three of the President's 'wards' — some of his adopted war orphans now grown to comely womanhood. In the President's own box sat Fethi Bey, come specially from Paris for the occasion, and Fevzi Pasha, the dark horse of the Republic, who rarely shows himself in public, for he is considered the brains of the army and Mustapha Kemal's most likely successor — a dangerous distinction. And in the President's chair sat Ismet Pasha — content to serve a greater, but not a cleverer, man than himself.

As day by day Mustapha Kemal recounted the history of the previous eight years, illustrating every phase by documents and anecdotes, the deputies and the other two hundred notables of the Party, who had also been brought to the Congress in order to carry back the President's words to the four quarters of the country, could realize the extent of the dangers through which he had steered it. Clearly enough his resolution had again and again saved the situation, his judgment had decided when the time was ripe for each move in the campaign and each step in the development of the Republic. The wisest Turk that ever was!

Thus, day by day, the Republican epic grew in dimensions and splendor as the hero fought his battles and repeated his speeches over again, not indeed for vainglory, but so that the representatives of the people should know and, knowing, understand. And by the fifth evening it had reached its *dénouement* with the second battle of Sakaria, the recapture of Smyrna, and the Conference of Lausanne, things to stir a patriot's blood, the blood that he made to pulse through their veins by the axiomatic summary of the Republic's foreign policy — that the new Turkey 'could afford to think only of its own existence and well-being, and was unable to sacrifice anything to anyone.'

'The characteristic of the Turk is a definite need to lean on those above him.' How could this be better satisfied than by leaning on so strong and prescient a leader? His resource, his courage, his eloquence, were inexhaustible; only his larynx showed that he was human. On the sixth day, when he came to recount the reforms which the Republic had introduced, how the fez and turban, those symbols of ignorance and fanaticism, had been swept away, how women had been freed and polygamy abolished, how they all now lived under the equality of a scientific civil code, his voice failed him, and he could hardly be heard. But there was one thing still unsaid. Though the older generation had acquitted itself nobly, it was now tired. And the Republic was yet encompassed by enemies. All kinds of forces, political, moral, economic, were concentrated on its destruction. The future could only be

assured if the youth of Turkey were worthy of its inheritance. Pulling himself together, therefore, he addressed its young men and women, its children and the unborn citizens of the Republic, in a peroration which left him and his hearers in tears.

Like most perorations it reads baldly when divorced from the atmosphere in which it was delivered. We may believe that the sublimity of patriotism lighted up its rhetoric and the passionate fervor which has been the impulse of an extraordinary career glowed through its conventional phrases. But it was not then that Mustapha Kemal struck off the Shakespearean phrase: 'Our people cannot die: were that to happen, the world itself could not support the bier.'

THE PARTY FLAG COMES DOWN

BY WILLIAM PRESTON BEAZELL

I

In the not-so-long-ago nineties a truculent weekly newspaper upheld the cause of Democracy in a Central Ohio county. 'Right or wrong, the party!' was its battle cry, and no one could remember a time when the party had been wrong.

Two or three times a year the pibroch was not sounded — a Democratic editor in an overwhelmingly Republican community is entitled to some surcease. These lapses made small difference in the office until the time came to make up the editorial page. Then it was necessary for the foreman of the composing room to make his rounds of the village saloons until he found his editor and could rouse him from his alcoholic gloom long enough to make him understand that all there was in hand for the place of honor beneath the masthead was a piece of reprint on 'The Influence of Stewed Tomatoes on the Young.' The routine of what ensued never varied: the glassy editorial eye would be fixed on the foreman, the unsteady editorial hand would fumble for pencil and paper and then would scrawl: —

'The news first; let the people form their own opinions.'

Whereupon the *Palladium* would go to press with this declaration making its pica appeal for attention, all the countryside would know exactly what had happened, all the Democrats would wrap their fealty more closely about them, and all the Republicans would continue steadfast in their faith.

For reasons very different from this, of course, a steadily increasing number of newspapers in the United States to-day are running down their party flags. What is very much more significant, they are keeping them down. Since the war the increase has been not only steady but swift. There is every reason to expect that the process will continue, and that the pace will be accelerated. It is not of record that any newspaper has found the change other than to its advantage. Curiously, party leaders rarely have demurred; on the contrary, they frequently have

urged defection from this oldest of journalistic practices. How strange a day it will be when this, of all nations, finds the partisan newspaper the exception and no longer the rule!

That day is coming, though. Fewer than one in four of the daily newspapers of the United States classify themselves as Republican, and fewer than one in five call themselves Democratic. Independent Republican papers make up only 11 per cent more, and Independent Democratic only 7 per cent more. Forty-one per cent are Independent — 778 of them, distributed among all the states but Delaware. They hold 52 per cent of the country's total circulation of 39,425,615, and the figures indicate that they are growing more rapidly in circulation than in numbers even. In fourteen of the states Independent newspapers outnumber all the others by more than two to one, and in five they outnumber the others three to one.

Politics has had little to do with this change. Newspapers are more interested in politics to-day than at any other time in their history, perhaps, but politics is becoming consistently more a matter of news than of opinion. It would be pleasant to say that the change has been a consequence of a finer vision on the part of the newspapers, but truth stands in the way of that. Quite as it was in the case of the *Palladium*, necessity has brought it about. That the necessity then was alcoholic and that now it is economic is the only real difference.

II

The factors in this present necessity are many and diverse. A consideration of their more important aspects appeared in the July 1930 *Atlantic* under the title, 'To-morrow's Newspaper': the steady decrease in the number of daily newspapers — for the past five years it has been at the rate of one every nineteen days; the even greater decrease in the number of owners — 450 papers, nearly 25 per cent of the whole number, are held by 150 ownerships; the steady growth of chains — every sixth paper in the United States is so owned; public participation in ownership — in the past three years forty-eight newspapers in thirty-six cities have issued, and sold, $130,000,000 of stocks and bonds, to which the Hearst Publications have recently added an offering of $40,000,000, par value, of 7 per cent preferred stock.

Economic compulsion has been behind these quite literally revolutionary changes. Circulation has reached the point of saturation, and advertising, already bearing two thirds the cost of production, has become more vital than ever as a source of income. Manufacturing costs have mounted until a variation of 15 per cent in the volume of advertising means the difference between profit and loss for most of the newspapers of the country. Faced by the discomfort, if not the peril, of such conditions, newspapers began to take stock of themselves. Realization came, to advertisers as well as to publishers, that competition could be both expensive and destructive — hence the spread of mergers. Realization came that important economies were to be found in centralized control — hence the chain and other forms of common ownership. Realization came that major successes were the more likely to be won by major organizations — hence the bringing in of outside capital.

It is not to be supposed from this that American newspapers are not financially successful as a whole. Their income is substantially more than a billion dollars a year, and their net earnings probably are nearer $150,000,000 than $100,000,000 a year. The

new factor in their problem is that the ratio between gross and net earnings has become so much more narrow and more fixed. It is no longer merely desirable that a newspaper should make money; it *must* make money. In obedience to this necessity emphasis is being steadily shifted from every other function than the merchandising of news, with extensive side lines of entertainment, especially in the evening papers.

Nothing has gone more completely by the board than political partisanship in the old sense. It was in this tradition of partisanship that the American newspaper was born and nurtured. Its influence was transcendent for one hundred and twenty-five years. Under it the press attained its greatest achievements, and under it the press went to its greatest excesses. In the shadowed reaches of 'practical' politics it was put to a myriad uses, and not always in the innocence of the newspaper. An otherwise illustrious President of the United States turned it to his own ends by systematic, surreptitious subsidy over a long period. Only within the last twenty years has it ceased to be an almost inviolate rule that politics, partisan in the straitest sense of the word, shall be the first concern of the newspaper.

Not much freedom of choice was left the newspaper when it came to departing from the venerable tradition. Running a newspaper in the old partisan way was possible only when it could be done at a profit, unless subsidy, direct or indirect, made good the deficit. Subsidy, it may be said here, was never the factor it has been supposed to be. It was rarely permanent or even long continued; more and more, as the years passed, it came to be a measure of some especial emergency, and even at its sturdiest it was a frail bulwark. When rising costs of production, then, began their inroads upon profits, mortality was inevitable. The first to go were the newspapers whose chief purposes were political, because these were the weakest, having little to stay them but their partisanship and the support that came to them by reason of it. In many instances this weakness was, somewhat paradoxically, strength enough to hold papers in the limbo of merger, where at least their names might be saved from obliteration. A few were deemed worthy of continuance, but under new and stronger ownerships. The great majority, however, passed definitely by suspension or absorption. The cataclysmic year was 1926, when there was a net loss of fifty-two, an average of one a week. A net loss of ten more came in 1927, and in 1929, although there was a net gain of five in the total number, twenty ceased publication.

A strange condition exists now. This is a nation of immense devotion to newspaper reading; the circulation of daily newspapers is one third as great as the country's population. Yet daily newspapers are published in only 1381 communities; that is, in fewer than one half the towns and cities of 2500 or more people. It is still more significant of the mortality of recent years that in only 400 of these 1381 communities is there more than one newspaper, that the other 981 have but one each. This is nearly three fourths of the communities having daily newspapers; it is nine more than an exact one half of the whole number of dailies.

It must always be difficult, if not impossible, for the one newspaper of a town to maintain a pronounced partisan position unless it reflects an overwhelming sentiment of the community. There is still no much surer way of making enemies than through

politics, and a newspaper, like any other merchant, must have friends among advertisers no less than among readers, even though it be without direct competition. There is no reproach in this. It does not mean that integrity or sincerity of purpose should be sacrificed to expediency; the duty of a newspaper to serve its whole clientele impartially and alike is primary and paramount. But even where sentiment falls little, if at all, short of being overwhelming, the rise of the independent newspaper has been notable.

There are, for example, thirteen states with neither Democratic nor Independent Democratic newspapers, and eight states with neither Republican nor Independent Republican newspapers. It may be assumed fairly that the Opposition's strength is negligible in these states and that so far as purely partisan opinion is concerned there would be few difficulties in the way of even violent party preference. These twenty-one states have more than one fourth of all the newspapers in the country, and considerably more than one fourth of the one-newspaper communities — 282 out of 981. Nearly one half of these communities have Independent newspapers — 129 out of the 282. If the Independent newspaper has so rooted itself in such soil as this, its spread, especially under other more favorable conditions, may be expected to be unbroken.

III

Repudiation of the ancient tradition, however, is far from complete. On national issues 59 per cent of all our papers (although they hold but 48 per cent of the circulation) are either Democratic or Republican, and on local as well as national issues 40 per cent still fly the party flag. Numerically they are aligned: Democratic, 326; Republican, 430; Independent Democratic, 139; Independent Republican, 216 — the joint Republican group numbering one third of all the papers in the country, and the joint Democratic one fourth. An Independent Democratic or an Independent Republican newspaper, it may be explained here, is one that is partisan in national affairs but may or may not be so in local affairs. In circulation the disparity is greater than in numbers, for the Republican–Independent Republican group, with 11,500,000, is something more than half again as great as the Democratic–Independent Democratic group, with 7,000,000. So far as party competition is concerned the gap is wider still, for 55 per cent of the Democratic papers and 54 per cent of their circulation are in the 'Solid South,' with 52 per cent of the Independent Democratic newspapers and 29 per cent of their circulation in the same area. In all these ten states there are no Republican papers, and but two Independent Republican.

There is support in this for the feeling, which became so strong during the Presidential campaign of 1928, that the Democratic cause lacks newspaper support comparable with that which is given the Republican. So far as distribution is concerned this is unquestionably true, for, outside the South, Democratic papers are almost entirely in the larger cities. Yet if the relation between party vote and party circulation be considered, it will be found that the Democrats are actually better off than the Republicans. In the last three Presidential elections Republican candidates have polled 57 per cent of the total vote, while Republican newspapers have 29 per cent of the circulation. Over the same period Democratic candidates have polled 38 per cent of the vote, while Democratic newspapers have only 18 per cent of

the circulation. The Democratic vote, in other words, has been 2.1 times the Democratic circulation; the Republican vote only 1.9 times its circulation.

Any study of the relation between newspaper alignment and the outcome of political elections, however, must leave grave doubts of the influence that newspapers wield. For a generation evidence has been accumulating that they are, at best, only coincident factors in success. Not all the readers of even a partisan newspaper are of its faith, and many of those who are do not always keep perfect step with it. The fond belief to the contrary was no monopoly of the newspapers themselves; candidates accepted it, bosses had no doubt of it. The time had been, of course, when it *was* true. No one can say just when it began not to be true, but probably the last national campaign in which newspaper influence was an unmistakable factor was that of 1896. Steadily, since then, the folly of dependence on newspaper support has been growing.

There was vivid illustration of this in the mayoralty election of 1917 in New York City. John F. Hylan then was supported only by William Randolph Hearst's *American* and *Evening Journal;* every other newspaper of general circulation in the city fought him to the last shot in their lockers. With a newspaper alignment of seven to one against him, Hylan got forty-seven out of every one hundred votes; John Purroy Mitchel, with a newspaper alignment of seven to one for him, got twenty-three, and barely escaped the humiliation of running third to the Socialist, Morris Hillquit. A more significant thing than this alone marked the election. In the Mitchel newspapers Hylan had his moiety of space and position. It may be added that Mitchel was accorded no such treatment in the Hylan newspapers. Never before was a campaign in any city so impartially or so adequately covered, and it is no figure of speech to say that Mitchel newspapers did more to give Hylan his great plurality, if not actually to elect him, than did his own. Nor has the practice changed; it has spread throughout the country until now it is quite a matter of course to give full and fair coverage to every major contender. Even Socialists share in this, and partiality runs only against Communists and Drys.

Passing over the years between, a second illustration may be found in 1928. Reference has been made to the eight states with neither Republican nor Independent Republican newspapers, and the thirteen with neither Democratic nor Independent Democratic newspapers. The eight states are Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, and South Carolina; the thirteen are Idaho, Kansas, Maine, Michigan, Minnesota, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, Washington, Wisconsin, and Wyoming. In the eight states with no Republican newspaper the vote for Hoover was 1,368,370, or 6.4 per cent of the total. In the thirteen states with no Democratic newspaper the vote for Smith was 2,202,235, or 14.7 per cent of the total, a result to be compared, incidentally, with a Republican vote in these states that was only 18 per cent of the total. These figures are of true significance. If it be said that unprecedented conditions prevailed in 1928 it must be remembered that what we are speaking of is the political influence of newspapers, and the conditions which did prevail exerted their least influence upon those agencies of argument and opinion. The very fact of these conditions, indeed, makes the showing the more convincing.

IV

Some curious conditions mark a number of communities where transition from the old partisanship is unmistakably under way but has not run its course. Notable among these are ninety-five towns and cities (in thirty-four of the states) where all the newspapers are under a single ownership. For the great part this common ownership has come about through the economic reasons already discussed, and the situation is not less significant than the great number of one-newspaper communities. It is fairly to be expected that from this group will emerge many more towns with but a single newspaper, and then will come a final test of absence of competition in opinion as well as in news and in advertising. For among these ninety-five are six cities of more than 100,000 population — Providence, Rhode Island; Des Moines, Iowa; Springfield and New Bedford, Massachusetts; Camden and Trenton, New Jersey. Eight have more than 75,000 — St. Joseph, Missouri; Manchester, New Hampshire; Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Huntington, West Virginia; Springfield, Ohio; Charleston, South Carolina; Beaumont, Texas; and Roanoke, Virginia. Fifteen have more than 50,000, and thirty-five have between 25,000 and 50,000. In so preponderantly an urban country as the United States has become these should prove admirable crucibles for such an experiment.

In the meantime these ninety-five owners are making such shift as they may in meeting the partisan pleasure of their clienteles. Thirty-six of their papers are Republican, and twenty-three Independent Republican. Fifty-two of them are Democratic and twenty-three Independent Democratic. (It is to be remarked that thirty-seven of these fifty-two and twenty-one of the twenty-three are in states of the Solid South.) Fifty-six of them are Independent, and it is significant of the transition that this is the largest of the five classifications.

In eighteen of these ownerships the necessity exists of carrying two party flags, however embarrassing it may be upon occasion. The same circumstance affects fifteen other ownerships in towns where no monopoly is held. So it comes about that within the same seigniory there are Democratic and Republican papers in Columbia City, Evansville, and Portland, Indiana; Hagerstown, Maryland; Great Falls, Montana; Findlay, Middletown, Sandusky, and Zanesville, Ohio; Dubois and Lancaster, Pennsylvania; Johnson City, Tennessee; and Beckley, Bluefield, Clarksburg, Fairmont, and Huntington, West Virginia. In San Bernardino, California; Rockford, Illinois; Lewiston, Maine; Springfield, Worcester, and New Bedford, Massachusetts; Rochester, New York; Williamsport, Pennsylvania; and Wheeling, West Virginia, will be found Republican and Independent papers under one ownership. In Albany, New York, will be found an Independent Republican and an Independent paper; in Springfield, Ohio, an Independent Democratic and a Republican paper; in Bristol, Virginia, and Charleston, West Virginia, Independent Democratic and Independent Republican papers; and in Dallas and San Antonio, Texas, Independent Democratic and Independent papers, under the same house flag if under no other.

Official advertising is a factor in not a few of these adventures in dual partisanship, and in many another instance where there is not even ostensible reason for partisanship. Official advertising embraces the wide range of public notices of city, county, and state, and immemorially it has

been the most toothsome dish on the newspaper menu, paying a high rate, requiring luxurious space, and involving a minimum of expense of composition. Immemorially, too, it has gone by political favor, and even of late years when many states regulate its distribution by statute, more often than not it is provided that it shall go to recognized organs of the dominant parties. Indiana, with such a provision, offers a striking example of the consequence. In Illinois, to the west, there are five Democratic newspapers — 5 per cent of the whole number. In Ohio, to the east, there are fifteen — 13 per cent. Indiana has twenty-five, 25 per cent, yet there is only negligible difference in the Democratic strength of the three states — in 1928 this vote was 42 per cent in Illinois, 35 per cent in Ohio, and 40 per cent in Indiana.

Despite these various lets, the trend away from party commitment among the newspapers of the United States is not to be questioned. There are many who lament it, fearful of a day when the Opposition, whatever label it bear, may find itself without a forum. Ernest Gruening, editor of the *Portland* (Maine) *Evening News*, defined this feeling well in a recent address at the University of Iowa.

'Amorphous newspapers resulting from the merger of others,' he said, 'which attempt a general policy of "fairness to all parties," do not meet the needs of the situation at all. Usually such papers are dominated wholly by the commercial motive and do not discuss vital political issues with intellectual honesty and vigor; they pussyfoot or ignore such matters altogether. The result is that the public gets little information on essential public matters through its press, and, not getting it from the press, gets it from nowhere else. The newspapers of an older day were undoubtedly much more biased, partisan, and unfair than the prevailing newspaper of to-day. But from the vigorous clash of diverse views emerged a more virile political-mindedness than we have to-day.'

This attitude on the part of many of our newspapers is undeniable. It has been fostered by a variety of other influences than the commercial motive alone, however, and it is an attitude that has to do with more than politics and public affairs. It affects news of every category in increasing measure.

Spontaneous news is the fashionable news nowadays, and fashion never before ruled the newspapers of this country as it does just now. Competition in the seeking and finding of news has all but passed. It is only here and there that evidences are to be found of the old curiosity as to what lies behind and beneath any given situation, as to where and how far its implications may run. The news that comes in, and as it comes in, suffices for the overwhelming majority, and, for a majority of that majority, more than suffices. Acquiescence in things as they are has become as standardized as form and matter; often acquiescence is complete indifference.

All these are habits common to the newspapers of the country as a whole. Their exemplification is most striking in political affairs, perhaps, but there is reason for deeper concern in the fact that they embrace all other affairs of social import. The degree of the newspapers' own responsibility for them is not easy to establish. External influences have been many, and all the more powerful because they have not affected newspapers alone. The really important thing is that a fundamental change is being wrought in what has been a vital agency of guidance throughout our history. The character of the newspaper's service in the future lies wholly within the realm of speculation.

RELIGION MEETS SCIENCE

BY JULIAN S. HUXLEY

I

RELIGION and Science — it is a difficult subject, not one that is easy to discuss fully and frankly without arousing angry emotions or bruising intimate and sacred feelings. Yet the task is one which ought to be attempted. Provided that a man treats of these things honestly and sincerely, with no desire to sneer at or provoke others, those who differ from him have indeed no right to be angry or feel hurt.

I have devoted most of my life to science. But I have always been deeply interested in religion, and believe that religious feeling is one of the most powerful and important of human attributes. So here I do not think of myself as a representative of science, but want to talk as a human being who believes that both the scientific spirit and the religious spirit are of the utmost value.

No one would deny that science has had a great effect on the religious outlook. If I were asked to sum up this effect as briefly as possible, I should say that it was twofold. In the first place, scientific discoveries have entirely altered our general picture of the universe and of man's position in it. And, secondly, the application of scientific method to the study of religion has given us a new science, the science of comparative religion, which has profoundly changed our general views on religion itself.

To my mind, this second development is in many ways the more important, and I shall begin by trying to explain why.

There was a time when religions were simply divided into two categories, the true and the false; one true religion, revealed by God, and a mass of false ones, inspired by the Devil. Milton has given expression to this idea in his beautiful hymn, 'On the Morning of Christ's Nativity.' Unfortunately this view was held by the adherents of a number of different religions — not only by Christians, but also by Jews, Mohammedans, and others; and with the growth of intelligent tolerance many people began to feel doubtful about the truth of such mutually contradictory statements. But in any case the rise of the science of comparative religion made any such belief virtually impossible. After a course of reading in that subject, you might still believe that your own religion was the best of all religions; but you would have a very queer intellectual construction if you still believed that it alone was good and true, while all others were merely false and bad.

I would say that the most important contribution which the comparative study of religions has made to general thought is this. We can no longer look on religions as fixed; there is a development in religion as there is in law, or science, or political institutions. Nor can we look on religions as really separate systems; different religions interconnect and contribute elements to one another. Christianity, for instance, owes much not only to Judaism,

but also to the so-called mystery religions of the Near East, and to Neo-Platonism.

From this point of view, all the religions of the world appear as different embodiments of the religious spirit of man, some primitive and crude, some advanced and elaborate, some degenerate and some progressive, some cruel and unenlightened, some noble and beautiful, but all forming part of the one general process of man's religious development.

But does there really exist a single religious spirit? Are there really any common elements to be found in Quakerism, say, and the fear-ridden fetishism of the Congo, or in the mysticism and renunciation of pure Buddhism and the ghastly cruelties of the religion of ancient Mexico? Here, too, comparative study helps us to an answer. The religious spirit is by no means always the same at different times and different levels of culture. But it always contains certain common elements. Somewhere at the root of every religion there lies a sense of sacredness; certain things, events, ideas, beings, are felt as mysterious and sacred. Somewhere, too, in every religion is a sense of dependence; man feels himself surrounded by forces and powers which he does not understand and cannot control, and he desires to put himself into harmony with them. And, finally, into every religion there enters a desire for explanation and comprehension; man knows himself surrounded by mysteries, yet he is always demanding that they shall make sense.

The existence of the sense of sacredness is the most basic of these common elements; it is the core of any feeling which can properly be called religious, and without it man would not have any religion at all. The desire to be in harmony with mysterious forces and powers on which man feels himself dependent is responsible for the expression of religious feeling in action, whether in the sphere of ritual or in that of morals. And the desire for comprehension is responsible for the explanations of the nature and government of the universe, and of the relations between it and human destiny, which in their developed forms we call theology.

This is all very well, some of my readers will have been saying to themselves, but there has been no mention of God and no mention of immortality; surely the worship of some God or gods, and the belief in some kind of future life, are essentials of religion? Here again, comparative religion corrects us. Those are undoubtedly very general elements of religion; but they are not universal, and, therefore, not essential to the nature of religion. In pure Buddhism there is no mention of God; and the Buddhist's chief preoccupation is to escape continued existence, not to achieve it. Many primitive religions think in terms of impersonal sacred forces permeating nature; personal gods controlling the world either do not exist for them, or, if they do, are thought of vaguely as creators or as remote final causes, and are not worshiped. And a certain number of primitive peoples either have no belief at all in life after death, or believe that it is enjoyed only by chiefs and a few other important persons.

II

The three elements I have spoken of seem to be the basic elements of all religions. But the ways in which they are worked out in actual practice are amazingly diverse. To bring order into the study of the hundreds of different religions known, we must have recourse

to the principle of development. But before embarking on this I must clear up one point.

I said that an emotion of sacredness was at the bottom of the religious spirit. So it is; but we must extend the ordinary meaning of the word 'sacred' a little if we are to cover the facts. For the emotion I am trying to pin down in words is a complex one which contains elements of wonder, a sense of the mysterious, a feeling of dependence or helplessness, and either fear or respect. And not only can these ingredients be blended with each other and with still further elements in very different proportions, so as to give in one case awe, in another case superstitious terror, in one case quiet reverence, in another ecstatic self-abandonment, but the resulting emotion can be felt about what is horrifying or even evil, as well as about what is noble or inspiring. Indeed, the majority of the gods and fetishes of various primitive tribes are regarded as evil, or at least malevolent; and yet this quality which I have called sacredness most definitely adheres to them. As Dr. Marett points out in one of his books, we really want two words — 'good-sacred' and 'bad-sacred.'

It will, perhaps, help to explain what I mean if I remind you that Coleridge in *Kubla Khan* uses the word 'holy' in this same equivocal way, of the 'deep romantic chasm' in Xanadu: —

> A savage place, as holy and enchanted
> As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
> By woman wailing for her demon-lover.

In most primitive religions the two feelings are intimately blended and equally balanced; it is only later that the idea of the 'good-sacred' gets the upper hand and the 'bad-sacred' dwindles into a subordinate position, as applied to witchcraft, for instance, or to a Devil who is inferior to God in power as well as goodness.

Do not be impatient at my spending some time over these barbaric roots of religion. They may not at first sight seem to have anything to do with our modern perplexities, but they are as a matter of fact of real importance, partly because they are fundamental to our idea of what religion is, partly because they represent the base line, so to speak, from which we must measure religious development. And, I repeat, the idea of development in religion is perhaps the most important contribution of science to our problem.

It is not possible for me to go fully into this huge subject of religious development. But I can, perhaps, manage to remind you of some of its major stages.

In the least developed religions, then, it is universally agreed that magic is dominant. And by magic is meant the idea that mysterious properties and powers inhere in things or events, and that these powers can be in some measure controlled by appropriate formulas or ritual acts. It is also universally agreed that the ideas behind magic are not true. Primitive man has projected his own ideas and feelings into the world about him. He thinks that what we should call lifeless and mindless objects are animated by some sort of spirit; and because they have aroused an emotion of fear or mystery in him, he thinks that they are themselves the seat of a mysterious and terrifying power of a spiritual nature. He has also used false methods in his attempts at achieving control; an obvious example is the use of 'sympathetic magic,' as when hunting savages kill game in effigy, believing that this will help them to kill it in reality.

But, though the ideas underlying magic are demonstrably false, a good

many magic beliefs still linger on, either still entwined with religion, or disentangled from it as mere isolated superstition, like superstitions about good and bad luck, charms and mascots. Anyone who really believes in the efficacy of such luck bringers is in that respect reasoning just as do the great majority of savages about most of the affairs of their life.

As I said before, in the magic stage, gods may play but a small part in religion. The next great step is for the belief in magic to grow less important, that in gods to become dominant. Instead of impersonal magic power inherent in objects, man thinks of personal Beings, controlling objects that are themselves inanimate.

When we study different religions at the beginning of this stage, we find an extraordinary diversity of gods being worshiped. Man has worshiped gods in the semblance of animals; gods that are represented as half human and half bestial; gods that are obviously deified heroes (in Imperial Rome even living emperors were accorded divine honors); gods that are the personification of natural objects or forces, like sun gods, river gods, or fertility gods; tribal gods that preside over the fortunes of the community; gods that personify human ideals, like gods of wisdom; gods that preside over human activities, like gods of love or gods of war.

From these chaotic origins, progress has been mainly in two directions — ethical and logical. Beginning often by assigning barbaric human qualities to deity, qualities such as jealousy, anger, cruelty, or even voluptuousness, men have gradually been brought to higher conceptions. Jehovah was thought of in very different terms after the time of the Hebrew prophets. His more spiritual and universal aspects came to be stressed, in place of the less spiritual and more tribal aspects which appealed to the earlier Jews. Many men in the great age of Greece revolted against the traditional Greek theology which made the gods lie and desire and cheat like men. A great many modern Christians have put away the traditional idea of Hell from their theology because they hold fast to a more merciful view of God. We may put the matter briefly by saying that, as man's ethical sense developed, he found it impossible to go on ascribing 'bad-sacred' elements to divine personality, and came to hold an ethically higher idea of God.

On the logical side, the natural trend has been toward unity and universality. The many incomplete and partial gods of polytheism give place to a complete and single God; warring tribal gods give place to the universal God of all the world.

What exactly this means, whether man, as his powers develop, is seeing new aspects of God which previously he could not grasp, whether he is investing with his own ideas something which is essentially unknowable, or whether, as some radical thinkers believe, the concept of God is a personification of impersonal powers and forces in nature, it is not possible to discuss here. What is assuredly true is that man's idea of God gradually alters, and becomes more exalted. Theology develops; and, with the change in theology, religious feeling and practice alter too.

At the moment a new difficulty is cropping up as a result of the progress of science. If nature really works according to universal automatic law, then God, regarded as a ruler or governor of the universe, is much more remote from us and the world's affairs than earlier ages imagined. Modern theology is meeting this by stressing the idea of divine immanence in the minds and ideals of men.

III

Here I must get back to the general idea of religious development. There is one rather curious fact about this. The intensity of religious feeling may be as great, the firmness of belief as strong, in the lowest religions as they are in the highest. The difference between a low and a high religion is due to the ethical, moral, and intellectual ideas which are interwoven with the religious spirit, which color it and alter the way it expresses itself in action.

The spiritual insight of the Hebrew prophets could not tolerate the idea that material sacrifices and burnt offerings were the best means of propitiating God, and they inaugurated a new and higher stage in Hebrew religion, epitomized in the words of the psalmist, 'The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.' Jesus could not tolerate the idea that forms and ritual observances were the road to salvation, and inaugurated not only a new religion but a new phase in world history by his insistence on purity of heart and self-sacrifice, epitomized in the words, 'The kingdom of God is within you.' Paul could not tolerate the idea that God would offer salvation to one nation only, and made of infant Christianity a world religion instead of merely an improved religion for the Jews.

Those are cases where the new insight was from the start applied directly to religion. But often the new ideas begin their career quite independently of religion, and only later come to influence it. Orthodox religion, for instance, was on the whole favorable to the institution of slavery. The abolition of slavery was due at least as much to new humanitarian and social ideas, often regarded at the time as heterodox or even subversive, as to religious sentiment. But, the change in public sentiment once effected, it had a marked effect on religious outlook. The same sort of thing could be said about our changed ideas on the use of torture, on the treatment of criminals and paupers and insane people, and many other subjects.

But it is in the intellectual sphere, during the last few centuries at least, that changes which in their origin were unrelated to religion have had the most considerable effect upon the religious outlook. Those who are interested will find a lucid and thought-provoking treatment of the whole subject in Mr. Langdon-Davies's new book, *Man and His Universe*. Here I must content myself with two brief examples. When Kepler showed that the planets moved in ellipses instead of circles, when Galileo discovered craters on the moon, spots on the sun, or showed that new fixed stars could appear, their discoveries were not indifferent to religion, as might have been supposed. On the contrary, they had as much influence on the religious outlook of the day as did the ideas of Darwin on the religious outlook of the Victorian age, or as the ideas of Freud and Pavlov are having on that of our own times. For to the Middle Ages a circle was a perfect form, an ellipse an imperfect one; and the planets ought to move in circles to justify the perfection of God.

So, too, mediæval religious thought was impregnated with the idea (which dates back to Aristotle) that change and imperfection were properties of the sublunary sphere — the earth alone. All the heavenly regions and bodies were supposed to be both perfect and changeless. So that the discoveries of imperfections, like the sun's spots or the moon's pockmarks, or of celestial changes like the birth of a new star,

meant an overhauling of all kinds of fundamental ideas in the theology of the time.

As a second example, take Newton. We are so used to the idea of gravity that we forget what a revolution in thought was caused by Newton's discoveries. Put simply, the change was this. Before Newton's time, men supposed that the planets and their satellites had to be perpetually guided and controlled in their courses by some extraneous power, and this power was almost universally supposed to be the hand of God. Then came Newton, and showed that no such guidance or controlling power was, as a matter of fact, needed; granted the universal property of gravitation, the planets could not help circling as they did. For theology, this meant that men could no longer think of God as continually controlling the details of the working of the heavenly bodies; as regards this aspect of the governance of the universe, God had to be thought of at one remove farther away, as the designer and creator of a machine which, once designed and created, needed no further control.

And this new conception did, as a matter of historical fact, exert a great influence on religious thought, which culminated in Paley and the Bridgewater School, early in the last century.

IV

It is considerations like these which lead us on to what is usually called the conflict between science and religion. If what I have been saying has any truth in it, however, it is not a conflict between science and religion at all, but between science and theology. The reason it is often looked on as a conflict of science with religion is that the system of ideas and explanations and reasonings which crystallizes out as a theology tends to become tinged with the feeling of sacredness which is at the heart of religion. It thus gets looked on as itself sacred, not to be interfered with, and does, in point of fact, become an integral part of the particular religion at its particular stage of development. So we may, if we like, say that science can be in conflict with particular stages of particular religions, though it cannot possibly be in conflict with religion in general.

Now the man of science, if he is worth his salt, has a definitely religious feeling about truth. In other words, truth is sacred to him, and he refuses to believe that any religious system is right, or can satisfy man in his capacity of truth seeker, if it denies or even pays no attention to the new truths which generations of patient scientific workers painfully and laboriously wrest from nature. You may call this a provocative attitude if you like; but on this single point the scientist refuses to give way, for to do so would be for him to deny himself and the faith that is in him — the faith in the value of discovering more of the truth about the universe.

He knows quite well that what he has so far discovered is the merest fraction of what there is to know, that many of his explanations will be superseded by the progress of knowledge in the future. But he also knows that the accumulated effect of scientific work has been to produce a steady increase in the sum total of knowledge, a steady increase in the accuracy of the scientific explanation of what is known. In other words, scientific discovery is never complete, but always progressive; it is always giving us a closer approximation to truth.

Thus, knowing as he does that both science and religion have grown and developed, and believing that they

should continue to do so, he does not feel he is being subversive, but only progressive, in what he asks. And what he asks is that religion, on its theological side, shall continue to take account of the changes and expansions of the picture of the universe which science is drawing.

I say *shall continue*, for it has done so in the past, although often grudgingly enough. It gave up the idea of a flat earth; it gave up the ideas that the earth was the centre of the universe and that the planets moved in perfect circles; it gave up the idea of a material heaven above a dome-like sky, and accepted the idea of an enormous space peopled with huge numbers of suns, and indeed with other groups of suns each comparable to what we for long thought was the whole universe; it accepted Newton's discovery that the heavenly bodies need no guidance in their courses, and the discoveries of the nineteenth-century physicists and chemists about the nature of matter; it has abandoned the idea that the world is only a few thousand years old, and has accepted the time scale discovered by geology. And it finds itself no worse off for having shed these worn-out intellectual garments.

But there are still many discoveries of science which it has not yet woven into its theological scheme. Only certain of the churches have accepted evolution, though this was without doubt the most important single new idea of the nineteenth century. Religion has not yet assimilated recent advances in scientific knowledge of the brain and nervous system, of heredity, of psychology, or of sex and the physiology of sex. And in a great many cases, while accepting scientific discoveries, it has only gone halfway in recasting its theology to meet the new situation.

But, whatever this or that religion may choose to do with new knowledge, man's destiny and his relation to the forces and powers of the world about him are, and must always be, the chief concerns of religion. It is for this reason that any light which science can shed on the nature and working of man and the nature and working of his environment cannot help being relevant to religion.

V

What, then, is the picture which science draws of the universe to-day, the picture which religion must take account of (with due regard, of course, for the fact that the picture is incomplete) in its theology and general outlook? It is, I think, somewhat as follows. It is the picture of a universe in which matter and energy, time and space, are not what they seem to common sense, but interlock and overlap in the most puzzling way. A universe of appalling vastness, appalling age, and appalling meaninglessness. The only trend we can perceive in the universe as a whole is a trend toward a final uniformity when no energy will be available, a state of cosmic death.

Within this universe, however, on one of the smaller satellites of one of its millions of millions of suns, a different trend is in progress. It is the trend we call evolution, and it has consisted first in the genesis of living out of non-living matter, and then in the steady but slow progress of this living matter toward greater efficiency, greater harmony of construction, greater control over and greater independence of its environment. And this slow progress has culminated, in times which, geologically speaking, are very recent, in the person of man and his societies. This is the objective side of the trend of life; but it has another side. It has also

been a trend toward greater activity and intensity of mind, toward greater capacities for knowing, feeling, and purposing; and here, too, man is pre-eminent.

The curious thing is that both these trends, of the world of lifeless matter as a whole, and of the world of life on this planet, operate with the same materials. The matter of which living things are composed is the same as that in the lifeless earth and the most distant stars; the energy by which they work is part of the same general reservoir which sets the stars shining, drives a motor car, and moves the planets or the tides. There is, in fact, only one world-stuff. And since man and life are part of this world-stuff, the properties of consciousness or something of the same nature as consciousness must be attributes of the world-stuff, too, unless we are to drop any belief in continuity and uniformity in nature. The physicists and the chemists and the physiologists do not deal with these mind-like properties, for the simple reason that they have not so far discovered any method of detecting or measuring them directly. But the logic of evolution forces us to believe that they are there, even if in lowly form, throughout the universe.

Finally, this universe which science depicts works uniformly and regularly. A particular kind of matter in a particular set of circumstances will always behave in the same way; things work as they do, not because of inherent principles of perfection, not because they are guided from without, but because they happen to be so made that they cannot work in any other way. When we have found out something about the way things are made so that we can prophesy how they will work, we say we have discovered a natural law; such laws, however, are not like human laws, imposed from without on objects, but are laws of the objects' own being. And the laws governing the evolution of life seem to be as regular and automatic as those governing the movements of the planets.

In this universe lives man. He is a curious phenomenon: a piece of the universal world-stuff which, as result of long processes of change and strife, has become intensely conscious — conscious of itself, of its relations with the rest of the world-stuff, capable of consciously feeling, reasoning, desiring, and planning. These capacities are the result of an astonishingly complicated piece of physical machinery — the cerebral hemispheres of his brain. The limitations to our capacities come from the construction of our brains and bodies which we receive through heredity; with someone else's body and brain, our development even in the same environment could have been different. And these differences in human capacity due to differences in inheritance may be enormous. The method of inheritance in men is identical in principle with the method of inheritance in poultry or flies or fish. And by means of further detailed knowledge we could control it, and therefore control human capacity, which is only another way of saying that man has the power of controlling his own future; or, if you like to put it still more generally, that not only is he the highest product of evolution, but, through his power of conscious reason, he has become the trustee of the evolutionary process. His own future and that of the earth are in large measure in his hands. And that future extends for thousands of millions of years.

Lastly, we must not forget to remind ourselves that we are relative beings. As products of evolution, our bodies and minds are what they are because they have been moulded in relation to the world in which we live. The very

senses we possess are relative — for instance, we have no electric sense and no X-ray sense, because electrical and X-ray stimuli of any magnitude are very rare in nature. The working of our minds, too, is very far from absolute. Our reason often serves only as a means of finding reasons to justify our desires; our mental being, as modern psychology has shown, is a compromise — here antagonistic forces in conflict, there an undesirable element forcibly repressed, there again a disreputable motive emerging disguised. Our minds, in fact, like our bodies, are devices for helping us to get along somehow in the struggle for existence. We are entrapped in our own natures. Only by deliberate effort, and not always then, shall we be able to use our minds as instruments for attaining unvarnished truth, for practising disinterested virtue, for achieving true sincerity and purity of heart.

I do not know how religion will assimilate these facts and these ideas; but I am sure that in the long run it will assimilate them as it has assimilated Kepler and Galileo and Newton and is beginning to assimilate Darwin; and I am sure that the sooner the assimilation is effected, the better it will be for everybody concerned.

VI

So far I have spoken almost entirely of the effect of science upon the religious outlook — of the effect of scientific method upon the study of religion itself, leading us to the idea of development in religion; and of the effect of scientific discoveries in general upon man's picture of the universe, which it is the business of religion to assimilate in its theology. Now I must say something about the limitations of science. Science, like art, or morality, or religion, is simply one way of handling the chaos of experience which is the only immediate reality we know. Art, for instance, handles experience in relation to the desire for beauty, or, if we want to put it more generally and more philosophically, in relation to the desire for expressing feelings and ideas in æsthetically satisfying forms. Accuracy of mere fact is and should be a secondary consideration to art. The annual strictures of the Tailor and Cutter on the men's costumes in the Academy portraits are more or less irrelevant to the question of whether the portraits are good pictures or bad pictures.

Science, on the other hand, deals with the chaos of experience from the point of view of efficient intellectual and practical handling. Science is out to find laws and general rules, because the discovery of a single law or rule at once enables us to understand an indefinite number of individual happenings — as the single law of gravitation enables us to understand the fall of an apple, the movement of the planets, the tides, the return of comets, and innumerable other phenomena. Science insists on continual verification by testing against facts, because the bitter experience of history is that, without such constant testing, man's imagination and logical faculty run away with him and in the long run make a fool of him. And science has every confidence in these methods because experience has amply demonstrated that they are the only ones by which man can hope to extend his control over nature and his own destiny. Science is in the first instance merely disinterested curiosity, the desire to know for knowing's sake; yet in the long run the new knowledge always brings new practical power.

But science has two inherent limitations. First, it is incomplete, or perhaps I had better say partial, just because it only concerns itself with

intellectual handling and objective control. And secondly, it is morally and emotionally neutral. It sets out to describe and to understand, not to appraise or to assign values. Indeed, science is without a scale of values; the only value which it recognizes is that of truth and knowledge.

This neutrality of science in regard to emotions and moral and æsthetic values means that, while in its own sphere of knowledge it is supreme, in other spheres it is only a method or a tool. What man shall do with the new facts, the new ideas, the new opportunities of control which science is showering upon him does not depend upon science, but upon what man *wants* to do with them; and this in turn depends upon his scale of values. It is here that religion can become the dominant factor. For what religion can do is to set up a scale of values for conduct, and to provide emotional or spiritual driving force to help in getting them realized in practice. On the other hand, it is an undoubted fact that the scale of values set up by a religion will be different according to its intellectual background: you can never wholly separate practice from theory, idea from action. Thus, to put the matter in a nutshell, while the practical task of science is to provide man with new knowledge and increased powers of control, the practical task of religion is to help man to live and to decide how he shall use that knowledge and these powers.

The conflict between science and religion has come chiefly from the fact that religion has often been afraid of the new knowledge provided by science, because it had unfortunately committed itself to a theology of fixity instead of one of change, and claimed to be already in possession of all the knowledge that mattered. It therefore seemed that to admit the truth and the value of the new knowledge provided by science would be to destroy religion. Most men of science and many thinkers within the churches do not believe this any longer. Science may destroy particular theologies; it may even cause the downfall of particular brands of religion if they persist in refusing to admit the validity of scientific knowledge. But it cannot destroy religion, because that is the outcome of the religious spirit, and the religious spirit is just as much a property of human nature as is the scientific spirit.

What science can and should do is to modify the forms in which the religious spirit expresses itself. And once religion recognizes that fact, there will no longer remain any fundamental conflict between science and religion, but merely a number of friendly adjustments to be made.

In regard to this last point, let me make myself clear. I do not mean that science should dictate to religion how it should change or what form it should take. I mean that it is the business and the duty of the various religions to accept the new knowledge we owe to science, to assimilate it into their systems, and to adjust their general ideas and outlook accordingly. The only business or duty of science is to discover new facts, to frame the best possible generalizations to account for the facts, and to turn knowledge to practical account when asked to do so. The problem of what man will do with the enormous possibilities of power which science has put into his hands is probably the most vital and the most alarming problem of modern times. At the moment, humanity is rather like an irresponsible and mischievous child who has been presented with a set of machine tools, a box of matches, and a supply of dynamite. How can religion expect to help in solving the problem before the child cuts itself or blows it-

self up if it does not permeate itself with the new ideas, and make them its own in order to control them?

That is why I say — as a human being and not as a scientist — that it is the *duty* of religion to accept and assimilate scientific knowledge. I also believe it to be the *business* of religion to do so, because if religion does not do so, religion will in the long run lose influence and adherents thereby.

I see the human race engaged in the tremendous experiment of living on the planet called earth. From the point of view of humanity as a whole, the great aim of this experiment must be to make life more truly and more fully worth living; the religious man might prefer to say that the aim was to realize the kingdom of God upon earth, but that is only another way of saying the same thing.

The scientific spirit and the religious spirit both have their parts to play in this experiment. If religion will but abandon its claims to fixity and certitude (as many liberal churchmen are already doing), then it can see in the pursuit of truth something essentially sacred, and science itself will come to have its religious aspect. If science will remember that it, as science, can lay no claim to set up values, it will allow due weight to the religious spirit.

At the moment, however, a radical difference of outlook obtains as between change in science and change in religion. An alteration in scientific outlook — for instance the supersession of pure Newtonian mechanics by relativity — is generally looked on as a victory for science; but an alteration in religious outlook — for instance, the abandonment of belief in the literal truth of the account of creation in Genesis — is usually looked on as in some way a defeat for religion. Yet, either both are defeats or both are victories — not for particular activities such as religion or science, but for the spirit of man. In the past, religion has usually been slowly or grudgingly forced to admit new scientific ideas; if it will but accept the most vivifying of all the scientific ideas of the past century, — that of the capacity of life, including human life and institutions, including religion itself, for progressive development, — the conflict between science and religion will be over, and both can join hands in advancing the great experiment of man, of ensuring that men shall have life and have it more abundantly.

THE QUIET ONES

They have a curious wish in life,
All shy and selfish ones —
Whose minds are chilled by winter mists,
Whose hearts are shriveled nuns.

They most desire a narrow grave
Where only one can lie,
No sound except the starred mole's feet
In earth go creeping by,
Companion to the blind white roots
And alien to the sky. . . .

Make it a meagre grave that they —
Slight things of hollow bone —
May touch dark marl on either side
And know they are alone.

Be still — for every sound rings loud
In thin-walled, empty brains;
Pity them when at night you hear
Hounds go crying in the rains —
They lie so restless when hounds go
Crying along the rains.

JOSEPHINE JOHNSON

MEMORIES OF WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY

BY ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

I

In William Vaughn Moody, America has had a poet whom Americans are in danger of forgetting. The neglect is natural, in view of the poetic revolution which occurred just after his death, and in which death alone prevented his participation. It is none the less regrettable. And in forgetting the poet we also lose the man, who as a person combined the most engaging and inspiring traits of pagan and of mystic. To those who have read him well, Moody marks an important development in American literature. To those who have known him well, he represents all that and, in addition, the happy human embodiment of the art which was both root and flower of his being.

It is difficult to think of a person more perfectly endowed in mind and body than Moody. Physically he was of medium height, graceful and well proportioned, with a strength beyond his stature and great power of endurance. His hands were unusually deft and sensitive, his eyes a clear blue, radiant beneath the light brown hair that waved above his forehead. In youth his habitual expression was one of calm self-possession. Yet a guarded joy looked out from his eyes with gleams of ironical amusement, and occasionally his whole being would flame up in laughter. Later in life his face took on the more melancholy aspect made familiar by his portrait of himself, in which the Vandyke beard adds to the gravity of his appearance.

It would be hard to say whether his delight in nature or in art was greater, but there is no doubt that his senses, naturally keen, were schooled to richer enjoyment by his training in music, painting, poetry. His sensuous equipment he respected as part of his endowment for his vocation. He was very fond of smoking, but once he declared that if he thought tobacco tended to dull the senses he would never light his pipe again. With the extraordinary gusto which he brought to experience he coupled a personal reserve, an exact sense of values, a fundamental seriousness, which set him apart from others, and constituted an essential element of his character as poet.

II

My own recollection of Moody goes back to his freshman year at Harvard. We were reading the *Phormio* when Professor Smith called, 'Mr. Moody next,' and for the first time I heard the vibrant, musical voice which always expressed so perfectly the man and the poet. He sat behind me, and for many weeks remained only a voice. Presently I read his first poem in the *Harvard Monthly*, and as I was a candidate for the *Monthly* myself, the thought of having Moody for a colleague lent energy to my striving. I had come to know him by sight, and I suppose he knew me likewise, but it was characteristic of Harvard in the nineties that

we never spoke. Robert Herrick and Norman Hapgood divided the editorship of the *Monthly* that year, and under their somewhat skeptical guidance Moody and I were admitted to the board.

He was not an organization man. A figure of speech or a flawless line of verse meant more to him than any institution. But, as if he recognized this bias as a danger, he showed heroic patience in performing whatever task was laid upon him. You had only to say, 'You ought to do that,' and with dogged obedience he went about it. His courses he chose with fine economy, selecting subjects in which guidance counted most, and avoiding those, such as English literature or composition, which he could master by himself. Next to David S. Muzzey, now Professor of History at Columbia, he was first in his class, and he held the largest scholarship.

Dedicated to poetry from early youth, Moody faced his long apprenticeship with both confidence and humility. Once when I pointed out the difficulty of distinguishing one's self in a crowded world, he replied with boyish solemnity, 'No man can refuse to run at Olympia.' In preparation he was not ashamed to learn from the masters. Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Swinburne — each was for the moment his model, to be imitated with an accuracy which has done some wrong to his later fame. Subsequently the robust manner of Kipling appealed to him, and his mediæval fancy turned from Tennyson to William Morris. After he had come to Chicago, he read us the poems of Francis Thompson, and I am told that Thompson once asked Professor Hart of Wellesley about Moody, 'the man in America who writes like me.' A fine passage would haunt his mind for years. I remember on our walk through the Black Forest his quoting quite suddenly the lines from Dante which stand as text for 'A Dialogue in Purgatory,' written much later.

During these middle years of Eliot's presidency, Harvard offered a life of extraordinary variety and freedom. The stiffness between Harvard and what was then the Annex had broken down. On nights when the Browning Club forgathered, the austere corridors of Hollis and Thayer rustled with ladies' skirts. Moody belonged to this and another mixed group, the Comedy Club, as well as to the Signet, the Delta Upsilon, and the O. K. In those days also there was free exchange between the faculty and such of the undergraduates as cared to trade. The Hapgoods were great friends of William James; I think it was Norman Hapgood who introduced Moody to him and to the Crawford Howell Toys, who were generously hospitable to us all. Several younger men had recently brought back from Europe a new learning: George Santayana in philosophy, Edward Cummings in sociology, Arthur R. Marsh in comparative literature, and a little later, in English, Lewis E. Gates, who became Moody's close friend and critic.

Moody prepared for his degree in three years and spent his fourth abroad with Ingersoll Bowditch, whom he tutored. That summer Norman Hapgood, Louis Dow, and I joined them for a walking trip through the Black Forest and Switzerland. I remember particularly Moody's enthusiasm when, after an early morning climb through mist and sleet on the Cima di Jazzi, we came out on the sunny slopes above Domodossola, to be confronted by our first view of the Italy he was to love so much. Italy and Greece were associated in his mind with a sense of humanity and the unseen

powers which rule its fate: Italy with the mediæval mysticism of Dante's theology, Greece with joy in life restrained by classic measure and the decrees of the gods. One is the inspiration of *The Masque of Judgment*, the other of *The Fire-Bringer*.

During his absence Moody was elected class poet, and returned to deliver his poem on Class Day, 1893. In the summer he and I undertook to revise Bulfinch's *Age of Fable*, and sought relaxation in cruising about Buzzards Bay. He remained at Harvard for two years as graduate student and assistant to Lewis Gates, finding new companions in Trumbull Stickney, already giving promise of the poetic career to be so untimely ended, in Josephine Preston Peabody and Daniel Gregory Mason. A special chapter should be written on Moody's friendships, and it should be written by a poet. His companionship was a precious thing and he gave it generously to many. But he was at his best in association with makers — those who, like himself, had seen the vision and not been disobedient to it.

Personal intercourse gave scope to his faculty for making all communication a sort of fine art. Of such intimacy his play with words was a distinct promotion. About him there inevitably grew up a special vocabulary, a kind of secret language. His relish for words, both noble and base-born, was amusingly illustrated when we stepped into a Chicago bar one day. A habitué displayed a familiarity which Moody discouraged with some accentuation of the Cambridge manner; whereupon the aggrieved stranger asked why he was so 'abrupt.' That adjective delighted Moody. Indeed, much of the spice of our conversation in those days was his play with words. His delight in both Hardy and Francis Thompson was partly verbal.

Moody undoubtedly exposed his own work to criticism by his use of archaic or unfamiliar terms, but he had the spirit of the pioneer and was willing to take chances. He always dissented from Wordsworth's theory that there should be no difference between the diction of poetry and that of prose. The word was for him an element of poetry, to be employed with a reverent sense of its use in the past, by the poets and by the people. His equally vivid feeling for contemporary colloquial values is brought out in 'The Menagerie,' which for that reason has a unique worth to those who knew him. Always his aim was precision, and if *le mot juste* was unfamiliar or had to be reminted, he yielded to the necessity, which with him was one of feeling as well as thought.

Akin to this zest for words was his pursuit of the figures of speech to which they invited him. Once, coming back from a walk, he said with satisfaction, 'We chased a metaphor all across Harvard Bridge and back.'

III

Coming to Cambridge from the Middle West, Moody had seized with genuine hunger upon its rich civilizing influence. He was spiritually homesick at leaving, but family obligations compelled him to increase his resources. Of the two openings offered, he chose to join Robert Herrick and me at the University of Chicago. The crudeness of the Western scene oppressed him sorely, and he resented still more at first the somewhat forced and pretentious quality of its nascent culture. In the end, however, it is impossible to doubt that the result, even in his own eyes, was good. His years in Chicago were years of growth as a human being, and humanity was the essence of his art. Hitherto his inspiration had been

literary and the result largely imitative; now he began to draw from his own experience and to achieve a freer, more personal manner.

His new environment offered from the beginning an intellectual companionship and stimulus fully as valuable as that which Harvard had to give. The colleagues whose knowledge he laid most fruitfully under contribution were Paul Shorey in Greek, Ferdinand Schevill in the Middle Age and Renaissance, and John Matthews Manly in English literature. Among other influences must be set down his own teaching. Instead of reading papers for a large course, he taught classes limited to thirty, involving contact with a variety of human types — close, conscientious, but seldom intimate. One of his pupils writes of the 'dreamy aloofness, the habit of slow, impersonal, vivid epigram, which we associated with Mr. Moody.' His lectures were carefully organized and delivered in perfect form. I have seen hundreds of students' themes painfully corrected in red ink, with elaborate comment written in his clear, beautiful hand.

That year we had a coöperative household managed by my wife, with Moody and Ferdinand Schevill as members. We were all poor, but living was cheap after the World's Fair. When the weekly budget worked out to $8.38 apiece for rent, service, and food, we felt entitled to a celebration in a private room at the Bismarck, where real Pschorrbrau tempered our exile from Jakey Wirth's ale in Boston. We used, for some reason, to dress for these parties, and I remember Moody in his tail coat doing a dance to the tune of 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star,' with a humorous solemnity that was most engaging. The guitar was often in play as accompaniment to his varied store of songs, especially in Chicago, whose freer atmosphere brought to all of us a certain expansion of mood. I had never known Moody so natural, so easy, so blithe.

Moody's second year in Chicago is chiefly memorable for his editing of Milton's poems, English and Latin, which he did with a thoroughness that lifted the task far above hack work. His contract called for the conventional text with introductions and notes, but Moody could not let it go at that. He scrutinized the text in its various readings, and returned to Milton's original spelling. He made a new translation of the Latin poems. His essays introducing each division are fine examples of critical prose. All this was done for the fee originally set, which the publishers, however, voluntarily increased. But Moody's real compensation was far greater. Milton was not one of the poets for whom in his youth he greatly cared, preferring the more lavish art of Shakespeare or Shelley. Moreover, Milton's theology was repulsive to him. But through conscientious effort to enter into the spirit of the Puritan poet he learned to know his greatness, and later, in his own best poetry, profited by Milton's influence. By virtue of this economy, which consisted in putting his full strength into every undertaking, nothing he ever did was without value to him.

These first eighteen months in Chicago were rewarded by half a year of freedom, which saw the beginning of his career as a recognized poet. He sailed for Naples, and at Sorrento had the experience recorded in 'Good Friday Night,' which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May 1898. A morning ride out of Orvieto, during a bicycle trip with Ferdinand Schevill, inspired his 'Road-Hymn for the Start,' published in the *Atlantic* for June 1899.

Later he joined us in Venice at the Casa Frollo, where insect life tormented him by night, but nightingales sang beneath his window. In our gondola, manned by one Luigi, we set out every morning for the Lido, or took longer trips to Torcello and Murano, where Moody was endlessly enthralled by the glass blowers. Craftsmanship in every form delighted him. Occasionally we went to an exhibition of modern art which included a triptych representing the Last Judgment: in the centre, the Deity in his wrath, on the sides the contorted bodies of the damned. I wondered at the fascination which that gruesome picture held for Moody. Later I recognized it as one of the sources of *The Masque of Judgment.*

From Venice, Moody and I bicycled to Asolo, and later joined my family at Cortina, with Cristallo, Tofana, and Sorapis menacing above the joyous valley. Here Moody began to write *The Masque of Judgment,* the origins of which are clear. The picture at Venice gave the emotional shock — indignation that 'God' could so treat his creatures. The Dolomites furnished the setting. Milton supplied the intellectual background: as attorney for the defense, justifying the ways of God to men, he challenged Moody to argue for humanity, the plaintiff.

Moody wrote industriously through the mornings, complaining of Raphael's loquacity and wishing he would have done, so that we might further explore the Dolomites. At length the Archangel stayed his speech and we set out afoot. Once we lay for an hour confronting a mass of tawny rock with huge red stains like congealed blood on its face, as if it had been gashed by an axe. Another glorious morning, walking around the Marmolada, we came to a spot where the retreating snow field met the green grass in a sharp edge. Moody at once proposed that we should strip and take our morning bath by rolling down the slope, to feel the stinging cold of the snow and the sudden release of the sun-warmed earth.

It was on this day that I found in my mail the *Boston Transcript* with William James's oration on the dedication of the Robert Gould Shaw monument, which gave the keynote to the 'Ode in Time of Hesitation,' published in the *Atlantic* for May 1900.

Our final exploit was an ascent of the Gross-Venediger. We found ourselves disappointed in our hopes for another glimpse of Venice, and we were shockingly unprepared for high altitudes. After I started back to Cortina, leaving Moody at Innsbruck alone, he was ill from exposure for some days. It was the first breach in his magnificent health.

Riding by night because of the heat, he made his way to Ravenna, whose mosaics may also have figured in *The Masque of Judgment,* and finally to Genoa, where he was again ill, lying half conscious for days. One morning he realized that his steamer was due to sail, whereupon he got up, packed, and made his way to the quay, to fall again unconscious in his berth.

IV

In the succeeding years Moody found conditions at Chicago more favorable to poetry, thanks largely to Professor John M. Manly, who became head of the English Department and Moody's close friend. He found also a group of Chicago writers: Harriet Monroe, Hamlin Garland, Henry B. Fuller, William Morton Payne. To Hamlin Garland, with whom he took a horseback trip in the mountains of Colorado, Moody owed his introduction to wild nature, and, at the other

end of the scale, his interest in social problems, of which 'Gloucester Moors,' published in *Scribner's Magazine* for December 1900, is unmistakable evidence. In these years after the Spanish War there was strong feeling in Chicago against the annexation of the Philippines, of which Henry B. Fuller was the mouthpiece and which Moody shared. His poem 'On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines,' published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for February 1901, was a very bold utterance, and in a university less tolerant than Chicago would have cost an instructor his position.

In 1900 appeared *The Masque of Judgment*, in 1901 his first collected *Poems*. The next year we spent the winter together in Boston completing our *History of English Literature*, a fortunate venture, since it rendered Moody independent of teaching, which he forthwith renounced. President Harper made him a standing offer for a single quarter at full professor's salary, and Manly patiently arranged courses for him, but these were always withdrawn.

Aside from the necessity of saving himself for his true work, he recoiled from the formal teaching of literature. 'I cannot do it,' he told Manly. 'At every lecture I slay a poet.'

In the spring of 1902, while visiting Mrs. Brainerd at Cape Henry, Moody spoke one evening of the Prometheus legend as another approach to the problem of man's separation from God, treated in *The Masque of Judgment*. This was the origin of *The Fire-Bringer*. Next morning he started for Greece, where he traveled afoot through the Peloponnesus. At Corinth he felt that power of human love to annihilate distance which is the subject of 'The Moon Moth,' and in Crete he had again a vision of the actual presence of Christ, recorded in 'Second Coming.' No one who knew Moody can doubt that these were real experiences, 'closer to him than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.' In July, I found him in Paris, rereading the entire body of Greek tragedy with Trumbull Stickney, who was then engaged on his thesis in Greek literature for the doctorate at the Sorbonne, and who was an incomparable guide and stimulus. Stickney had himself written a lyric drama, *Prometheus Pyrforos*, the influence of which is discernible in Moody's larger, full-bodied work.

Returning to America, Moody made his headquarters in New York, where he was the centre of a group of younger poets, especially Ridgely Torrence, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Percy Mackaye. He was also a frequent visitor at Mrs. Brainerd's home in Chicago. Most of this time he drew a small income from the two books on English literature, but until the success of *The Great Divide* his livelihood was far from assured. Magazines offered a steady market for his verse, but nothing could bring him to publish a poem which he considered beneath his best. Up to the time of his death, the bulk of his writing was destroyed. It is true, he never starved, but he did meet hardship and denial like a good soldier in a cause he would not betray, even by compromise.

V

The Fire-Bringer was published in 1904, and it is not too much to say that critics accepted it as placing Moody at the head of American poetry. In England, William Archer had included the 'Ode in Time of Hesitation' in an anthology of modern verse, and May Sinclair now wrote enthusiastically, hailing him as first of the

'American trio,' the others being his friends, Robinson and Torrence. At this time, however, he turned to prose drama, a form which had always fascinated him as a vehicle for representing human experience, and as a challenge to his craftsmanship. As early as 1896 he was following newspaper accounts of a Western faith healer named Schlatter and discussing him as dramatic material. But before embodying this conception he wrote *The Sabine Woman*, renamed *The Great Divide*.

The play was shown to Margaret Anglin, then playing in Chicago, who resolved to try it out in the last days of her engagement. No one who was present on the opening night will forget the circumstances, as exciting as the play itself. After the first curtain went down amid a whirlwind of applause, the management presented Moody with a contract, threatening to stop the performance unless he signed. But Moody had been warned against hasty engagements. A lawyer, plucked from the audience, scanned the document while the house awaited the outcome of this drama-between-acts. At last an agreement was effected. The principals carried off the second act fairly well, but the supporting cast had gone cold during the delay. Forgetting their lines, they wandered vaguely about, opening and shutting windows or reading newspapers. Toward midnight the third act staggered to a lamentable conclusion. It was a harrowing experience for a man of Moody's temperament.

That summer at Cornish I saw the play grow anew under his hand. I had known him as a most meticulous craftsman, but I had not known, nor ever have seen since, anything like his power of fierce concentration. There were many friends near by, — the Herricks, the Hapgoods, the Churchills, Miss Ethel Barrymore, — but Moody was not to be diverted for more than an occasional set at tennis or a plunge in the swimming pool. The revised play, triumphantly produced in New York by Margaret Anglin and Henry Miller, remains a landmark in American drama.

Moody's health had been perfect until after the ascent of the Gross-Venediger, and the effects of that seemed to pass away completely. He had, however, a severe fall while traveling in the Peloponnesus in 1902. Four years later I met him in New York, walking quite unconcernedly to Doctor Bull's hospital to have a growth removed from his injured leg. Probably the growth was malignant, for symptoms returned later and at last appeared in the brain. It was the same terrible malady from which Trumbull Stickney had died, and Moody must have had its horror clearly before him, but he bore himself always with stoicism.

My last meeting with him was in the winter of 1909, when he came out to Jackson Park for an afternoon of skating, a pastime he always relished. After twenty minutes he drew up at the bank, took off his skates, and we walked slowly away under the trees, which suddenly reminded him of the snowy woods on Arlington Heights above Cambridge, where we had spent many winter afternoons.

That winter he went to California, where he painted with William Wendt. He was married to Mrs. Brainerd in May, and her devoted care and the companionship of Ferdinand Schevill were his last happiness. To the latter he confided his constant regret that he had given so much precious time to prose, which he, like Milton, reckoned to be 'but the work of his left hand.' Once he said, 'It is perhaps a judgment that this confusion has fallen upon me.'

He died on October 17, 1910. The night before his death there came to him one of those visions which he always held as the source of his highest poetry, as commands not to be disobeyed — a vision of Saint Paul, commemorated in a stanza of Percy Mackaye's *Uriel.*

VI

It is Moody's strength and glory that he worked in the great tradition of poetry. A scholar by instinct, he went to the past not only with his mind but with his heart. Its learning, its technique, he brought to the service of a spirit essentially modern. Even those poems 'reminiscent' in manner — 'Harmonics,' 'A Grey Day,' 'The Brute,' 'The Menagerie' — deal with experiences and thoughts entirely his own, and mark the growth of a form in which imitation has given way to genuine assimilation. From these tentative beginnings he progressed through the lavish abundance of his middle period to the severe restraint and sheer concentrated energy of 'I Am the Woman' and 'The Death of Eve.'

This ultimate fusion of abundance and austerity is found only in the greatest poets. It is perhaps superfluous to point out that the two elements reflect two aspects of Moody's character: on the one hand, a natural paganism to which the visible, tangible world made urgent appeal; on the other, a solemn sense of the mystery behind the external frame. It was his task to show that the two could be reconciled; that the separation of man from God was not of the senses, but of the intellect.

This theme, the essential unity of the world with God, is the subject of his trilogy of poetic dramas, presented through conceptions which as myths or theologies have expressed mankind's sense of its relation to God. *The Fire-Bringer* deals with the striving of man, in his great prototype Prometheus, to rise and take part in the creative struggle. *The Masque of Judgment* reveals the tragedy of a God who denies this element in his creation, and who through his annihilation of his world is himself undone. 'The Death of Eve,' of which only the first act was finished, was to have set forth the search of mankind for reconciliation with God, through Eve, the first means of separation.

The criticism of his poems and plays, as they appeared, showed Moody's contemporaries fairly unanimous in accepting his work as part of the poetry which will live. That his present popularity is in no way commensurate with his achievement is due partly to the lack of public interest in poetry during his lifetime, partly to the poetic revolution instigated by the Imagists immediately after his death. It was natural that they should adopt a certain militancy against poetic conventions and those who in any way countenanced them. I remember that once when Miss Amy Lowell was asking about Moody, whom she had never met, she murmured as if to herself, 'I wonder if he could have kept us back.'

There is, however, a special poignancy in the obliviousness or hostility of his successors toward a poet who, if he had lived, would have sympathized with much in the new programme. Some of the objectives declared by the Imagists Moody had already achieved; toward others he was clearly progressing. True, he would never have accepted the visible world as a spectacle merely, with no curiosity about its meaning. But the æsthetic principle that the form of poetry should grow out of the subject, rather than that subject should be

fitted to a given form, was and had long been entirely his own. As early as 1898 he wrote of *Samson Agonistes*, 'The idea might naturally have occurred to [Milton] of casting away the fixed form altogether as a useless fiction.' In many other aspects his poetry anticipates the most modern of his successors. To-day the Imagists themselves have been outmoded by those who deem it truly modern to accept certain conventions, provided one views them with enlightenment and a touch of disdain; who in their verse cultivate the verbal and technical virtuosity which in Moody was subjugated to prophetic fire, while in their critical prose they deplore the absence of that flame from their contemporaries.

With all his forward-looking qualities, Moody was distinctly a poet of his age. In summing up his work it is interesting to note how the forces of the time wrote themselves out in the form and substance of his verse. There is the eclecticism of the dying Victorian period and its self-consciousness, its moral energy. There is something of the realism which reflected the influence of science, and the tendency of realism to extend itself into symbolism through the intimations which it carries of the world beyond that which we see and touch. Moody passed from the realm ruled by Tennyson and Browning, Rossetti and Swinburne, to that in which he was akin to Maeterlinck, Francis Thompson, and Ernest Dowson. Like the latter, he confronted the eternal problem of the dualism of flesh and spirit and their inevitable union, although his solution was different. I feel sure that he wrote 'Good Friday Night' and 'Second Coming' before he knew Dowson's poetry, but the kinship of the two poets is unmistakable. Like Dowson and Symons, he was a lover of Verlaine and the early symbolists. In *The Masque of Judgment* and *The Fire-Bringer* he contributed to the revival of the poetic drama as a literary form, and his prose plays were at the time the most important contribution in the United States to the movement initiated by Ibsen to make the stage once more a vehicle for serious and significant criticism of life. Historically, Moody has an important place in American literature — and we may believe that, like Milton, he 'has left something so written to after times as they should not willingly let it die.'

SENSE FOR REPUBLICANS

BY GEORGE H. MOSES

A DISCUSSION of Republican policies might be modeled upon the famous essay on Snakes in Ireland, which ran: 'There are no snakes in Ireland.'

There are, of course, no end of party platforms, beginning with that adopted at Kansas City after much argument in the Committee on Resolutions and no little debate in the convention hall, and running down to those declarations of county conventions adopted last fall in Nebraska and endorsing Senator Norris for reëlection as a Republican. But, except in Nebraska, these declarations appear to be honored in the breach; and the whole course of party policy seems to be determined by individual interpretation.

As a matter of fact, party platforms become archaic immediately after election day; and, on the whole, I think that we have come to a general adoption of the principle enunciated a good many years ago by a 'reformer' in my State of New Hampshire, the story having been told to me by that experienced and wise old statesman Senator William E. Chandler, who brought me up in politics. It seems that a new party arose in New Hampshire. It nominated a full slate of candidates and — that being before the day of the Australian ballot — had its tickets printed. Mr. Chandler, meeting one of the founders of the new party, demanded, 'What are your principles?' 'Principles?' replied the reformer. 'Wait till we're elected and then we'll show you our principles.'

In 1928 the Republican Party won its greatest victory at the polls, and its platform was presumably endorsed. With Mr. Hoover there was swept into office an unprecedented number of governors, an unwieldy majority in the House of Representatives, and a majority of sixteen in the Senate. Here was presented an opportunity to carry out its platform such as no party had grasped since 1913. No sooner, however, had the Seventy-first Congress assembled in that extra session which Mr. Hoover called because he, at any rate, believed in the keeping of campaign promises, than there arose that individual interpretation of the party platform to which I have alluded earlier and out of which there sprang one of the most amazing political situations which ever have arisen in Congress. In the House all went well, — or fairly so, — because the rules of that body, the method of their application, and the rigid organization which functions there made possible a speedy passage of a tariff bill; whereupon the House went gayly home and the Senate was left to swelter in Washington and to wrestle with the job.

In passing, I may be permitted to remark that the tariff bill as it passed the House was a most imperfect response to the President's Message to Congress, and that the final form which the Senate gave to it was far better suited to the conditions which Mr. Hoover had in mind when he made his rash promise to Senator Borah in 1928. But this result was in spite of and not because of the

anomalous situation which confronted us as soon as the tariff bill reached us.

Immediately there was thrown together the Coalition. It is difficult to describe this group. Even my own biological allusion to them has been criticized as inaccurate. They were rarely of the same personnel as successive votes were taken; they not infrequently quarreled among themselves, and openly; I think there was never a time when all of the Democrats and all of the so-called Insurgents voted together; yet, in spite of the dissenting Democrats, whatever damage was done was always charged up to the Republican Party — and we settled the bill last November! We had had responsibility without authority, and our day of reckoning was bitter.

It was not a new situation which Mr. Hoover had confronted. In 1924, Coolidge was elected by a huge majority; he had the Senate and the House with him — nominally. Yet his measures, his vetoes, his nominations, suffered as hard a fate as any of Hoover's. The reason, of course, is obvious; party authority had diminished. It was no longer good political form to invoke the party name, except in a primary or on election day. This, as I see it, is a direct result of the Seventeenth Amendment and the direct primary. I have no quarrel with either of these devices for engrafting the scion of democracy upon the stem of a republic. They have served me well enough; though I am sure that they have done a great disservice to political parties.

The direct-primary statutes in many of the states are lax beyond compare. In some states there is no party registration at all; the electors vote at will. In others the laws are so languid in their requirements for participation in party affairs that the 'Hessians' are always available. For instance, in one Northern state which is soundly Republican the primary check lists of our party are deeply checkered with names of Democrats who are there for the purpose of naming weak candidates whom they hope to defeat on election day. They manage this much better in the Democratic states of the Solid South; and in this may rest the reason for the higher degree of party solidarity which our opponents possess.

It is not surprising that Republicans who are thus nominated and thus elected should come to look upon themselves as superior to their party organization — if such exists; that they come to think that they have elected themselves and are therefore absolved from allegiance to any organization, its platform, or its policies.

I know that there is much force in this reasoning. I have myself run the gauntlet of three elections to the Senate — each time with a contest both in the primary and in the election; and each time I have felt that it was I, myself, who was the issue. This is probably true because I confess to have been none too regular myself upon occasion. Nevertheless, I have been termed the last of the Tories, and have never taken pains to deny it. Yet I was brought up in the strictest sect of the Sadducees among Republicans; and, except in matters affecting our foreign relations and in which I have had earnest and unyielding convictions, I have 'gone along' with my party as regularly as any precinct chairman in Indiana, that most highly organized of Republican states.

What, then, marks the limits of individualism in a party organization and where does the unpardonable sin enter the scheme of irregularity? I am not sufficiently skillful as a political cartographer to make this map; though the question has lately been raised in an acute form. I only know that

interpretations far different than any I should make have played havoc with Republican prospects. In the instance to which I have referred, that of Senator Norris of Nebraska, there has been much begging of the real question, which, as I see it, is one of party, not to say personal, ethics. Certainly there is no comparison between 1928 and 1912. Roosevelt thought himself fraudulently deprived of a nomination which he had fought for and won, and he and his followers claimed to be the real Republicans. I do not follow them to either of these conclusions; but I do know that no accusation of taint followed the nomination at Kansas City and I do know that the Bull Moose, in many states, made no attempt to overthrow the state tickets set up by the regular organization.

I am a firm believer in the doctrine that a political party must be purged from the inside; therefore I have much sympathy with my co-partisan insurgents, especially since I had my own turn at insurgency many years ago when New Hampshire was ridding itself of an absentee political landlordism. But I think that they now, as I did then, should pick their flint and try again, submitting to majority rule and biding the time when they will be the majority. They certainly are not the majority now, and I doubt if the power issue which they have raised will make them a majority. It certainly will not if the power barons show sense.

Naturally, those who are politically-minded — and I plead guilty — are concerned with forecasting the effect of all this upon 1932. I am not yet swathed in the gloom which enshrouds so many of my party associates. I still think that we elected a President in 1928 to be reëlected in 1932. My mind is sufficiently actuarial to take notice of the doctrine of cycles; because I know full well the habit of history, especially political history, to repeat itself. I was actively in politics in 1890 and in 1910. Therefore I do not overlook the political cycle implied in 1930. There is, however, no Cleveland in the opposition, as there was in 1892; no Roosevelt in our own party, as there was in 1912. Here, I suppose, I should offer my apologies to Mr. Young and Governor Pinchot.

Accordingly, I look to see Mr. Hoover renominated. I make no prediction for the Democrats — though I have an opinion about what they will do. I do not look for the power issue to loom large in either convention. But I do look to see the wet-and-dry issue playing a big part in both conventions. This question already cuts across party lines; and it is by no means inconceivable that there will be a bolt from both conventions next year.

What then? Can we raise the war cry of 1924 and shout: 'Hoover or chaos?'

In the event of the next Presidential election's being thrown into the House of Representatives, where the state delegations vote as a unit, we shall find the Republican states exactly equaled by the Democratic states. No wonder, then, that so many politicians are disturbed by the actuaries' pronouncement that at least seven members of the Seventy-second Congress will die before that body normally assembles in December next.

Still more interesting would it be to know how many of these delegations are either wet or dry; for it might well be that this would determine the Presidency.

However, the main question of concern — to me, anyway — is what my own party can do between now and 1932 to make it the virile and successful organization it has been so often. My guess is that we shall do nothing

speedily, that we shall not summons the bouncer to remove Senator Norris, and that Mr. Lucas will go cheerfully about his appointed round of duties at the Barr Building. In other words, the tares and the wheat will remain together till the harvest. Years ago I used to compare the Republican Party to the Protestant Episcopal Church and say that if that Church could hold Phillips Brooks and Arthur C. A. Hall in its House of Bishops at the same time, the Republican Party was big enough to hold both La Follette the Elder and me. And it was. And I miss that man. He had a give-and-take philosophy; and he was patient — he knew how to wait. Nowadays the reformers all remind me of Lord Randolph Churchill's description of Gladstone as 'an old man in a hurry.' So maybe they are hurrying the Republican Party to destruction. I do not think so — yet.

Much water will run down the Potomac in the next year; and maybe our troubles will run out to sea. As against that chance, however, there are some matters which concern the party organization which must be attended to. In many of the states the so-called Republican organization is a mere shell. It is made up of men who have become dead on their feet. In too many of the states the chairman has but one idea: to get as much money as possible from the national organization. My campaign duties took me into many states last year and I early came to expect two questions: How much? and, How soon? These men resent new blood in the organization, and they especially resent the Nineteenth Amendment voters who have come to take so important a place in Republican politics. Unless these state organizations can be rejuvenated and revamped generally we shall be in a bad way next year.

Another thing: the senselessly bitter primary fights which are made to run over into the election must be reduced to a minimum. I know two states where we lost Senators last fall simply because of this; and I know three other states where this was a prime cause in the catalogue of our catastrophes.

Mr. Hoover has been showing signs of using a big stick. I commend these opportunities to him.

Meantime we shall muddle through in some way. As a matter of fact, I have always wondered that we Republicans have gotten on, in latter years, as well as we have. We have seen our opponents compacted in one section of the country where primary interests are few and simple. And, as a matter of mechanics, they still have in Congress the binding caucus; whereas we, since the advent of the 'Iowa idea,' brought to us by the late Senator Cummins, — who, by the way, lived to look upon this particular child with severe disfavor, — have only a 'conference,' which is never attended by all of us and to whose decisions no one of us owes more than an ethical or sporting allegiance. In addition, we Republicans are spraddled all over the map from Passamaquoddy to Coos Bay, meeting at every natural barrier — such as the Mississippi, the Plains, the Rockies — a new and important set of primary interests. Is it surprising that we have to get on with one another and do the best we can? — which, to use the smug complacency I may be allowed because I am from New England, has not been so bad. Therefore, I warn some of my party associates that we must continue to hold the fire to our bosom even if our clothes are thereby burned.

OUR TARIFF SWADDLING CLOTHES

BY BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG

ALEXANDER HAMILTON is the Leonardo of American political thought. The reader is struck again and again by his versatility, the justness of his perception, and the invariable freshness of his style. His treatment of the protective tariff, of which he was a powerful advocate, is no exception. But present-day defenders of our protective tariff policy will derive no comfort from Hamilton's clean-cut analysis of the purpose and intended effect of a protective tariff in 1792.

Viewing our vast resources of timber, iron, and water power, Hamilton pictures the United States, a nation then devoted almost exclusively to farming and commerce, as a future great manufacturing nation as well. However, having in mind our limited manufacturing experience and scarcity of liquid capital, it appeared to him that the only means of immediately attracting capital from agriculture and shipping to the hazards of manufacture was some form of government subsidy.

A bounty to be paid from the national treasury to the American manufacturers was favored by some. Hamilton, however (always the practical politician as well as the artist), advocated the alternative plan of assisting the manufacturer to collect the bounty direct from the American consumer, thus avoiding any further strain on the overburdened treasury. This would be done by having Congress impose a substantial tariff on imported merchandise. The importer of foreign merchandise would be forced to raise the price of the imported article in the American market, while the American manufacturer, participating in the increase in price, but exempt from paying the duty, would be free to pocket the increase in price received from the American consumer.

The burden on the consuming public was to be continued only until our struggling manufactories were as firmly and profitably established in the United States as were agriculture and shipping. The tariff swaddling clothes were then to be discarded. Unfortunately, Hamilton's plans in the end miscarried. The infant industries grew up, but the tariff persisted.

I

To-day the public ignores the fact, which Hamilton so clearly recognized, that the protective tariff is a bounty paid by the American consumer to the American producer. People appear to look upon tariff protection as one of nature's gifts, like the sunshine or fresh air, enjoyed by the protected producer without cost to anyone else. The soothing sound of the word 'protective' probably has something to do with this. But the general kindliness of attitude toward the tariff is based principally on the latter's reputation as the Laboring Man's Friend. As long as the average wage-earner continues to believe that his full dinner pail (if he is lucky enough still to have one) depends on the tariff, any arguments against it will be dismissed as relatively unimportant.

American economists repudiate the protectionists' claim that the tariff is responsible for the high wage scale in the United States. Their usual explanation of our relatively happy lot is that the great natural resources, per capita, in this country, combined with the unusual energy and inventiveness of our people, have made possible an average return on capital far beyond that of other countries, and that our capitalists have found it necessary to share this high return liberally with labor, because the demand for skilled and semi-skilled labor in the United States has normally equaled or exceeded the supply. Under this view the danger to the wage-earner, now that free government land is no longer at hand to absorb a surplus labor supply, lies not in the repeal of the protective tariff but in the repeal of existing restrictions on immigration. It would be rash to assert that this 'high productivity–high wages' theory is indisputably sound. But it has the merit, at least, of being consistent with the known facts, while, as will be later shown, the protectionists' explanation for high wages in the United States is utterly refuted by the facts.

The protectionists' success in convincing a large part of the American public that high tariffs produce high wages results largely from the coincidence that we have had high wages and a high protective tariff throughout most of our history. Malaria, now known to be caused by the bite of infected mosquitoes, was long thought to be caused by bad air (*mala aria*) rising from marshy ground, because it was particularly prevalent in marshy regions. The fact that there were large, populous sections of the globe where there were plenty of marshes and no malaria was disregarded. A similar coincidence, combined with a similar disregard of disobliging facts, has created and maintained the 'high tariff–high wages' myth. The disobliging facts are these.

First, wages were high in the United States long before the protective tariff was adopted here. Indeed, one of the principal arguments against the protective tariff in Hamilton's time was that the wage scale was so much higher in the United States than in Europe that it was futile to hope that the American manufacturer, however highly protected, could compete with the European manufacturer. Second, wages in all European countries have remained low as compared with the United States, despite the fact that many European countries have even higher protective tariffs than our own. Third, the European country which has the highest wage scale, England, has the lowest tariff, while Spain, the country with the lowest wage scale, has the highest tariff. Fourth, it has been demonstrated again and again that wealth and prosperity cannot be created or maintained by legislative fiat. A statute under which billions of paper marks or rubles are turned off the government printing presses may result in redistributing wealth and, for a limited time, in giving the illusion of prosperity, but such artificial stimulus does not add to a nation's wealth or permanent prosperity, and the same is equally, if not so strikingly, true of tariff legislation.

II

The truth that the tariff is not responsible for high wages cannot be too often reiterated. But the real case, after all, against the tariff is not the absence of its supposed virtue, but its positive vices. These have never been more flagrant than in the Smoot-Hawley Tariff of 1930.

The first count against any tariff is

its discrimination against one group of citizens for the benefit of another. As has been pointed out, high-tariff advocates speak of the American tariff as if it were a kind of manna sent down from the clouds for the favored American producer, providential in character and taking nothing from those who do not share, or fully share, in the 'protection' afforded. This idyllic view of the situation is an illusion. The object and the result of the tariff are to make it possible for the protected producer to sell his product to the American buyer, at a price in excess of that which he would otherwise be able to obtain for it. If a particular tariff schedule fails to do this, then that schedule has failed to reach its objective.

Of course, if the buyer happens also to be a seller, the tariff tribute *received* on what he sells may offset or more than offset the tariff tribute *paid* on what he buys. But if he is not in this fortunate class, the tariff is a heavy and unceasing drain on his pocketbook. The Montana wool grower who, thanks to a 24-cents-a-pound tariff on wool, gets a tariff bounty of, say, $4000 a year from the American woolen manufacturer and consumer can well afford to pay $2000 a year in tariff bounties on the commodities consumed in his household and ranching operations; he still comes out $2000 a year, net, to the good. But the cotton grower in Arkansas or Mississippi is not so fortunate. He may pay only $1000 a year in tariff bounties to protected American producers, but, getting no tariff tribute whatsoever in return, he suffers a net loss from the tariff of $1000 a year — a loss which is frequently the margin for him between a decent living and poverty.

The second count in the indictment against the tariff is its wastefulness. Thanks to our unrivaled developed natural resources, our trained body of machine workers, and our pioneering in mass production, the United States can produce thousands of commodities more cheaply than any other country. Our oil products, copper products, wheat, cotton, meats, automobiles, moving pictures, electrical equipment and supplies, farming machinery, cash registers, and sewing machines compete successfully in all markets of the world, and at a profit which gives to both capital and labor in America a return surpassing that of any other nation.

It is these dominating industries which determine the American standard of wages. They are not, on the whole, benefited by the protective tariff system and would willingly forgo their own protective duties, if any, provided that the protective duties as a whole were lowered or removed, so that they could buy their materials more cheaply and thus reduce their costs of production. Their highest prosperity goes hand in hand with the prosperity of their customers in Europe, Canada, Asia, and South America, as well as in the United States. It is in the mines, factories, and fields of these producers that American genius and surplus capital find their natural and most productive outlet. It is their great and deserved prosperity, a prosperity independent of American tariff bounties, which has made possible and will continue to make possible the high wage of the American workman.

The maintenance and intensification of our policy of 'protection' give artificial stimulus to the production of products requiring a high percentage of hand labor, a special technique, or natural resources with which our country is not peculiarly well endowed. These hothouse industries divert capital and labor from activities in which they would be most effectively

employed into relatively wasteful fields of activity.

If we were still in the colonial or semi-colonial stage, and protectionists to-day could, like Hamilton in 1792, advocate the tariff as a temporary expedient to give our 'infant industries' an initial boost, a great deal could be said for their position. But the industries which are calling for high protection to-day are, with rare exceptions, those which do not have their roots in our natural resources or in the special genius of our people. They are infants which will never grow strong (however fat they may become), because they are congenitally defective. The wastage of the American consumer's money in sustaining these parasitic industries, which absorb capital and labor that would be otherwise more advantageously employed, is colossal. After all, it is not the amount of income measured in dollars, but the amount of income measured in *purchasing power*, which is the true measure of prosperity.

If tariff support were removed, some of these weakling industries, forced to stand on their own feet, would develop resourcefulness and vitality, which would eventually bring them unprecedented prosperity and growth. Others might perish. But, if they did, their place would be filled by the expansion of sounder industries. These industries have already developed, and are in a position to increase, their foreign markets. Obviously, however, they cannot continue indefinitely to sell goods to consumers abroad unless the goods sold abroad are paid for. We already have a larger proportion of the world's stock of gold than is desirable. The rapid expansion of our foreign loans cannot go on forever. If we are to continue to sell abroad, our foreign customers will have to pay us in goods, and the natural and advantageous things for us to accept in payment are the thousand and one products which European and other foreign countries can produce more cheaply and with better workmanship than we can ourselves. Let American capital and labor flow in their natural channels, without interference by tariff legislation, and the country as a whole cannot help but be benefited in the long run by the change.

The third count against the tariff is the fact that it enhances the danger of war. Everywhere abroad to-day one finds fresh resentments caused by our barring foreign products through our recent tariff legislation. France, England, and many other nations have adopted or propose retaliatory measures. But this bitterness, however deplorable, is not the most serious aspect of the tariff situation. Tariffs make for war primarily by curtailing the ties that make for peace.

International communications, transportation, and banking are developing to a degree where, if unimpeded, they would place war, at least among the nations of America and western Europe, almost beyond the range of possibility. Men like Albert Ballin, the German shipmaster, and Sir Ernest Cassel, the British banker, who had almost everything to lose by the disruption of their business relations, came closer perhaps to forestalling the threatening European war in 1914 than ministries, diplomats, or kings. Multiply such men by tens of thousands and they will be a more dependable guarantee of peace than any number of peace treaties or battle fleets. As long as our tariff barriers stand, these peacemaking ties can never be fully developed.

The last count against the tariff is its degrading effect on our political life. The average tariff bill covers a great many items. Because of this, and also because the tariff has long been a

political issue, the public tends to overlook the fact that a tariff bill is merely a patchwork of private bounty bills, each backed to the limit by the prospective beneficiary. The testimony of Senator Grundy concerning the war chest of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers Association served merely to bring out in a particularly striking way what everyone familiar with the Washington scene has long known — that millions of dollars are spent annually by interested producers in electioneering and lobbying for tariff favors.

Pledged by their party platform and goaded to distraction by financially interested constituents, even the best of our Congressmen and Senators participate in the periodic logrolling incident to the enactment of a new tariff law. Votes for Schedule A are bartered for votes for Schedules X and Y, frequently against the best interests of a majority of the logroller's own constituents and almost invariably without reference to the best interests of the country as a whole. In this process of government-by-barter, national interests are trampled into the mire in the wild scramble for the choicest foothold in the tariff trough.

What this country needs even more than a good five-cent cigar is a political leader with the conviction, courage, and ability to deliver the electorate from its outworn fetish of tariff protection.

III

The reply frequently made to the indictment of the protective tariff is that, whatever its faults, it has become an integral part of our economic system, and that the dislocation of business which would result from the repeal of the tariff would more than offset any benefits derived.

This reply loses much of its force by virtue of the fact that the advocates of free trade (except perhaps a certain 'lunatic fringe') propose that the tariff be abolished, not at a single stroke, but by the application of a fixed schedule of reduction extending over a considerable period of years. Moreover, the present tariff results in the very antithesis of stability. Its so-called 'flexible' provisions empower the Tariff Commission and the President, acting together, to change rates — upward or downward — on proof that the existing rates give too little or too much protection to the domestic producer. Foreign producers are invited to come in and show that rates should be reduced; American producers, that they should be increased.

Furthermore, the status quo, under a protective tariff system, is at all times in peril, not so much from free-traders as from those in the protectionist camp. A rudimentary understanding of human nature, not to mention the specific history of our tariff, free land, pension, and other government bounties, should instruct us that, as long as the government continues to hold itself out as granting tariff favors, the pressure to increase the rates on items now protected, and to add new items, will be irresistible. Stability will be possible only when a fixed policy of favors to none is firmly established.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

The case of henry beemis

The complexities of modern life may well puzzle the ordinary citizen. I, for instance, am a chemist, and I specialize in pulp products. I know all about wood pulp and rag pulp and paper making. One morning Henry S. Gryce, the book publisher, came to me.

'Wippert,' he said, 'we publishers are not selling one tenth the books we should, and something has to be done about it. My idea is that people don't buy books because so many books are perishable and poorly made and so bound that they do not seem worth the money. Now I want you to get to work and produce a better book paper. I want you to create a paper that will last forever. Then a book will be a good investment. It will be an heirloom, permanent and imperishable, and people will buy ten times as many books.'

I told him I would get at the job instantly, and I did, and that afternoon Gerald S. Cutts came to me.

'Wippert,' he said, 'we publishers are not selling one tenth the books we should, and something has to be done about it. My idea is that books are too durable. They last forever. A man has only so much shelf room for books, and when his shelves are full he has no place to put more books and he stops buying books. Now I want you to get to work and produce a paper that will disintegrate in one year, leaving nothing but a thin film of dust. I want you to create a paper that will perish in twelve months. Then the overloaded bookshelves will clear themselves automatically, making room for new books, and the people will buy ten times as many books.'

I told him I would begin my experiments at once, and I did.

When I reached home I looked at my own shelves and I saw at once that what Cutts had said was true. My shelves were full of books except for the width of one volume. Volume VIII of my fine set of Thackeray was missing. I had loaned that book to Henry Beemis two years before and he had never returned it, although I had spoken to him about it several times.

What angered me now was that the set, if complete, was worth a lot of money, but with one volume missing it was merely so much junk. I went to the telephone and called Henry Beemis's number; his mother answered.

'I want to talk to Henry Beemis,' I said.

'Who is it?' she asked in a voice that I thought trembled.

'This is George Wippert,' I said, 'and Henry borrowed a book from me two years ago and never returned it. You tell him that if that book is not back here by six o'clock to-morrow night I am going to take an automatic pistol and shoot him dead.'

A man, I felt, is justified in shooting dead any man who borrows a volume out of a set and does not return it.

I spent the evening cleaning my automatic pistol. The next night at six o'clock Henry Beemis had not returned the book. I called up his number again.

'This is George Wippert speaking,' I said. 'Is Henry Beemis there?'

'No, he is not here,' his mother's

voice answered, and I thought it trembled even more than before.

'Where is he?' I asked.

'He has gone out to borrow some books,' she said.

I hung up the receiver and picked up my automatic. I put on my hat and coat and went down to the street. I walked the eight blocks to where Henry Beemis lived and hid in a dark doorway opposite his dwelling place, releasing the safety catch on my pistol.

I must have waited half an hour before I saw Henry Beemis. He stood a moment in his doorway and then stepped into the street, and I raised my pistol and fired. At the same instant a machine gun up the street chattered its 'tut-tut-tut-tut' and a man stepped from a doorway two houses up and fired two barrels of a double-barreled shotgun at Henry Beemis. He fell dead instantly.

I ran across the street just as the man with the shotgun came running to where Henry Beemis lay, and to my surprise I saw that the man with the shotgun was none other than Henry S. Gryce, the book publisher.

'I got him! I got him!' Mr. Gryce cried happily. 'I've been laying for him quite a while, but I got him at last.'

'What did you kill him for?' I asked, for my curiosity was somewhat aroused.

'I'll tell you why I killed him,' said Mr. Gryce. 'He deserved to die. Do you know what he is? He is one of the fellows who borrow books. When he borrows books he does n't have to buy them. When he does n't buy a book I don't sell it. He's been hurting trade.'

Just then the man with the machine gun came to us. He was doubtless delayed by the weight of the machine gun, which was a heavy one. I was surprised to see that he was Gerald S. Cutts, the publisher.

'Good!' he exclaimed. 'I got him this time.'

'And what did you kill him for?' I asked.

'The rascal got what he deserved,' said Mr. Cutts. 'He has been employed by our League for two years and paid a good salary to borrow books and not return them. That clears the shelves and people can buy more books. But this wretch double-crossed us. He returned a book.'

He looked at me more closely then and recognized me, and he saw the automatic in my hand.

'Did you kill him, too?' he asked.

'Yes, I said I would and I did.'

'What did you kill him for?' asked Mr. Gryce.

'I killed him for not returning my book.'

'Really?' giggled Mr. Gryce. 'I killed him for borrowing that book.'

'And he took it back to you tonight,' chuckled Mr. Cutts. 'I killed him for returning it to you.'

It was so funny that we just stood there and laughed and laughed. It was then that Henry Beemis raised his head to utter his last words.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'if you will pardon me for a moment, it seems to me that the complexities of modern life may well puzzle the ordinary citizen.'

Then he lay down and died completely.

The bridge

It was a hot summer afternoon, so when I reached the bridge, under which there ran a clear and limpid little stream, I called a halt. Running water is a rarity in the arid plains of North China. At the approach to the bridge stood a small stall under an awning of blue cloth, with two benches; and melons and drinks of various

colors were displayed. The seller of drinks was a small, scraggy old fellow, dressed only in a pair of greasy blue breeches, with a wisp of a pigtail and with a remarkable resemblance to Mr. Snowden. He called to me to come and sit under his awning, but as swarms of flies were heartily enjoying his melons I chose the coping of the bridge instead. A group of boys were splashing about in the water below, their naked bodies glistening like burnished copper in the sun. On the bank two women were doing the household washing, clubbing it against a stone, to the accompaniment of continual chatter.

A mournful creaking and squeaking announced the approach of two wheelbarrows. The first stuck in a hole at the foot of the bridge, and the combined efforts of both men were required to lift each barrow separately out of the hole on to the stone roadway. They then retired to the stall to refresh themselves with melons.

A peasant, his hoe over one shoulder and blue jacket hanging loosely from the other, leisurely approached the stall, smoking a long Chinese pipe. A lively conversation was taking place there about the price and prospects of cabbages, the fall in the exchange rate of coppers, and other similarly thrilling subjects.

Suddenly one of the wheelbarrow men said, jerking his thumb in my direction: 'What's he doing here?'

'Who knows?' said the seller of melons in a bored tone, as much as to say, 'Why do you ask such a silly question about a foreigner?'

The peasant, however, was seized by an uncontrollable curiosity. He strolled across to where I was sitting and, when about two yards off, bawled at me at the top of his voice, 'Where are you going to?'

In reply, I looked up and down the road, up into the sky, and over the side of the bridge, but remained silent. This little piece of sarcasm was quite lost on him, for he merely repeated his question in a still louder voice, staring straight at me the whole time. At last, finding that nothing would penetrate my stupidity, he desisted and strolled back to the group, when wheelbarrow man No. 1 said in a superior tone of voice: 'Of course, he does n't understand our language!'

A covered cart, with a coffin protruding from it, came along. It, too, stuck in the hole at the same place. After much shouting and swearing and lashing of the mule, and by manning the wheel himself, the driver managed at last to get the cart on to the bridge. When it had passed, wheelbarrow man No. 2 asked the peasant, 'Who's that?'

'Oh, that's old man Li's cart, of Li Family village. He sent into town to get a coffin for his daughter-in-law. She jumped into the well the day before yesterday,' replied the peasant quite casually.

This somewhat startling news was received by the others without comment. They turned to the more interesting subject of the peanut and melon crops.

A large country cart drawn by two mules approached. It stuck, of course, at the foot of the bridge. And all the efforts of the carter failed to get the animals to drag it on to the bridge. After about five minutes' trying, the carter gave it up and, going across to the stall, bought himself a pink drink.

It was getting late. I got up to continue my walk. As I passed the stall, I said to the company generally: 'Why don't you fill in that hole?'

'What hole?' said the peasant, taking his pipe out of his mouth for a moment and staring at me in surprise.

I pointed to the hole and, turning to the carter, said: 'Why don't you fill it in? It would save you all this trouble.'

'Why should I?' he replied. 'It's not my business.'

'No,' said wheelbarrow man No. 1, 'why should we? It's not our business.'

And old Mr. Snowden echoed complainingly in a shrill and quavering voice: 'Why should they fill it in? It's not their bridge. It's not their business.'

I looked at the perspiring carter, the cool drinks and the shady awning, and back again to the hole. Anyhow, Mr. Snowden had no interest in filling up that hole — that was clear.

And as I walked on I heard one of them say: 'Fill up that hole! That's a good joke!' And another reply: 'That's a proper foreign-devil idea!'

In research of a chair

I had always been a great admirer of research. Men impressed me who had strings of capital letters after their names, and their findings, always expressed copiously and in tongue-troublesome words, seemed to bear authority's own seal. I still believe in research, but I remember also the matter of my folding chairs.

We have a small library of some ten thousand volumes, the largest our town can afford. This library is in my charge, and in most respects I am well content with it. In most respects, I have said. The children's room of the library is not satisfactory. During the Story Hour you will find all the children sitting on the floor. Six years ago I set out to buy two dozen folding chairs. It was in June 1925. The Board had given me full authority, leaving even the price to my discretion, and making only one stipulation. This was that I should consult with Dr. John Littlejohn, a research specialist and a friend of one of the Board members, and buy nothing without his thorough approval.

I had never met Dr. John Littlejohn until the day I went to him full of enthusiasm about my chairs. He received me most cordially in a study lined with books, census reports, statistical analyses. Portions of the wall not beetling with bookshelves were covered by charts with mercuric red lines going places. He heard with a superior, smiling patience my brief story of the need for chairs in the children's room, the Board's favorable action, and my desire to go down to the furniture store that very afternoon, if he could be induced to accompany me, and order them.

It was at this point that Dr. John Littlejohn broke in. Folding chairs, he assured me, were more of a problem than that. Did I realize that not only the present comfort but much of the future health and well-being of our citizens depended upon obtaining the right kind of folding chairs? How could I suggest buying the chairs until the whole subject had been thoroughly examined?

First, there was the matter of the age and height of the children. Would I please tell him the exact ages, by the year and month, of the children who had attended the Story Hour sessions for the last year? I told him that I had no such exact record, but the ages ranged generally between five and eight, and of course we should have to see that the chairs were low enough so that the children might have their feet comfortably on the floor. Dr. Littlejohn was really very polite about my lack of definite statistics, but he pointed out that, aside from the desirability of getting the chairs for exactly the right present age, a still more serious question was involved. Were children who came to Story Hour sessions to-day of the same age as those who came five years ago, or was there a general tendency for

younger children, or older children, to attend? We were not buying folding chairs for a day, and it would be necessary to know present tendencies in Story Hour practice in order to plan for future needs.

I had to admit that I had no definite figures on the subject, but simply the general impression that the age remained about the same. Dr. John Littlejohn pointed out that this was a dangerous ignorance. For example, the growth of kindergartens was tending to bring younger and younger children up to appreciational standards suitable for the Story Hour, and before I knew it I might come to be needing cribs more than folding chairs. On the other hand, there was the increased use of the story as a teaching medium for older scholars and the whole adult education movement. Perhaps grandfathers, too, might need to be provided for. Since I lacked adequate figures, he would have to compile them from other sources. I might return in a month.

When I came back early in July, Dr. Littlejohn had compiled his age statistics, but on further reflection did not consider these adequate. How were they to be correlated exactly with height, which was the important matter with regard to folding chairs? Nothing was clearer from anthropological studies than that the height of the human race had varied considerably in the course of human development and climatic change. Ten years from now, would the height of a six-year-old child be greater or less than at present? More specifically, would a change, supposing there were any, be evenly distributed over the whole body, or might children's legs (which chiefly the folding chairs had to fit) change independently or perhaps even in opposition to the torso or head?

The next time I visited Dr. Littlejohn he was absorbed in the question of color. I had taken the usual yellowish-brown for granted, but he pointed out the enormous psychological influence of color. Now what attitude did we wish to induce — cheerfulness, repose, warmth, coolness, or passion? (I decided against passion.) There was the possibility, too, of alternating two different colors of chairs. One had to remember also that the primary colors appeal to the child mind, while to the adult the more complex mixtures and pastels are more attractive. This in turn raised the question of whether we should cater to the child mind as it is, or endeavor to educate it toward adulthood by painting our chairs green, or purple, or ashes of roses.

I think it was early the next year when the question of the wood to be used came up. It would be desirable to have cost figures on the various woods, to compare them for appearance and for wearing quality, with due allowance for the altitude, moisture, and general temperature of our particular library room. The amount of paint the various woods would absorb was also a factor, as was the season when they were cut.

I began to be disturbed at the growing amount of research required before my children could sit down. At the next meeting of the Board I presented again the problem of the folding chairs with developments of the last two years. I respectfully begged that something might be done speedily — say within the next year or so. They inquired further into Dr. Littlejohn's investigations in our behalf, and agreed among themselves that he was doing a fine and thoroughgoing piece of research. They remained perfectly willing that I should order the chairs, but, since we ought to be sure we had the best possible chairs for the purpose, it was necessary to await Dr. Littlejohn's findings.

I think it was in 1928 that we finally got around to the design of the chairs. This proved to be a problem of enormous importance. There was the artistic side. Should they have Duncan Phyfe legs? What period in furniture would be most appropriate for folding chairs for a Library Story Hour? Perhaps we should investigate the average period and appropriate setting for the stories we expected to tell. More practically, there was the question of width. It was essential that as many chairs as possible be got into the room without undue crowding. How thin or how fat is the average child? Is our civilized diet tending to make children steadily more anæmic, so that the width might be decreased? What was the relative percentage of boys and girls? (Girls were wider at the hips, boys at the shoulders.)

We had almost decided on a design when Dr. Littlejohn began delving into the subject of posture. Because the back of a folding chair is continued into the forward legs, these backs are usually slant. From considerations of health and the future erectness of the race, ought not the children to sit upright? Moreover, should not the back of the chair undulate to fit the curves of the normal spinal column? What was the normal spinal column at the required ages?

Again I reported to the Board, in some desperation, that I did not have the folding chairs. I suggested that, although of course we should not think of buying permanent chairs until the conclusion of Dr. John Littlejohn's investigations, we might purchase cheap ones for temporary use. Possibly they would be worn out by the time Dr. Littlejohn had completed his studies. My suggestion was not taken in the helpful spirit in which it was offered, and the children continued to sit on the floor.

I forget many of the other questions which came up after that time. There was the matter of whether the braces at the bottom of the chairs should be left square or rounded; whether the screws should be countersunk to avoid tearing clothes, or left open to teach the cardinal virtue of carefulness; whether — but after all I may as well omit several years of discussions and jump at once to the one which brought about our final disagreement.

Early in 1931, Dr. Littlejohn began proposing extensive tests for durability and strength in connection with all materials entering into the chairs. 'For,' said he, 'there is no use putting a thirty-year screw in a ten-year chair, or a seat that will outlast a leg. We must be careful to have everything wear out at precisely the same time.'

'Like the one-hoss shay,' I commented.

'Shay? . . . Shay? I never heard of shays,' said the doctor. Then, waxing enthusiastic: 'But that is our ideal! We must bend all our efforts toward getting materials of the same strength and durability. For efficiency, every part of these folding chairs must collapse at once!'

'However perfect such a collapse is as an ideal,' I said, asserting myself for the first time, 'for the person sitting in the chair it would be disconcerting.'

That sentence brought my downfall. I had not known before how thoroughly upsetting the introduction of a practical consideration may be to your real research enthusiast. I emerged from that session a humbled person.

Meanwhile, during Story Hour, the children still sit on the floor after the old Japanese custom, of which I do not approve. Twelve national surveys are being undertaken, and two of international scope. Perhaps the world will be the better for all of this, but I wish I had my two dozen folding chairs.